

WAVERLEY NOVELS

*Continued Edition*

VOL. IX.





WOMAN IN HER MAJESTY'S COAT.

One of the symptoms of a state of mind, from which this speaker gave satisfaction, he brought a large party, held in a private place of unusual dimensions.—  
(MAY, 1871.)

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# IVANHOE

A ROMANCE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.



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*How fitted the ladies, now, to meet the war,  
And often such hours, but none'd least to depart.\**

FRANK.

*THE Author of the Waverley Novels had hitherto presented to an unobscured course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar district of literature, have been termed L'Esprit Ombé of success. It was plain, however, that frequent publication must finally wear out the public's favour, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note, being those with which the author was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative. It was, however, obvious, that this kind of interest must in the end excite a degree of satiation and repugnance, if exclusively resorted to, and that the reader was likely at length to adopt the language of Edith, in Fergus's Tale:—*

——— "Remove the spell," he said,  
"And let it fairly wear itself,  
The gem that has been shown."

\* This couplet alludes to the Author referring to the stage, repeatedly & after having taken leave.

*Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a manumot to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed capable of means only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of venturing upon other subjects. The effect of this distinction, on the part of the public, towards the artists of their pleasure, when they attempt to enlarge their means of creating, may be seen in the numerous venally passed by vulgar criticism upon actors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the rank of their art.*

There is some justice in this opinion, as there always is in such an attain general error. It may often happen on the stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the talent, qualities necessary to give effect to comedy, may be deprived of the right to aspire to tragic conclusion; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be rendered exclusively of matter of thought, and powers of expression, which confine him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will obtain for him success in another, and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition, than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his progress by any peculiarity of features, or conformation of person, proper for particular parts, or, by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

Whether this reasoning be correct or otherwise, the present author felt, that, in confining himself to subjects purely Scottish, he was not only likely to secure and the indulgence of his readers, but also greatly to limit his own power of affording them pleasure. In a highly political country, where so much genius is constantly employed in catering for public amusement, a fresh topic, such as he had himself had the happiness to light upon, is the unexhausted spring of the desert:—

*How flow their streams and call it honey.*

But when man and horse, cattle, crabs, and dramshaking, have pooled the spring into mud, it becomes disgusting to those who at first drank of it with rapture; and he who had the merit of discovering it, if he would preserve his reputation with the tribe, must display his talents by a fresh discovery of untried fountain.

If the author, who finds himself limited to a particular class of subjects, endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to add a novelty of attraction to those of the same character which have been formerly successful under his management, there are manifest reasons why, after a certain point, he is likely to fail. If the vein is not wrought out, the strength and capacity of the mine become necessarily exhausted. If he closely imitates the innovations which he has before rendered successful, he is doomed to "wonder that they please no more." If he struggles to take a different view of the same class of subjects, he quickly discovers that what is obvious, prompted, and natural, has been exhausted; and, in order to obtain the indispensable charm of novelty, he is forced upon contrivance, and, to avoid being trite, must become extravagant.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to enumerate so many reasons why the author of the *Scottish Novels*, as they were then exclusively termed, should be desirous to make an experiment on a subject purely English. It was his purpose, at the same time, to have rendered the experiment as complete as possible, by bringing the intended work before the public on the effort of a new candidate for their favour, in order that no degree of prejudice, whether favourable or the reverse, might attach to it, as a new production of the *Author of Waverley*; but this intention was afterwards departed from, for reasons to be hereafter mentioned.

The period of the narrative adopted was the reign of Richard I., not only as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as affording a striking contrast between the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock. The idea of this contrast was taken from the ignorance and unfortunate *Lapin's* inquiry of *Beauchamp*, in which, about the same period of history, the author had seen the Saxon and Norman houses opposed to each other on different sides of the steps. He does not recollect that there was any attempt to contrast the two races in their habits and sentiments; and indeed it was during that history was violated by introducing the Saxons still existing as a high-minded and martial race of nobles.

They did, however, survive as a people, and some of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power, although they were co-opted to the humble condition of the race in general. It seemed to the author, that the existence of the two races in the same country,

the unquarrelled distinguished by their plain, homely, blunt manners, and the few spirit infused by their ancient institutions and laws; the victors, by the high spirit of military power, personal education, and valour could distinguish them as the Flower of Chivalry, might, intermixed with other characters belonging to the same time and country, interest the reader by the contrast, if the author should not fail in his part.

Scotland, however, had been of little use as exclusively on the scene of what is called Historical Romance, that the preliminary letter of Mr. Lawrence Tampleton became in some measure necessary. To this, as to an Introduction, the reader is referred, as expressing the author's purpose and opinion in undertaking this species of composition, under the necessary reservation, that he is far from thinking he has attained the point at which he aimed.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was no idea or wish to pass off the supposed Mr. Tampleton as a real person. But a kind of confirmation of the Tale of my Lordship had been recently attempted by a stranger, and it was supposed this Dedictory Epistle might pass for some imitation of the same kind, and thus, putting together upon a false scent, induce them to believe they had before them the work of some new candidate for their favour.

After a considerable part of the work had been finished and printed, the Publishers, who pretended to discern in it a germ of popularity, remonstrated strenuously against its appearing as an absolutely anonymous production, and contended that it should have the advantage of being announced as by the Author of *Waverley*. The author did not make any obstinate opposition, for he began to be of opinion with Dr. Whiston, in Miss Edgeworth's excellent tale of "Maneuvering," that "Truth upon Truth" might be too much for the patience of an indolent public, and might be reasonably considered as trifling with their favour.

The book, therefore, appeared as an avowed continuation of the *Waverley Novels*; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that it met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors.\*

\* Speaking of the manuscript of this novel, Mr. Lockhart says, that the portion written in the Author's own hand "appears not only as well and neatly executed as that of any of the Tales of my Lordship, but distinguished by having still fewer corrections and interlineations, and also by being in a smaller hand. The fragments in beautiful to look at—many pages together without one erasure. It is, I suppose, superfluous to add, that in no instance did Scott re-write his pages before sending it to the press. Whatever may have been the case with his poetry, the world will hardly contend the prose was of the same kind." 7

Such associations as may be useful to assist the reader in comprehending the characters of the Jew, the Templar, the Captain of the mercenaries, or Five Companions, as they were called, and others proper to the period, are added, but with a sparing hand, since sufficient information on these subjects is to be found in general history.

An incident in the tale, which had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of many readers, is more directly borrowed from the stores of old romance. I mean the meeting of the King with Prior Tuck at the cell of that famous hermit. The general tone of the story belongs to all times and all countries, which enables each author in describing the conduct of a dissipated sovereign, who, going in search of information or amusement into the lower ranks of life, meets with adventures discrediting to the reader or listener from the contrast between the monarch's outward appearance and his real character. The French tale-teller has for his theme the dissipated expiations of *Henri le Grand*, with his faithful attendants *Marcus* and *Ugier*, through the midnight streets of Naples; and Scottish tradition dwells upon the similar exploits of *James V.*, distinguished during such excursions by the travelling name of the Goodman of Ballenagry, as the Commander of the Kailsh, when he desired to be recognised, not by that of *Il Redoubté*. The French minstrels are not silent on so popular a theme. There must have been a Norman original of the Scottish metrical romance of *Rosf Chabrie*, in which Charlemagne is introduced as the unknown guest of a chivalrous man.\* It seems to have been the original of other poems of the kind.

In many England there is no end of popular ballads on this theme. The poem of *John the King, or Stewart*, mentioned by Bishop Percy in the *Reliques of English Poetry*,† is said to have turned on such an incident; and we have, besides, the *King and the Tenser of Thameworth*, the *King and the Miller of Mansfield*, and

\* This very curious poem, long a desideratum in British literature, and given up as irretrievably lost, was lately brought to light by the discovery of Dr. Irving of the Advocates' Library, and has been reprinted by Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh. ("The Ball of Saint Godesman, how he bartereth King Charles," is the first article in a volume containing *Selected Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*," Edinb., 1811, 8vo. This collection is likely to be soon republished; it was translated by the editor to Mr. Walker Scott.)

† See vol. ii. p. 161. (The important publication of the celebrated Percy Manuscript, in its authentic original form, as found by Henry, Ralph and Samuel, 1800, includes *John the King* (p. 161ff). It is an English poem in three parts, of the 15th or 16th century.)

others on the same topic. But the positive title of this volume is such that the author of *Demetrius* has to acknowledge an obligation to more ancient by two centuries than any of those last mentioned.

It was first communicated to the public in that curious record of ancient literature, which has been accumulated by the constant exertions of Sir Richard Dreyfus and Mr. Mortimer, in the published work entitled the British Bibliography. From thence it has been transferred by the Reverend Charles Henry Martineau, M.A., editor of a very curious volume, entitled, "*Ancient Metrical Tales, printed chiefly from original sources, 1450.*" Mr. Mortimer gives no other authority for the present fragment except the article in the Bibliography, where it is entitled the *Kyng and the Hermit.*" A short abstract of its contents will show its similarity to the meeting of *Kyng Richard and Friar Tuck.*

*Kyng Edward* (we are not told which among the monarchs of that name, but, from his temper and habits, we may suppose *Edward IV.*) sets forth with his court in a pleasant hunting-match in Sherwood Forest, in which, as it is not unusual for priors to remain, he falls in with a deer of extraordinary size and swiftness, and pursues it closely, till he has outstripped his whole retinue, fired and bounds not home, and finds himself alone under the gloom of an extensive forest, upon which night is descending. Under the apprehensions natural to a situation so uncomfortable, the king resolves that he has heard him just then, when apprehensive of a bad night's lodging, pray to Saint Julian, who, in the Roman calendar, stands Quarter-Master-General to all forlorn travellers that render him due homage. Edward puts up his orisons accordingly, and by the guidance, doubtless, of the good Saint, reaches a small park conducting him to a chapel in the forest, having a hermit's cell in its close vicinity. The King leaves the reverend man, with a compass of his attitude, taking his beads within, and readily accepts of him quarters for the night. "I have no accommodation for such a lord as ye be," said the Hermit. "I live here in the wilderness upon roots and herbs, and may not render into my dwelling even the poorest wretch that lives, unless it were to save his life." The King inquires the way to the next town, and understanding it to be by a road which he cannot find without difficulty, sees if he had daylight to light him, he

\* The fragment of *The Hunt and the Hermit*, as preserved in a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford, was originally transferred to the British Bibliography, vol. iv. p. 65, in 1841, by an excellent scholar, the Rev. Professor J. F. Compton. Mr. Martineau had the opportunity of collating the MS.]



declared that, with or without the Herald's consent, he was determined to be his guest that night. He is admitted accordingly, not without a hint from the Herald, that were he himself out of his private mode he would owe little for his share of wine, violence, and that he gives way to him not out of intimidation, but simply to avoid trouble.

The King is admitted into the cell—two bundles of straw are shaken down for his accommodation, and he reflects himself that he is now under shelter, and that

*A night will soon be past.*

Other words, however, arise. The guest becomes clamorous for supper, drinking,

*"For certainly, as I now say,  
I no had never as merry a day,  
That I no had a merry night."*

But this indication of his taste for good cheer, joined to the recommendation of his being a follower of the Court, who had put himself at the great hunting-match, cannot induce the wretched Herald to produce better fare than bread and cheese, for which his guest showed little appetite; and "this drink," which was even less acceptable. At length the King presses his host on a point to which he had more than once alluded without obtaining a satisfactory reply.

*Then said the King, "By God's grace,  
Thou wert in a merry place,  
Thy stout should thou live;  
When the fencers go to rest,  
Sometime thou might have of thy best,  
All of the wild cheer;  
I could hold it for no matter,  
Though thou hadst here and every such,  
Altho' thou hadst a Plover."*

The Herald, in return, expresses his apprehension that his guest means to drag him into some confusion of offence against the forest laws, which, being betrayed to the King, might cost him his life. Edward answers by great assurances of safety, and again urges on him the necessity of procuring some venison. The Herald replies by once more insisting on the duties incumbent upon him as a churchman, and continues to affirm himself free from all such breaches of order:—

"Many day I have here been,  
 And fresh meat I eat none,  
 But milk of the lye;  
 Warm this milk, and ge to sleep,  
 And I will lay here with my eyes  
 Shut to lye."

It would seem that the manuscript is here imperfect, for we do not find the reasons which finally induce the cruel Prior to award the King's cheer. But acknowledging his guest to be such a "good fellow" as has seldom graced his board, the holy man at length produces the best his cell affords. Two candles are placed on a table, white bread and baked pasties are displayed by the light, besides choice of venison, both salt and fresh, from which they select collage. "I might have eaten my bread dry," said the King, "had I not passed thee on the score of archery, but now have I dined like a prince—if we had but drink come."

This too is afforded by the hospitable abbot, who depends on constant to fetch a pot of four gallons from a secret corner near his bed, and the whole three sit in to serious drinking. This amusement is superintended by the Prior, according to the recurrence of certain fashion words, to be repeated by every competitor in turn before he drink—a species of *High Jinks*,<sup>as it were</sup>, by which they regulated their potations, as toasts were given in later times. The one tops says fluty banalities, to which the other is obliged to reply, stiles pastimes, and the Prior passes many jabs on the King's want of memory, who sometimes forgets the words of action. The night is spent in this jolly pastime. Before his departure in the morning, the King invites his renowned host to Clow, promises at least to requite his hospitality, and expresses himself much pleased with his entertainment. The jolly Norrell at length agrees to venture thither, and to inquire for Jack Plodder, which is the name assumed by the King. After the Norrell had shown Edward some feats of archery, the jokers pair separate. The King rides home, and rejoins his retinue. As the romance is imperfect, we are not acquainted how the discovery takes place; but it is probably made in the same manner as in other narratives turning on the same subject, where the host, apprehensive of death for having trespassed on the regard due to his sovereignty, while incapable, is awfully surprised by receiving honour and reward.

In Mr. Hartshorn's collection, there is a romance on the same

<sup>1</sup> See the Day Magazine, p. 425.

foundation, called *King Edward and the Shepherd*," which, considered as illustrating manners, is still more curious than the *King and the Hermit*; but it is foreign to the present purpose. The reader has here the original legend from which the incident in the romance is derived; and the identifying the irregular *Beowulf* with the *Friar Tuck* of *Robin Hood's* story, was an obvious expedient.

The name of *Isambard* was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion at some time or other to wish, with *Falstaff*, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the author thought to call to memory a rhyme recording these names of the warriors slain by the ancestor of the celebrated *Hampton*, for striking the *Black Prince* a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis:—

*Fring, Wing, and Franchise,  
For striking of a blow  
Hampton did jump,  
And glad he could escape so.*

The word suited the author's purpose in two material respects, for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. No promise to hold this last quality to be of no small importance. What is called a telling title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work as it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an ever fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the *Guinevere Plot*, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author or the work, the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case the literary adventurer is censured, not for

\* Like the *Hermit*, the *Shepherd* makes known amongst the King's game; but by means of a ring, not of a bow; like the *Hermit* too, he has his peculiar phrases of congratulation, the signs and counter-signs being *Translation* and *Translation*. One can seldom conceive what humour our ancestors found in this species of *glossolalia*; but

"I warrant it proved an earnest for the glass."

having mislaid the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of.

On the footing of unvarnished communication which the author has established with the reader, he may now add the trifling circumstance, that a roll of Norman warriors, occurring in the *Amélie* Manuscript, gave him the formidable name of *First-to-Liege*.\*

Franklin was highly amused upon its appearance, and says he said to have procured for its author the freedom of the Isles, since he has ever since been permitted to exercise his powers of political composition in England as well as Scotland.

The character of the fair Jeanne found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was assured, however, when arranging the fate of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of *Wifredo* to Edessa, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the propensities of the eye overruled such a union almost impossible,† the author says, in passing, observes, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to record virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romances, that virtues of conduct and of principle are richer naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denial character is diminished with temporal wealth, position, rank, or the indulgence of such a readily-formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Edessa for Franklin, the reader will be apt to say, surely virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifices of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away.

Amsterdam, 1st September 1826.

\* Mr Walter Scott, in his account of the *Amélie* MSS. prefixed to his edition of Mr Trenchard, notices a List of Names of Norman Barons. Some of them, he says, "sont romains apostolés, et d'après de haut, d'après de haut, d'après de haut, etc."

† Note A. German Press.

## DEDICATORY EPISTLE

TO

THE REV. DOCTOR DEFAUDUST, F.R.S.

RESIDING AT THE CASTLE GATE, IVINK.



*MUCH ATTENDED AND DEAR SIR*—It is scarcely necessary to mention the various and concurring reasons which induce me to place your name at the head of the following work. Yet the chief of these reasons may perhaps be refuted by the imperfections of the performance. Could I have hoped to render it worthy of your patronage, the public would at once have seen the propriety of describing a work designed to illustrate the domestic antiquities of England, and particularly of our Saxons forefathers, to the learned author of the *Essays upon the Horn of King Ulfena*, and on the *Land's bestowed by him upon the patrimony of St. Peter*. I am conscious, however, that the slight, unsatisfactory, and trivial manner, in which the result of my antiquarian researches has been recorded in the following pages, takes the work from under that class which bears the grand name, *Declar. Digested*. On the contrary, I fear I shall incur the censure of presumption in placing the venerable name of Dr. James Defaudust at the head of a publication, which the more grave antiquary will perhaps class with the idle ramble and verbiage of the day. I am anxious to vindicate myself from such a charge; for although I might trust to your friendship for an apology in your eyes, yet I would not willingly stand convicted in those of the public of as great a crime, as my fault had me to anticipate my being charged with.

I must therefore remind you, that when we first talked over together that class of productions, in one of which the private and family affairs of your learned northern friend, Mr. Gilfrid of Monksburn, were so unjustifiably exposed to the public, some discussion occurred between us concerning the cause of the popularity these works have

attained in this life age, which, whatever other merit they possess, must be admitted to be hastily written, and in violation of every rule assigned to the species. It seemed then to be your opinion, that the charm lay entirely in the art with which the unknown author had created himself, like a novel *M. Pharoas*, of the antiquarian stores which lay scattered around him, supplying his own incidents or poverty of invention, by the incidents which had actually taken place in his country at no distant period, by introducing real characters, and merely suppressing real names. It was not above sixty or seventy years, you observed, since the whole north of Scotland was under a state of government nearly as simple and as patriarchal as those of our good allies the Mohawks and Iroquois. Admitting that the author meant himself to suppose to have witnessed those times, he must have lived, you observed, among persons who had acted and suffered in them; and even within those thirty years, such an infinite change has taken place in the manners of Scotland, that men had look upon the habits of society proper to their immediate ancestors, as we do on those of the reign of Queen Anne, or even the period of the Revolution. Mixing these materials of every kind lying around him, there was little, you observed, to embarrass the author, but the difficulty of choice. It was no wonder, therefore, that having begun to work a mine so plentiful, he should have derived from his work fully more credit and profit than the facility of his labours merited.

Admitting (as I could not deny) the general truth of these considerations, I cannot but think it strange that no attempt has been made to make an interest for the traditions and manners of Old England, similar to that which has been obtained in behalf of those of our poster and less celebrated neighbours. The *Kentish* green, though its date is more ancient, ought surely to be as dear to our feelings, as the variegated tunic of the north. The name of *Robin Hood*, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of *Rob Roy*; and the patriots of England derive as less their names in our modern circles, than the *Braves* and *Wallaces* of *Calabria*. If the scenery of the north be less romantic and sublime than that of the northern mountains, it must be allowed to possess in the same proportion superior softness and beauty; and upon the whole, we feel ourselves entitled to maintain with the patriotic Syrian—"Are not Damascus and Abana, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?"

Your objections to such an attempt, my dear Doctor, were, you may remember, twofold. You pointed upon the advantages which

the *Scotswoman* possessed, from the very recent existence of that state of society in which his scene was to be laid. Many were alive, you remarked, well remembered persons who had not only seen the celebrated *Ray M'Droppe*, but had fought, and even fought with him. All these minute circumstances belonging to private life and domestic character, all that gives vividness to a narrative, and individuality to the persons introduced, is still known and remembered in Scotland; whereas in England, tradition has been to long complete, that our ideas of our ancestors are only to be gleaned from many records and chronicles, the authors of which seem purposely to have conspired to suppress in their narratives all interesting details, in order to find room for fables of warlike exploits, or trite reflections upon morals. To match an English and a Scottish author in the rival task of embellishing and raising the traditions of their respective countries, would be, you alleged, in the highest degree unequal and unjust. The Scottish magician, you said, was, like *Lauren's* witch, at liberty to walk over the recent field of battle, and to select for the subject of remembrance by his sorceries, a body whose limbs had recently galled with existence, and whose throat had but just uttered the last note of agony. Such a subject even the powerful *Witches* was compelled to select, as almost capable of being reanimated even by her potent magic—

— *gibberis leto accubitis medicinis,*  
*Pulsantis rigidi simulat sine vulnere, pressa*  
*Arment, at vivens, agitante in corpore phantæ.*

The English author, on the other hand, without supposing him less of a conjurer than the Northern Warlock, can, you observed, only have the liberty of selecting his subject amidst the dust of antiquity, where nothing was to be found but dry, capsize, mangle, and disjointed bones, such as those which filled the valley of *Jabeshgilead*. You expressed, besides, your apprehension that the unpatriotic propensities of my countrymen would not allow fair play to such a work as that of which I undertook to demonstrate the probable success. And this, you said, was not entirely owing to its more general propensities in favour of that which is foreign, but that it rested partly upon improbabilities, arising out of the circumstances in which the English reader is placed. If you describe to him a set of wild manners, and a state of primitive society existing in the Highlands of Scotland, he is much disposed to inquire in the truth of what is asserted. And reason good. If he be of the ordinary class of readers, he has either never seen those remote districts at all, or he has wandered through those desolate regions in the course of a summer

tour, eating bad dinners, sleeping on trundle beds, shelling from doubtless to doubtless, and fully prepared to believe the strangest things that could be told him of a people, wild and extravagant enough to be attached to slavery as extraordinary. But the same worthy person, when placed in his own snug parlour, and surrounded by all the comforts of an Englishman's domicile, is not half so much disposed to believe that his own masters led a very different life from himself; that the distant tower which now forms a vista from his window, once held a haven, who would have hung him up at his own door without any form of trial; that the blinds by whom his little parlour is compassed, a few centuries ago would have been his slaves; and that the complete ignorance of feudal tyranny was extended over the neighbouring villages, where the tithing is now a man of more importance than the lord of the manor.

While I saw the force of these objections, I must confess, at the same time, that they do not appear to me to be altogether insurmountable. The scarcity of materials is indeed a formidable difficulty; but no one knows better than Dr. Dugdale, that to those deeply read in antiquity, hints concerning the private life of our ancestors lie scattered through the pages of our various historians, bearing, indeed, a slender proportion to the other matters of which they treat, but still, when collected together, sufficient to throw considerable light upon the *vie privée* of our forefathers; indeed, I am convinced, that however I myself may fail in the ensuing attempt, yet, with more labour in collecting, or more skill in sifting, the materials within his reach, illustrated as they have been by the labours of Dr. Henry, of the late Mr. Sturt, and, above all, of Mr. Sharon Turner, on other hand would have been successful; and therefore I protest beforehand against any argument which may be founded on the failure of the present experiment.

On the other hand, I have already said that if anything like a true picture of old English manners could be drawn, I would trust to the good nature and good sense of my countrymen for securing its favourable reception.

Having thus replied, to the best of my power, to the first class of your objections, or at least having shown my readiness to surmount the barriers which your prudences has raised, I will be brief in noticing that which is more peculiar to myself. It seemed to be your opinion that the very office of an antiquary, employed in prose, and, as the vulgar will sometimes allege, in tedious and minute research, must be considered as incapacitating him from successfully comprehending a tale of this sort. But permit me to say, my dear Doctor, that



this objection is neither formal than substantial. It is true that such slighter competitions might not suit the avowed genius of our friend Mr. Colburn. Yet Horace Walpole wrote a public tale which has thrilled through many a heart; and George Ellis could transfer all the playful fascination of a romance, as delightful as it was uncommon, into his *Abridgement of the Ancient Metrical Romances*. So that, however I may have occasion to rue my present anxiety, I have at least the most respectable precedents in my favour.

Still the ardent antiquary may think that, by thus intermingling fiction with truth, I am polluting the well of history with modern inventions, and impressing upon the rising generation false ideas of the age which I describe. I cannot but in some sense admit the force of this reasoning, which I yet hope to traverse by the following considerations.

It is true that I neither can nor do pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners. But the same motive which prevents my writing the *dialogues of the pious in Anglo-Saxon or in Norman-French*, and which prohibits my sending forth to the public this many printed with the types of Caxton or Wycliffe *de Worde*, prevents my attempting to confine myself within the limits of the period to which my story is laid. It is necessary for smiling toleration of my kind that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners, as well as the language, of the age we live in. No perfection has ever been attached to Oriental literature, equal to that produced by Mr. Galland's first translation of the *Arabian Tales*; in which, uniting on the one hand the splendour of Eastern costume, and on the other the wildness of Eastern fiction, he mixed these with just as much ordinary feeling and expression, as rendered them interesting and intelligible, while he avoided the long-winded narrative, curtailed the monstrous reflections, and rejected the useless repetitions, of the Arabian original. The tales, therefore, though less purely Oriental than in their first connection, were extremely better suited for the European market, and obtained an unqualified degree of public favour, which they certainly would never have gained had not the manners and style been in some degree familiarized to the feelings and habits of the Western reader.

In point of justice, therefore, to the multitude who will, I trust, devour this book with avidity, I have so far explained our ancient manners in modern language, and so far detailed the characters and sentiments of my persons, that the modern reader will not find himself, I should hope, much troubled by the regulated dress of more

hour, eating bad dinners, sleeping on trundle beds, stalling from dissipation to dissipation, and fully prepared to believe the strongest things that could be told him of a people, wild and extravagant enough to be attached to scenery as extraordinary. But the same worthy person, when placed in his own easy parlour, and surrounded by all the comforts of an Englishman's friends, is not half so much disposed to believe that his own ancestors led a very different life from himself; that the abstruse tower which now forms a view from his window, once held a baron who would have hung him up at his own door without any form of trial; that the kindly by whom his little parson is managed, a few centuries ago would have been his slave; and that the complete ignorance of feudal tenancy once extended over the neighbouring villages, where the attorney is now a man of more importance than the lord of the manor.

While I own the force of these objections, I must confess, at the same time, that they do not appear to me to be altogether insurmountable. The want of materials is indeed a formidable difficulty; but no one knows better than Dr. Depueux, that to those deeply read in antiquity, hints concerning the private life of our ancestors lie scattered through the pages of our various historians, having, indeed, a slender proportion to the other matters of which they treat, but still, when collected together, sufficient to throw considerable light upon the *vie privée* of our forefathers; indeed, I am convinced, that however I myself may fail in the arduous attempt, yet, with more labour in collecting, or more skill in using, the materials within his reach, illustrated as they have been by the labours of Dr. Henry, of the late Mr. Strutt, and, above all, of Mr. Sharon Turner, an older hand would have been successful; and therefore I protest beforehand against any argument which may be founded on the failure of the present experiment.

On the other hand, I have already said that if anything like a true picture of old English manners could be drawn, I would trust to the good nature and good sense of my countrymen for ensuring its favourable reception.

Having thus replied, to the best of my power, to the first class of your objections, or at least having shown my resolution to overcome the barriers which your prudence has raised, I will be brief in saying that which is more peculiar to myself. It seemed to be your opinion that the very office of an antiquary, employed in prose, and, as the subject will sometimes allow, in tedious and minute research, must be considered as incompatible with successfully composing a tale of this sort. But permit me to say, my dear Doctor, that

this objection is rather formal than substantial. It is true that such slighter compositions might not suit the *severe tastes* of our friend Mr. Galsworthy. Yet Horace Walpole wrote a gothic tale which has thrilled through many a loom; and George Eliot could transfer all the playful fascination of a *novel*, as delightful as it was common, into his *Abolishment of the Ancient Matrimonial Romanesque*. So that, however I may have occasion to rue my present audacity, I have at least the most respectable precedents in my favour.

SHALL the more antiquary may think that, by thus intermingling fiction with truth, I am polluting the soil of history with modern inventions, and impressing upon the rising generation false ideas of the age which I describe. I cannot but in some measure admit the force of this reasoning, which I yet hope to traverse by the following considerations.

It is true that I neither can nor do pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners. But the same motive which prevents my writing the *dialogues* of the piece in Anglo-Saxon or in Norman-French, and which prohibits my sending forth to the public this essay printed with the types of Gutter or Wyndham de Wards, prevents my attempting to confine myself within the limits of the period in which my story is told. It is necessary for writing interest of any kind that the subject presented should be, as it were, translated into the manners, as well as the language, of the age we live in. No fascination has ever been attached to Oriental literature, equal to that produced by Mr. Galsworthy's first translation of the *Arabian Tales*; in which, retaining on the one hand the splendour of Eastern costume, and on the other the wildness of Eastern fiction, he mixed these with just so much ordinary feeling and expression, as rendered them interesting and intelligible, while he abridged the long-winded narrative, curtailed the monstrous repetitions, and rejected the useless repetitions of the Arabian original. The tale, therefore, though less purely Oriental than in their first connection, were infinitely better fitted for the European market, and obtained an universal degree of public favour, which they certainly could never have gained had not the manners and style been in some degree familiarised to the feelings and habits of the Western reader.

In point of justice, therefore, to the multitude who will, I trust, devour this book with avidity, I have as far explained our ancient manners in modern language, and as far detailed the characters and sentiments of my persons, that the modern reader will not find himself, I should hope, much troubled by the repulsive degrees of error.

antiquity. In this, I respectfully contend, I have in no respect exceeded the fair license due to the author of a fictitious composition. The late ingenious Mr. Strett, in his romance of *Queen-Moon-Hall*,<sup>2</sup> acted upon another principle; and in distinguishing between what was ancient and modern, forgot, as it appears to me, that extensive natural ground, the large proportion, that is, of manners and customs which are common to us and to our ancestors, having been handed down unaltered from them to us, or which, arising out of the principles of our common nature, must have existed while in either state of society. In this manner a man of talent, and of great antiquarian erudition, limited the popularity of his work by excluding from it every thing which was not sufficiently obsolete to be altogether forgotten and unintelligible.

The license which I would have vindicated, is so necessary to the execution of my plan, that I will cross your patience while I illustrate my argument a little further.

He who first opens *Chaucer*, or any other ancient poet, is so much struck with the obsolete spelling, unaltered comments, and antiquated appearance of the language, that he is apt to lay the work down in despair, as saturated too deep with the rust of antiquity, to permit his judging of its merits or tasting its beauties. But if some intelligent and accomplished friend points out to him, that the difficulties by which he is startled are more in appearance than reality, if, by reading aloud to him, or by reducing the ordinary words to the modern orthography, he enlighten his prospects that only about one-tenth part of the words employed are in fact obsolete, the novice may be easily persuaded to approach the "*well of English undefiled*," with the certainty that a slender degree of patience will enable him to enjoy both the humour and the pathos with which old Geoffrey delighted the eyes of *Geoffrey* and of *Francis*.

To pursue this a little further: If our neophyte, wrong in the new-born love of antiquity, were to undertake to imitate what he had learnt to admire, it must be allowed he would act very injudiciously, if he were to select from the *Chaucer* the obsolete words which it contains, and employ those archaisms of all phrases and sentences retained in modern days. This was the error of the unfortunate *Charlton*. In order to give his language the appearance of antiquity, he rejected every word that was modern, and produced a dialect entirely different from any that had ever been spoken in Great Britain. He who would imitate an ancient language with success, must select rather

<sup>2</sup> The Author had revised this posthumous work of Mr. Strett. See General Preface to the present edition, vol. i. p. 12.

in its grammatical character, turn of expression, and mode of arrangement, than labour to collect extraordinary and antiquated terms, which, as I have already observed, do not in ancient authors approach the number of words still in use, though perhaps somewhat altered in sense and spelling, in the proportion of one to ten.

What I have applied to language, is still more justly applicable to sentiments and manners. The passions, the scenes from which these must spring in all their manifestations, are generally the same in all lands and conditions, all countries and ages; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the opinions, habits of thinking, and actions, however influenced by the peculiar state of society, must still, upon the whole, bear a strong resemblance to each other. Our ancestors were not more distinct from us, surely, than Jews are from Christians; they had "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, organs, affections, passions;" were "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer," as ourselves. The heart, therefore, of their affections and feelings, must have borne the same general proportion to our own.

It follows, therefore, that of the materials, which an author has to use in a romance, or fictitious composition, such as I have ventured to attempt, he will find that a great proportion, both of language and manners, is as proper to the present time as to those in which he has laid his time of action. The freedom of choice which this allows him, is therefore much greater, and the difficulty of his task much more diminished, than at first appears. To take an illustration from a sister art, the antiquarian details may be said to represent the peculiar features of a landscape under delineation of the pencil. His feudal tower must arise in due majesty; the figures which he introduces must have the costume and character of their age; the place must represent the peculiar features of the scene which he has chosen for his subject, with all its appropriate elevation of rock, or precipitous descent of cavern. Its general colouring, too, must be copied from nature: The sky must be divided or unruled, according to the climate, and the general tints must be those which prevail in a natural landscape. So far the painter is bound down by the rules of his art, to a precise imitation of the features of nature; but it is not required that he should descend to copy all her more minute features, or represent with absolute exactness the very hills, flowers, and trees, with which the spot is decorated. These, as well as all the more minute points of light and shadow, are attributes proper to

money in general, not even to each situation, and subject to the artist's disposal, as his taste or pleasure may dictate.

It is true, that this license is confined in either case within legitimate bounds. The painter must introduce no ornament inconsistent with the climate or country of his landscape; he must not plant cypresses trees upon *Rock-Hermit*, or *Scott's* *fox* among the ruins of *Persepolis*; and the author lies under a corresponding restriction. However for his many venturs in a more full detail of passions and feelings, there is to be feared in the ancient compositions which he imitates, he must introduce nothing inconsistent with the manners of the age; his knights, squires, priests, and peasants, may be more fully dressed than in the last, dry delineations of an ancient illuminated manuscript, but the character and costume of the age must remain inviolate; they must be the same figures, drawn by a better pencil, or in such more modestly, executed in an age when the principles of art were better understood. His language must not be exclusively obsolete and unintelligible; but he should admit, if possible, no word or turn of phraseology betraying an origin directly modern. It is one thing to make use of the language and sentiments which are common to ourselves and our forefathers, and it is another to invest them with the sentiment and dialect exclusively proper to their *Coarctation*.

This, my dear friend, I have found the most difficult part of my task; and, to speak frankly, I hardly expect to satisfy your less partial judgment, and more extensive knowledge of each subject, since I have hardly been able to please my own.

I am conscious that I shall be found still more faulty in the tone of *language* and *costume*, by those who may be disposed rigidly to examine my Tale, with reference to the manners of the exact period to which my actors flourish: It may be, that I have introduced little which can positively be termed modern; but, on the other hand, it is extremely probable that I may have confined the manners of one or three centuries, and introduced, during the reign of *Richard the First*, circumstances appropriated to a period either considerably earlier, or a good deal later than that era. It is my comfort, that errors of this kind will escape the general class of readers, and that I may share in the ill-favored applause of those architects, who, in their modern Gothic, do not hesitate to introduce, without rule or method, ornaments proper to different styles and to different periods of the art. Those whose extensive researches have given them the means of judging my inaccuracies with more accuracy, will probably be lenient in proportion to their knowledge of the difficulty of my

book. My honest and neglected friend, Turgenev, has furnished me with many a valuable hint; but the light afforded by the *Book of Oreplos*, and *Gustave de Vinzoff*, is dimmed by such a contemplation of uninteresting and unintelligible matter, that we gladly fly for relief to the delightful pages of the pulchre *Freimant*, although he flourished at a period so much more remote from the date of my history. If, therefore, my dear friend, you have generosity enough to pardon the presumptuous attempt to frame for myself a selected account, partly out of the pearls of pure antiquity, and partly from the *British chronicles and poets*, with which I have endeavored to illustrate them, I am convinced your opinion of the difficulty of the task will reconcile you to the imperfect manner of its execution.

Of my materials I have but little to say: They may be chiefly found in the singular Anglo-Norman MS. which Sir Arthur Warton preserves with such jealous care in the third drawer of his cabinet, scarcely allowing any one to touch it, and being himself not able to read one syllable of its contents. I should never have got his consent, on my visit to Scotland, to read in those precious pages for so many hours, had I not promised to transcribe it by some synthetic mode of printing, as *The Rhinoceros Manuscript*: giving it, thereby, an individuality as important as the *Demagogue MS.*, the *Archibald MS.*, and any other monument of the pastime of a Gothic scrivener. I have not, for your private consideration, a list of the contents of this various piece, which I shall perhaps submit, with your approbation, to the third volume of my *Tale*, in case the printer's devil should continue impatient for copy, when the whole of my narrative has been imposed.

Adieu, my dear friend; I have said enough to explain, if not to vindicate, the attempt which I have made, and which, in spite of your doubts, and my own incapacity, I am still willing to believe has not been altogether waste in vain.

I hope you are now well recovered from your spring fit of the poet, and shall be happy if the advice of your learned physician should recommend a tour to those parts. General corruption has been lately dug up over the wall, as well as at the ancient station of *Hiddencorn*. Talking of the latter, I suppose you have long since heard the news, that a ruddy cherubish boy has destroyed the ancient statue, or rather her-relief, popularly called *Robin of Redcote*. It seems Robin's fame attracted more visitants than was consistent with the growth of the herbar, upon a more worth a shilling an acre. *Remember* as you write yourself, be revenged for once, and pray wish me that he may be visited with such a fit of the stone, as if he had

all the fragments of poor Robin in that region of his river where the dike holds its seat. Tell this not to Gail, but the Scots rejoice that they have at length found a parallel instance among their neighbours, to that barbarous deed which demolished Arthur's Oak.\* But there is no end to lamentation, when we betide ourselves to such subjects. My respectful compliments attend Miss Depasport; I endeavoured to watch the spectacle agreeable to her commission, during my late journey to London, and hope she has received them safe, and found them satisfactory. I send this by the blind carrier, so that probably it may be more than upon its journey.† The last news which I hear from Edinburgh is, that the gentleman who fills the situation of Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,‡ is the best amateur draftsman in that kingdom, and that much is expected from his skill and zeal in delineating those specimens of national antiquity, which are either crumbling under the slow touch of time, or swept away by modern taste, with the same havoc of destruction which John Kuar used at the Bifurcation. Our news adds; vain taskers, non intramus taci. Believe me to be,

Evered, and very dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,  
LAURENCE TEMPLARON.

THURSWOLD, near ROSSSHIRE, |  
GUTHRIELAND, Nov. 15, 1815. |

\* Arthur's Oak, or Oak, a considerable British building in the parish of Lanchester, Northamptonshire, was pulled down in 1798, and the stones used in repairing a neighbouring mill-dam.

† This correspondence proved but too true, in my former correspondence did not receive my letter with a postscript after it was written. I mention this circumstance, but a gentleman attached to the room of learning (Mr Francis Trevellick, who now holds the principal station of the post-office, may consider whether by some mitigation of the present restrictions rules, some thing might not be done in the correspondence of the principal Library and Antiquarian Societies. I understand, indeed, that this experiment was once tried, but that the mail coach having been slow under the weight of packages addressed to members of the Society of Antiquaries, it was relinquished as a hazardous experiment. Surely, however, it would be possible to build these vehicles in a form more substantial, stronger in the posts, and heavier in the wheels, so as to support the weight of Antiquarian bearing; when, if they should be found to travel more slowly, they would be not the less agreeable to quiet travellers like myself.—G. T.

‡ Mr James of Edinburgh is now nominated, to whose taste and skill the Society is indebted for a series of drawings, exhibiting the various localities alluded to in these Novels. [MS.]





Thus consumed these ; while to their lonely dome,  
The hill-dwelling returns'd with craning beams ;  
Gowdell's, reluctant, to the several sties,  
With his stragglers, and ungrateful cubs.

Pope's Country.

In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wincroft Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I., when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppres-

sion. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the presence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependents, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power to place themselves each at the head of such force as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or *Franklins*, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now extremely precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose; but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was as dear to every English baron, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of venality and oppression possessed by the great Barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbours, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inefficient conflict, and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groined under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our

historians assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as threatening the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the measures of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chace, and many others equally unknown to the nobler and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal stakes with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was exhibited, Norman-French was the only language employed; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and blacks, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, continued the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together; and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second; yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest

had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation between the descendants of the victor Norseman and the vanquished Saxons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, threw their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greenwood; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and yew-wood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they recoiled from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of almost solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially lay upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rights of Divinical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided unobtrusively round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape, were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character, which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primal vestment reached from the throat to

the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred, that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient tunic. Sewals, bound with thongs made of horse's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twisted artistically around the legs, and ascending above the calf, left the knees bare like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leather belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scap, and to the other a man's horn, connected with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the evergreen beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or asher hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be supposed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gadget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport:—"Guth, the son of Berwald, is the hero-thrall of Godela of Rotherwood."

Beside the stricken, for such was Guth's companion, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all

around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had this silver breast-plate upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Wilkon, is the thief of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of amulets with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were clad in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawkes, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom reached a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandana of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned nightcap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hawser. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic doves or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He wore, like his companion, a scrip, attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools. In place of these he was equipped with a sort of sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondaman, was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there dwelt, under the appearance of sullen dependency, a sense of opposition, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and fidgetty impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue

which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers, and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles. But to give their conversation in the original would convey but little information to the modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to offer the following translation.

"The curse of St. Withold upon these infernal perverts!" said the reinhardt, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of trench-meat and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the murky haunts of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper. "The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me!" said Gurth; "if the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Hoo, Fänge! Fänge!" he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a rugged waddish-looking dog, a sort of hunder, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunts; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the reinhardt's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy. "A devil draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the throats off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade!" Wamba, up and help me as thou hast a man; take a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the wind on them; and when thou'st got the weather-gage, thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have scolded my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these stoughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person, and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fänge, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted

\* Note B. Ranger of the Forest.

into Normans before morning, to fly no small risk and cost."

"The wine turned Normans to my comfort?" quoth Gurth; "exposed that to me, Wamba, for my heart is too dull, and my mind too weak, to read riddles."

"Wig, how will you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Bevin, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And wine is good Saxon," said the Jester; "but how will you the cow when she is fayed, and dawa, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the wine-bard.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and it is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles; what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it get into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba in the same tone; "there is old Alderman On continues to hold his Saxon spithel while he is under the charge of earls and baronsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a dory French gallant, when he arrives before the warshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mykeler Gull, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "these speakers but sell truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fittest is for their board; the lowliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and within distant lands with their horses, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our master Cedric, he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap; but Hagstald Frost-in-Blood is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him.—Here, here," he continued again, making



his voice, "So be! so be! well done, Fungo! thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Garrh," said the Jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldest not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin, that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman—and thou art but a customary villainard—thou wouldest never on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Dug, thou wouldest not betray me," said Garrh, "after having led me on to speak as much at disadvantage?"

"Betray thee?" answered the Jester; "no, that were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot help as well help himself—but soft, whom have we here?" he said, listening to the tramping of several horses which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Garrh, who had now got his horse before him, and, with the aid of Fungo, was driving them down one of the long *diavolles* which we have endeavored to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba; "perhaps they are come from Fairy-land with a message from King Charley."

"A woman take thee," rejoined the villainard; "with thee talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us! Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for warmer rain, I never saw such broad downright fat drops fall out of the clouds; the rain, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and weep with their great tongues as if announcing a tempest. Thou must play the rational if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Norman strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fungo, the whole herd of his informationless charge.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

A Monk there was, a heron like the male, in  
 An exterior that loved peace;  
 A manly man, to be an Abbot able,  
 Full many a debate he had to be able;  
 And when he rode, now might his bridle hear  
 Trampling in a whirling wind as clear,  
 And also as loud, as such the chapel bell,  
 Thus as this Lord was keeper of the cell.

CHAPTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional exhortation and chiding of his superior, the noise of the horsemen's feet continuing to approach, Wamba could not be prevented from lagging occasionally on the road, upon every pretence which occurred; now catching from the hand a cluster of half-ripe oats, and now turning his head to look after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, therefore, soon overtook them on the road.

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of those personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and full in ample, and not ungraceful folds, around a handsome, though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore no little the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the post-houses of his eyes, that dry opacous wrinkles which indicate the constant voluptuary. In other respects, his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich fur, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much

rolled upon and ornamented, as that of a Quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attention, securing but too much of the vanities of the world.

This worthy christianess rode upon a well-fed ambling mare, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convert, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that as humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for his use on other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish Jennets ever bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of this superb palfrey were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage; and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the cavalcade.

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to bones, nerves, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur—of that kind which the French call *morris*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impose a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and night, in their ordinary state, he said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the radi-

seen with which the upper lip and its thick black moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes, told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured on the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long moustache mantle; but the colour, being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously platted and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking-loom, and of less elaborate materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by spurs, or thin plates of steel, ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail-bree, reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

His rode, not a mare, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully armed for battle, with a chamber or platted head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battle-axe, richly inlaid with Damascus carving; on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and head of mail, with a long two-handed sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banner, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered

with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the ladies from being seen.

These two squires were followed by two attendants, whose dark rapiers, white turbans, and the Oriental form of their garments, showed them to be natives of some distant Eastern country.\* The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and extraordinary; the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his Eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the former were naked from the elbow, and the latter from wrist to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and importance of their master; forming, at the same time, a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire. They were armed with crooked sabres, having the hilt and buckle behind with gold, and enriched with Turkish daggers of yet more costly workmanship. Each of them bore at his saddlebow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steel heads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens, and of which the memory is yet preserved in the martial exercises called *El Javel*, still practised in the Eastern countries.

The steeds of these attendants were in appearance as foreign as their riders. They were of Saracen origin, and consequently of Arabian descent; and their fine slender limbs, small skulls, thin noses, and easy springy motion, formed a marked contrast with the large-jointed heavy horses, of which the race was cultivated in Flanders and in Normandy, the war-horses of the period in all the pomp of plate and mail; and which, placed by the side of these Eastern courses, might have passed for a permutation of substance and of shadow.

The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his low-rented companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the prior of Jarvisdale Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if true did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows.

Yet so loose were the ideas of the times respecting the conduct of the clergy, whether secular or regular, that the Prior Aymer maintained a fair character in the neighbourhood of his

\* Note G. Page eleven.

abbey. His free and jovial temper, and the readiness with which he granted absolution from all ordinary delinquencies, rendered him a favourite among the nobility and principal gentry, to several of whom he was allied by birth, being of a distinguished Norman family. The ladies, in particular, were not disposed to see too closely the morals of a man who was a professed abettor of their sex, and who possessed many means of dispelling the moral which was too apt to intrude upon the balls and taverns of an ancient feudal castle. The Prior mingled in the sports of the field with more than due eagerness, and was allowed to possess the best trained hawks and the fleetest greyhounds in the North Riding,—circumstances which strongly recommended him to the youthful gentry. With the old, he had another part to play, which, when needful, he could sustain with great decision. His knowledge of books, however superficial, was sufficient to impress upon their ignorance respect for his supposed learning; and the gravity of his deportment and language, with the high tone which he started in setting forth the solemnity of the church and of the priesthood, impressed them no less with an opinion of his sanctity. Even the common people, the severest critics of the conduct of their betters, had compassion for the follies of Prior Aymer. He was generous; and charity, as it is well known, covereth a multitude of sins, in another sense than that in which it is said to do so in Scripture. The revenues of the monastery, of which a large part was at his disposal, while they gave him the means of supplying his own very considerable expenses, afforded also those largesses which he bestowed among the peasantry, and with which he frequently relieved the distresses of the oppressed. If Prior Aymer rode hard in the chase, or continued long at the banquet,—if Prior Aymer was seen, at the early peep of dawn, to enter the porters of the abbey, as he glided home from some rendezvous which had occupied the hours of darkness, men only shrugged up their shoulders, and reconciled themselves to his irregularities by reflecting that the same were practised by many of his brethren who had no redeeming qualities whatever to atone for them. Prior Aymer, therefore, and his character, were well known to our Saxon worthies, who made their rude obeisance, and rendered him "*hæleth, we ðu,*" in return.

But the singular appearance of his companions and his attendants arrested their attention and excited their wonder, and they

could scarcely attend to the Prior of Jaysvold's question, when he demanded if they knew of any place of halloing in the vicinity; so much were they surprised at the half monastic, half military appearance of the reverly stranger, and at the smooth dress and arms of his Eastern attendants. It is probable, too, that the language in which the benediction was conferred, and the information asked, sounded ungracious, though not probably unintelligible, in the ears of the Saxons present.

"I asked you, my children," said the Prior, raising his voice, and using the *lingua Franca*, or mixed language, in which the Normans and Saxons were conversed with each other, "if there be in this neighbourhood any good man, who, for the love of God, and devotion to Mother Church, will give two of her humblest servants, with their tails, a night's hospitality and refreshment?"

This he spoke with a tone of conscious importance, which formed a strong contrast to the modest terms which he thought it proper to employ.

"Two of the humblest servants of Mother Church!" repeated Wamba to himself,—but, feel as he was, taking care not to make his observation audible; "I should like to see her somewhere, her chief ladies, and her other principal domestic!"

After this interval commentary on the Prior's speech, he raised his eyes, and replied to the question which had been put.

"If the reverend fathers," he said, "loved good cheer and soft lodging, few ridges of riding would carry them to the Priory of Brinsworth, where their quality could not but secure them the most honourable reception; or, if they preferred spending a postulated evening, they might turn down powder and glaze, which would bring them to the hermitage of Chaperment, where a pious anchoress would make them share for the night of the shelter of his roof and the benefit of his prayers."

The Prior shook his head at both proposals.

"Mine honest friend," said he, "if the jangling of thy bells had not dimmed thine understanding, thou mightest have known Christian doctrine was desired; that is to say, we churchmen do not exhaust each other's hospitality, but rather require that of the laity, giving them thus an opportunity to serve God in bowing and relieving his appointed servants."

"It is true," replied Wamba, "that I, being but an ass, am, nevertheless, bound to hear the bells as well as your reverendness's

male; notwithstanding, I did conceive that the charity of Mother Church and her servants might be said, with other charity, to begin at home."

"A truce to thine hesitations, fellow," said the armed rider, breaking in on his protest with a high and stern voice, "and tell us, if thou canst, the road to——How called you your Franklin, Prior Agnes?"

"Cedric," answered the Prior; "Cedric the Saxon.—Tell me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and can you show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Garth, who broke silence for the first time, "and the family of Cedric retire early to rest."

"Tush, tell not me, fellow," said the military rider; "We say for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Garth, mildly, "if I should show the way to my master's house, to those who demand as a right the shelter which most are fain to ask as a favour."

"Do you dispute with me, slave?" said the soldier; and, setting spurs to his horse, he caused him make a dashwork across the path, raising at the same time the riding rod which he held in his hand, with a purpose of chastising what he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Garth darted at him a savage and revengeful scowl, and with a force, yet hesitating motion, laid his hand on the hilt of his knife; but the interference of Prior Agnes, who pushed his wife forward, his companion and the rector's wife, prevented the meditated violence.

"Nay, by St. Mary, brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over heathen Turks and infidel Saracens; we islanders love not slaves, save those of holy Church, who chasteneth whom she loveth.—Tell us, good fellow," said he to Wamba, and succeeded his speech by a small piece of silver coin, "the way to Cedric the Saxon's; you cannot be ignorant of it, and it is your duty to direct the wanderer even when his character is less sanctified than ours."

"In truth, venerable father," answered the Jester, "the Saxon head of your right revered companion has frightened



out of mine the way home—I am not sure I shall get there to-night myself.”

“Tush,” said the Abbot, “thou must tell us if thou wilt. This renowned brother has been all his life engaged in fighting among the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; he is of the order of Knights Templars, whom you may have heard of; he is half a monk, half a soldier.”

“If he is but half a monk,” said the Jester, “he should not be wholly unreasonable with those whom he meets upon the road, even if they should be in no hurry to answer questions that no way concern them.”

“I forgive thy wit,” replied the Abbot, “on condition thou wilt show me the way to Godric’s mansion.”

“Well, then,” answered Wanda, “your reverences must hold on this path till you come to a sunken cross, of which scarce a mile’s length remains above ground; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at Sanden Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on.”

The Abbot thanked his sage adviser; and the travellers, settling upon to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night storm. As their horses’ hoofs died away, Garth said to his companion, “If they follow thy wise direction, the renowned fathers will hardly reach Rothwood this night.”

“No,” said the Jester, grinning, “but they may reach Sheffield if they have good luck, and that is as fit a place for them. I am not so bad a woodman as to show the dog where the deer lies, if I have no mind he should chase him.”

“Thou art right,” said Garth; “it were ill that Aymer saw the Lady Eleanora; and it were worse, it may be, for Godric to quarrel, as is most likely he would, with this military monk. But, like good servants, let us hear and see, and say nothing.”

We return to the riders, who had soon left the Londoners far behind them, and who maintained the following conversation in the Norman-French language, usually employed by the superior classes, with the exception of the few who were still inclined to boast their Saxon descent.

“What means these fellows by their repulsive behaviour?” said the Templar to the Benedictine, “and why did you prevent us from chastising it?”

“Hurry, brother Deia,” replied the Prior, “tossing the arm

of them, it were hard for me to render a reason for a fool speaking according to his folly ; and the other class is of that savage, fierce, intractable race, some of whom, as I have often told you, are still to be found among the descendants of the conquered Saxons, and whose supreme pleasure it is to testify, by all means in their power, their aversion to their conquerors."

"I would soon have beat him into courtesy," observed Brian ; "I am accustomed to deal with such spirits. Our Turkish captives are as fierce and intractable as Odia himself could have been ; yet two months in my household, under the management of my master of the slaves, has made them humble, subservient, servicable, and obedient of your will. Marry, sir, you need beware of the poison and the dagger ; for they are either with free will when you give them the slightest opportunity."

"Ay, but," answered Prior Aymon, "every land has its own manners and fashions ; and besides that beating this fellow could procure us no information respecting the road to Cedric's house, it would have been sure to have established a quarrel between you and him had we found our way thither. Remember what I told you ; this wealthy Foulke is proud, fierce, jealous, and irritable ; a withholder of the nobility, and even of his neighbours, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and Philip Malvoisin, who are so taken to strive with. He stands upon closely for the privileges of his race, and is so proud of his uninterrupted descent from Harvord, a renowned champion of the Hoptarchy, that he is universally called Cedric the Saxon ; and makes a boast of his belonging to a people from whom many others endeavour to hide their descent, lest they should encounter a share of the war riots, or servitudes imposed upon the vanquished."

"Prior Aymon," said the Templar, "you are a man of gallantry, learned in the study of beauty, and as expert as a troubadour in all matters concerning the arts of love ; but I shall expect much beauty in this celebrated Berown, to counterbalance the self-denial and fortitude which I must court, if I am to merit the favour of such a seductive child as you have described her father Cedric."

"Cedric is not her father," replied the Prior, "and is but of remote relation ; she is descended from higher blood than even he pretends to, and is but distantly connected with him by birth. Her guardian, however, he is, self-constituted as I believe ; but his ward is as dear to him as if she were his own child. Of her

beauty you shall soon be judge ; and if the purity of her complexion, and the majestic, yet soft expression of a mild blue eye, do not chase from your memory the black-dressed girls of Palestine, ay, or the hours of old Mohammed's paradise, I am an infidel and no true son of the church."

"Should your boasted beauty," said the Templar, "be weighed in the balance and found wanting, you know our wages!"

"My gold collar," answered the Prior, "against ten bottles of Chateau wine;—they are wine as soundly as if they were already in the convent vaults, under the key of old Dennis the cellarer."

"And I am myself to be the judge," said the Templar, "and am only to be convicted on my own admission, that I have seen no maiden so beautiful since Pentecost was a red-clovenoth. Run it not so!—Prie, your collar is in danger; I will wear it over my girdle in the lists of *Arbely-de-la-Zouche*."

"Was it fairly," said the Prior, "and wear it as ye will; I will trust your giving true response, on your word as a knight and as a churchman. Yet, brother, take my advice, and file your tongue in a little more courtesy than your habits of prodombasting our infidel captives and Eastern bondsmen have accustomed you. Cedric the Saxon, if offended,—and he is no way slack in taking offence,—is a man wise, without respect to your knighthood, my high office, or the sanctity of either, would clear his house of us, and send us to lodge with the harts, though the hour were midnight. And he would how you look on Ilsewara, whom he cherishes with the most jealous care; as he takes the least alarm in that quarter, we are lost lost men. It is said he banished his only son from his family for lifting his eye in the way of affection towards this beauty, who may be worshipped, it seems, at a distance, but is not to be approached with other thoughts than such as we bring to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, you have said enough," answered the Templar; "I will for a night put on the world's restraint, and depart no less meekly as a maiden; but as for the fear of his expelling us by violence, myself and equires, with Hamet and Abiala, will warrant you against that danger. Doubt not that we shall be strong enough to make good our quarters."

"We must not let it come so far," answered the Prior; "but here is the clove's window cross, and the night is so dark that we can hardly see which of the roads we are to follow. He bid us turn, I think, to the left."

"To the right," said Brian, "to the best of my remembrance."

"To the left, certainly, the left; I remember his pointing with his wooden sword."

"Ay, but he held his sword in his left hand, and so pointed across his body with it," said the Templar.

Each maintained his opinion with sufficient obstinacy, as is usual in all such cases; the attendants were appealed to, but they had not been near enough to hear Wamba's directions. At length Brian remarked, what had at first escaped him in the twilight: "Here is some one either asleep, or lying dead at the foot of this cross—Haga, stir him with the butt-end of thy lance."

This was no sooner done than the figure arose, exclaiming in good French, "Whoever thou art, it is discontinuous in you to disturb my thoughts."

"We did but wish to ask you," said the Prior, "the road to Rotherwood, the abode of Cedric the Saxon."

"I myself am bound thither," replied the stranger; "and if I had a horse, I would be your guide, for the way is somewhat intricate, though perfectly well known to me."

"Then shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend," said the Prior, "if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety."

And he caused one of his attendants to mount his own bel horse, and give that upon which he had hitherto ridden to the stranger, who was to serve for a guide.

Their conductor passed an opposite road from that which Wamba had recommended, for the purpose of misleading them. The path soon led deeper into the woodland, and crossed more than one brook, the approach to which was rendered perilous by the marches through which it flowed; but the stranger seemed to know, as if by instinct, the secret ground and the safest points of passage; and by dint of caution and attention, brought the party safely into a wide avenue thence they had yet seen; and, pointing to a large low irregular building at the upper extremity, he said to the Prior, "Yonder is Rotherwood, the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon."

This was a joyful intimation to Agnes, whose nerves were none of the strongest, and who had suffered much agitation and alarm in the course of passing through the dangerous bogs, that he had not yet had the curiosity to ask his guide a single question. Finding himself now at his ease and near shelter, his

confusion began to awake, and he demanded of the guide who and what he was.

"A Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land," was the answer.

"You had better have turned there to fight for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Templar.

"True, Reverend Sir Knight," answered the Palmer, to whom the appearance of the Templar seemed perfectly familiar, "but when those who are under oath to recover the holy city, are forced travelling at such a distance from the scene of their duties, can you wonder that a peaceful peasant like me should decline the task which they have abandoned?"

The Templar would have made an angry reply, but was interrupted by the Prior, who again expressed his astonishment that their guide, after such long absence, should be so perfectly acquainted with the peace of the forest.

"I was born a native of these parts," answered their guide, and as he made the reply they stood before the mansion of Cadric,—a low irregular building, containing several courtyards or enclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground, and which, though its size argued the inhabitants to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from the tall, towered, and castellated buildings in which the Norman nobility resided, and which had become the universal style of architecture throughout England.

Bothwood was not, however, without defences; no habitation, in that disturbed period, could have been so, without the risk of being plundered and burnt before the next morning. A deep fosse, or ditch, was drawn round the whole building, and filled with water from a neighbouring stream. A double stockade, or palisade, composed of pointed houses, which the adjacent forest supplied, defended the outer and inner bank of the trench. There was an entrance from the west through the outer stockade, which communicated by a drawbridge, with a similar opening in the interior defences. Some precautions had been taken to place these entrances under the protection of projecting angles, by which they might be flanked in case of need by archers or slingers.

Before this entrance the Templar wound his horn loudly; for the rain, which had long threatened, began now to descend with great violence.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

There just reflect'd from the black wood that beam  
 The burning Ocean rose, deep-blooded, strong,  
 And yellow-limb'd, the fire-eyed Ocean rose.

—TAMMOR'S LAMENT.

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extensive length and width, a long oaken table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Oedric the Baron. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which thus condensed, had polished the rafters and beams of the low-beamed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Oedric prized himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons sat, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables, which, arranged on the same principle, may be still seen in the antique colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the same elevated table was drawn a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to

protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places forced its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the date extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry, or embroidery, executed with brilliant or rather gaudy coloring. Over the lower range of tables, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from being so denoted their Saxon title of *honor*, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a detached, extremely carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Gellio the Saxon, who, though but in such a theme, or, as the Norwegians called him, a *Franklin*, felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an insatiable impatience, which might have become an ailment, whether of ancient or of modern times.

It appeared, indeed, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigues of war or of the chase; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humor which often lodges with a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy there was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion; and the prompt, fiery, and resolute disposition of the man, had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders: it had but little tendency to grey, although Gellio was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furled at the throat and

suff with what was called *maikover*; a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and termed, it is believed, of the skin of the grey squirrel. This doublet being unlaced over a close dress of surcoat which sat tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had moccasins of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly-studded belt, in which was stuck a short straight two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a surcoat cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the epidemic landholder when he chose to go forth. A short four-spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purpose of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions betwixt the richness of their master's, and the coarse and simple attire of Gorth the swineherd, watched the looks and waited the commands of the Baron dignitary. Two or three servants of a superior order stood behind their master upon the dais; the rest occupied the lower part of the hall. Other attendants there were of a different description; two or three large and shaggy greyhounds, such as were then employed in hunting the stag and wolf; as many slow-hounds of a large heavy breed, with thick necks, large heads, and long ears; and one or two of the smaller dogs, now called terriers, which waited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the noisy silence of their master, apprehensive probably of a small white treacherous which lay by Cobden's threshold, for the purpose of repelling the advances of his four-legged dependants. One grizzly old wolf-dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favourite, had placed himself close by the study of state, and occasionally ventured to solicit notice by putting his huge hairy head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into his hand. Even he was repelled by the stern command, "Down, Baller, down! I am not in the humour for flattery."



In fact, Gorbio, as we have observed, was in no very placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, had but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There was as yet no tidings of Gorth and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest; and such was the insecurity of the period, as to render it probable that the delay might be explained by some depredation of the outlaws, with whom the adjacent forest abounded, or by the violence of some neighbouring baron, whose consciousness of strength made him equally negligent of the laws of property. The matter was of consequence, for great part of the domestic wealth of the Baron proprietor consisted in numerous herds of swine, especially in forest-land, where those animals could find their food.

Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Baron himself was impatient for the presence of his favourite clown Wamba, whose jests, such as they were, served for a sort of seasoning to his evening meal, and to the deep draughts of ale and wine with which he was in the habit of accompanying it. Add to all this, Gorbio had tasted since noon, and his usual supper hour was long past, a cause of irritation common to country squires, both in ancient and modern times. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around; and particularly to his cup-bearer, who offered him from time to time, as a sedative, a silver goblet filled with wine—"Why tarrys the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her head-gear," replied a female attendant, with as much confidence as the favourite lady's could usually convey the master of a modern family; "you would not wish her to sit down in the hargest in her hood and kirtle? and no lady within the shire can be quicker in wrapping herself than my mistress."

This unobscure argument produced a sort of acquiescent sigh! on the part of the Baron, with the addition, "I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St. John's Kirk;—but what, in the name of ten devils," continued he, turning to the cup-bearer, and raising his voice as if happy to have found a channel into which he might divert his indignation without fear or control—"what, in the name of ten devils, keeps Gorth so long a-dial? I suppose we shall have an evil account

of the lord; he was wont to be a faithful and cautious doer, and I had destined him for something better; perhaps I might even have made him one of my vassals."

Oswald the explorer modestly suggested, "that it was scores on a hour since the telling of the carver;" an ill-chosen apology, since it turned upon a topic so harsh to Saxon ears.

"The deed done," exclaimed Cobric, "take the carver-hell, and the tyrannical bastard by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The carver!" he added, passing, "ay, the carver; which couple true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness!—Ay, the carver;—Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Melreide knew the use of the carver as well as William the Bastard himself, or else a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings. I shall hear, I guess, that my property has been swept off to serve from starving the hungry handiit, when they cannot support but by theft and robbery. My faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey—and Waccha—where is Waccha? Said not some one he had gone forth with Guth?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay! why this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. Fools are we all indeed that serve them, and fitter subjects for their scorn and laughter than if we were born with but half our wits. But I will be avenged," he added, starting from his chair in impatience at the supposed injury, and catching hold of his horse-girth; "I will go with my complaint to the great council; I have friends, I have followers—man to man will I appeal the Norman to the law; let him come in his place and his mail, and all that can render covetous bold; I have sent such a javelin as this through a stronger fence than those of their war shields!—Haply they think me old; but they shall find, strong and skillful as I am, the blood of Harward in the veins of Cobric.—Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!" he exclaimed in a lower tone, "couldst thou have

\* The original has *Cobric*, by which the Saxon seems to have designated a class of military attendants, sometimes free, sometimes bondmen, but always ranking above an ordinary domestic, whether in the royal household or in those of the nobles and thence. But the term would, now spell might, having been received into the English language as equivalent to the Norman word *sheriff*, I have avoided using it in its more ancient sense, to prevent confusion.—L. T.

ruled these unremovable pictures, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest!" The reflection seemed to conjure into sadness his frustrated feelings. Replacing his javelin, he resumed his seat, bent his looks downward, and appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflection.

From his musing, Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous yell and barking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building. It met some cascade of the white tresses, well accented by the courtesies of the domestic, to shew this entire chamber.

"To the gate, ladies!" said the Baron, hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependants could hear his voice. "See what tidings that horn tells us of—to wit, namely, I mean, some heraldry\* and robbery which has been done upon my lands."

Entering in less than three minutes, a warrier announced, "that the Prior Aymer of Jerusalem, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on the second day from the present."

"Aymer, the Prior Aymer! Brian de Bois-Guilbert!"—exclaimed Cedric: "Normans both;—but, Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rothwood must not be impeached; they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have ridden farther on their way—But it were unworthy to murmur for a night's lodgings and a night's food; in the quality of guests, at least, even Normans must suppress their badness.—Go, Huchbald," he added, to a sort of majordomo who stood behind him with a white vest; "take six of the attendants, and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their trunks lock nothing. Let them have change of vestments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; and let it be put on the board when those strangers are ready to share it. Say

\* Pilgrims.

to them, Hunsdort, that Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the door of his own hall to meet any who share not the blood of Saxa royalty. Begone! see them carefully tended; let them not say in their pride, the Saxa churl has shown at once his poverty and his avarice."

The majordomo departed, with several attendants, to execute his master's commands. "The Prior Aymer!" repeated Cedric, looking to Oswald, "the brother, if I mistake not, of Giles de Maulverer, now lord of Mickleham?"

Oswald made a respectful sign of assent. "His brother sits in the west, and wears the patrimony of a better man, the race of Ulfric of Mickleham; but what Norman lord doth not the same? This prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the wine-cup and the hugh-born better than bell and book: God; let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?"

"Belan de Bois-Guilbert."

"Bois-Guilbert?" said Cedric, still in the mood, halfarguing tone, which the habit of living among dependants had accustomed him to employ, and which resembled a man who talks to himself rather than to those around him—"Bois-Guilbert! that name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order; but stained with their usual vices, pride, arrogance, cruelty, and voluptuousness; a hard-hearted man, who knows neither fear of earth, nor awe of heaven. He say the few warriors who have returned from Palestine.—Well; it is but for one night; he shall be welcome too.—Oswald, bring the oldest wine-cask; place the best mead, the mightiest ale, the richest must, the most sparkling cider, the most colorless pigments, upon the board; fill the largest horns.\*—Templars and abbots love good wine and good measure.—Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her especial pleasure."

"But it will be her especial pleasure," answered Elgitha, with great readiness, "for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine."

\* These wine drinks used by the Saxons, as we are informed by Mr. Turner: Must was made of honey dissolved with the juice of wildberries; Pigment was a sweet and rich liquor, composed of wine lightly spiced, and sweetened also with honey; the other liquors need no explanation.—A. T.

Coltrine darted at the forward glance a glance of hasty resentment; but Rowena, and whatever belonged to her, were privileged and secure from his anger. He only replied, "Silence, maiden; thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Say thy message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred still reigns a prince." Elitha left the apartment.

"Palestine!" repeated the German; "Palestine! how many ears are turned to the tales which dishevelled armadours or hypocritical pilgrims bring from that fatal land! I too might ask—I too might inquire—I too might listen with a beating heart to fables which the wily scoundrels devise to cheat us into hospitality—but no—The son who has discharged me is no longer mine; nor will I concern myself more for his fate than for that of the most worthless among the millions that ever shaped the cross on their shoulders, rushed into excess and blood-guiltiness, and called it an accomplishment of the will of God."

He laid his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground; as he raised them, the folding doors at the bottom of the hall were cast wide, and, preceded by the major-domo with his wand, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

With sleep and sluggish guests the parlour bled,  
And the pined steed was on the marble spread;  
With the prepared, they clad the marble round;  
While many lighted the beaming golden crown'd.

Disposed apart, Urran shares the feast;  
A silver table and a golden seat.  
The Prince outspoke—

*Germany, And all.*

The Prior Agner had taken the opportunity afforded him, of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope carefully embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet ring, which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon, were loaded

with precious gems; his sandals were of the finest leather which was imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to an small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly encased in velvet.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and, though less studiously belabored with ornament, his dress was as rich, and his appearance far more commanding, than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white, in ample folds. The right-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer covered his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a snow blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of uncontrolled authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than is derived from the usual wreath of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern busman, having similar flaps for covering the arms, and was called a *Solevega* or *Solemacion*. Coarse sandals, bound with thongs, on his bare feet; a broad and shadowy hat, with cockle-shells attached on its brim, and a long staff held with firm, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the pilgrim's attire. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and observing that the lower table service afforded room sufficient for the demerits of Cedeia and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of the steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cedeia rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and, descending from the dais, or elevated part of his hall, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach.

"I greet," he said, "reverend Tyke, that my ever blest mo-

to advance us further upon this floor of my fathers, even to receive such guests as you, and this valiant Knight of the Holy Temple. But my steward has expounded to you the sense of my seeming discourtesy. Let me also pray, that you will excuse my speaking to you in my native language, and that you will reply in the same if your knowledge of it permits; if not, I sufficiently understand Norman to follow your meaning."

"Yove," said the Abbot, "must be explained, worthy Franklin, or permit me rather to say, worthy Thane, though the tide is antiquated. Yove are the knots which tie us to Heaven—they are the cords which bind the soulless to the horns of the altar,—and are therefore,—as I said before,—to be untorn and discharged, unless our Holy Mother Church shall pronounce the contrary. And respecting language, I willingly hold communication in that spoken by my respected grandfather, Hiln of Middleham, who died in colour of sanctity, little short, if we may promise to say so, of her glorious namesake, the blessed Saint Hiln of Whithy. God be gracious to her soul!"

When the prior had ceased what he meant as a conciliatory harangue, his companion said briefly and emphatically, "I speak now French, the language of King Richard and his nobles; but I understand English sufficiently to communicate with the natives of the country."

Cedric darted at the speaker one of those hasty and impatient glances, which comparisons between the two rival nations seldom failed to call forth; but, reflecting the duties of hospitality, he suppressed further show of resentment, and, motioning with his hand, caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

While the attendants hastened to obey Cedric's commands, his eye distinguished Gurth the swineherd, who, with his companion Wamba, had just entered the hall. "Send these kitchen knaves up hither," said the Squire impatiently. And when the culprits came before the table,—"*How come ye, villains! that ye have listened abroad so late as this! Hast thou brought home thy charge, swine Gurth, or hast thou left thee in robbers and rascals?*"

"The herd is safe, so please ye," said Gurth.

"But it does not please me, thou knave," said Cedric, "that I should be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, and sit

have deriving vengeance against my neighbours for wrongs they have not done me. I tell thee, shakles and the prison-house shall punish the most offences of this kind."

Gerth, knowing his master's irritable temper, attempted no expostulation; but the Justice, who could presume upon Odric's tolerance, by virtue of his privileges as a fool, replied for them both: "In truth, uncle Odric, you are neither wise nor reasonable to-night."

"How, sir!" said his master; "you shall to the porter's lodge, and taste of the disciplines there, if you give your folly such licence."

"First let your wisdom tell me," said Wanda, "is it just and reasonable to punish one person for the fault of another?"

"Certainly not, fool," answered Odric.

"Then why should you shakle poor Gerth, uncle, for the fault of his dog Funge? for I dare be sworn we lost not a minute by the way, when we had got our lord together, which Funge did not manage until we heard the vespers-bell."

"Then hang up Funge," said Odric, turning hastily towards the unbridled, "if the fault is his, and get thee another dog."

"Under favour, uncle," said the Justice, "that were still somewhat on the low-land of fair justice; for it was no fault of Funge that he was lame and could not gather the lord, but the fault of those that struck off two of his fore-arms, an operation for which, if the poor fellow had been consulted, he would surely have given his voice."

"And who dared to lame an animal which belonged to my bondman?" said the Baron, kindling in wrath.

"Marry, that did old Robert," said Wanda, "Sir Philip de Malvestra's keeper of the chase. He caught Funge strutting in the forest, and said he chose the deer contrary to his master's right, as warden of the walk."

"The first food take Malvestra," answered the Baron, "and his keeper both! I will touch them that the wood was deforested in terms of the great Forest Charter. But enough of this. Go to, know, go to thy place—and thou, Gerth, get thee another dog, and should the keeper dare to touch it, I will cur his anarchy; the curse of a sword on my head, if I strike not off the forefinger of his right hand!—he shall draw howling no more.—I care not for justice, my worthy guests. I am here here with neighbours that match your saddle, Sir Knight, in



Holy Land. But your heavenly feet is before you ; feed, and let witness make amends for hard fare."

The feast, however, which was spread upon the board, needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion. Swinish flesh, dressed in several modes, appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of fowls, deer, goats, and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge loaves and cakes of bread, and sundry confections made of fruits and honey. The smaller sorts of wild-fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in platters, but brought in upon small wooden spits or branches, and offered by the pages and domestics who bore them, to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a portion as he pleased. Beside each portion of meat was placed a goblet of silver ; the lower board was accommodated with large drinking horns.

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,—“ Forbear !—Place for the Lady Eirena.” A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Eirena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Godes, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his vassal appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her ; and, replying to their courtesy by a taste gesture of submission, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior, “ I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chain vice is your own.”

“ Said I not so ?” answered the Prior ; “ but check your caprice, the Franklin observes you.”

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to act upon the immediate impulse of his own wishes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes directed on the Saxons beauty, more striking perhaps to his imagination, because differing widely from those of the Eastern saturnus.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Eirena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the besting

which sometimes attacked to fair beauty. Her clear blue eye, which aye caskined beneath a graceful archway of laven sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to think as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If sadness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain, that in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier diameter, which mingled with and qualified that borrowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a sallow tawny brown and faxon, was arranged in a fascial and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were bedded with grey, and, being worn at full length, intimated the middle and fore-born condition of the nation. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-green and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the woman's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardour, that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted stanzas, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable. Cedric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the shades of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the flood glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon,—for my humility will carry me no lower."

"The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has pardoned us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less strict in the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

"Our going thither," said Cedric, "is essential. I have not

these varieties, which were unknown to my fathers when England was free."

"Let us hope, nevertheless," said the Prior, "our company may determine you to travel thitherward; when the roads are so unsafe, the count of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is not so to be despised."

"Sir Prior," answered the Baron, "whenever I have travelled in this land, I have hitherto found myself, with the assistance of my good sword and faithful followers, in no respect mindful of other aid. At present, if we need journey to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, we do so with my noble neighbour and countryman Athelstan of Cottingham, and with such a train as would not swallow and tread countries at defiance.——I drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of wine, which I trust your taste will approve, and I thank you for your courtesy. Should you be so rigid in adhering to monastic rules," he added, "as to prefer your acid preparation of milk, I hope you will not strain courtesy to do too much."

"Nay," said the Prior, laughing, "it is only in our abbey that we confine ourselves to the *ice dulce* or the *ice asidua* either. Conversing with the world, we use the world's fashions, and therefore I surer your pledge in this honest wine, and leave the weaker liquor to my lay brother."

"And I," said the Templar, filling his goblet, "drink myself to the fair Rowena; for since her nameless introduction to the world into England, has never been one more worthy of such a tribute. By my faith, I could pardon the unhappy Yodgers, had he half the cause that we now witness, for making shipwreck of his honour and his kingdom."

"I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without averting herself; "or rather I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palartina, a theme more agreeable to our English ears than the compliments which your French breeding teaches."

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tilings of a truce with Scheldin."

He was interrupted by Wanda, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair, the back of which was decorated with two men's ears, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who, from time to time, supplied him with

virtuale from his own teacher; a favour, however, which the Jester shared with the favourite dogs, of whom, as we have already noticed, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wamba, with a small table before him, his heels tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks tucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nut-crackers, and his open half-sheet, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed folly.

"These traces with the initials," he explained, without caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an old man of me!"

"Go to, knave, how so?" said Cedric, his features prepared to receive favourably the expected jest.

"Because," answered Wamba, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be at least a hundred and fifty years old."

"I will warrant you against dying of old age, however," said the Templar, who now recognised his friend of the forest; "I will assure you from all deaths but a violent one, if you give such directions to myfers, as you did this night to the Prior and me."

"How, sirrah?" said Cedric, "wildest traveller! We must have you whipped; you are at least as much rogue as fool."

"I pray thee, uncle," answered the Jester, "let my folly, for once, protect my roguery. I did but make a mistake between my right hand and my left; and he might have perished a greater, who took a fool for his counsellor and guide."

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may;—a night like that which now withers, compels even wild animals to herd with man, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be ministered to with all care—look to it, Oswald!"

And the steward left the hanging hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"  
*Macbeth* act 1. sc. 5.

OSWALD, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it fit I should name him into the hall?"

"Let Gurth do his office, Oswald," said Wanda with his usual effrontery; "the ostlerhard will be a fit name to the Jew."

"Saint Mary!" said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence?"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulchre!"

"By my faith," said Wanda, "it would seem the Templars love the Jews' inheritance better than they do their company."

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Colric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your diffidence. If Heaven here with the whole nation of stiff-necked unbelievers for many years than a hyman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrain no man to converse or to feed with him. Let him have a board and a morsel apart—unless," he said smiling, "these tasker'd strangers will admit his society."

"Sir Franklin," answered the Templar, "my Saracen slaves are true Madras, and scorn as much as any Christian to hold intercourse with a Jew."

"Nay, in faith," said Wanda, "I cannot see that the worshippers of Mahound and Turanment have so greatly the advantage over the people once chosen of Heaven."

"He shall sit with thee, Wanda," said Colric; "the fool and the knave will be well met."

"The fool," answered Wanda, raising the ridge of a garrison of bones, "will take care to erect a bulwark against the knave."

"Hark," said Colric, "for here he comes."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fearful hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall thin old

man, who, however, had lost by the habit of stooping much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board. His features, born and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long grey hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those dark ages, was alike detested by the credulous and prejudiced vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy and rapacious nobility, and who, perhaps owing to that very hatred and persecution, had adopted a national character, in which there was much, to say the least, mean and miserable.

The Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many folds, covering a dark purple tunic. He had large boots lined with fur, and a belt around his waist, which contained a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon, was such as might have excited the most prejudiced among of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. On the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a timid supplicating glance, and turning towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the Saxon gentlemen squared their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the Abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and the very harden Saracens, as Isaac drew near them, curled up their whiskers with indignation, and hid their hands on their pistols, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach.

Probably the same motives which induced Cedric to open his hall to this son of a rejected people would have made him insist on his attendants receiving Isaac with more courtesy. But the Abbot had, at this moment, engaged him in a most interesting discussion on the breed and character of his favourite hounds,

which he would not have interrupted for matters of much greater importance than that of a Jew going to bed supperless. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the natives, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the pilgrim, who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are diled, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought in a fowls, the smoking brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mass of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall—whether from unwillingness to hold more close communication with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain.

Had these benevolent hands been capable to execute such a subject, the Jew, as he bent his withered form, and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, would have formed an ideal emblematical personification of the winter season. Having dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the smoking mass which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish, that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the Abbot and Colrie continued their discourse upon hunting; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females; and the haughty Templar, whose eye wandered from the Jew to the Saxon beauty, revolved in his mind thoughts which appeared deeply to interest him.

"I marvel, worthy Colrie," said the Abbot, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your proficiency is in your own manly language, you do not resolve the Norman-French into your Saxon, so far at least as the mystery of wood-craft and hunting is concerned. Surely no tongue is so rich in the various phrases which the field-sports demand, or furnishes means to the experienced woodman so well to express his jovial art."

"Good Father Aymer," said the Saxon, "he it knows is you, I care not for those over-ween refinements, without which I can well enough take my pleasure in the woods. I am wild my hours, though I will not the least either a scholar or a writer—I can shoot my dogs on the prey, and I can fly and quarter the

animal when it is brought down, without using the non-fangled jargon of *corps, color, couleur*, and all the babble of the fabulous *Sir Tristram*."\*

"The French," said the Templar, raising his voice with the pronounced and authoritative tone which he used upon all occasions, "is not only the natural language of the chase, but that of love and war, in which ladies should be won and enemies defied."

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric, "and fill another to the Abbot, while I look back some thirty years to tell you another tale. As Cedric the Saxon then was, his plain English tale needed no garnish from French troubadours, when it was told in the ear of beauty; and the field of Northampton, upon the day of the Holy Standard, could tell whether the Saxon war-cry was not heard as far within the walls of the Scottish host as the *vi de guerre* of the boldest Norman brave. To the memory of the brave who fought there!—Pledge me, my guests." He drank deep, and went on with increasing warmth. "Ay, that was a day of clanking of shields, when a hundred banners were bent forwards over the heads of the valiant, and blood flowed round like water, and death was held better than flight. A Saxon bard had called it a feast of the swords—a gathering of the eagles to the prey—the clanking of bills upon shield and helmet, the shouting of battle more joyful than the clamour of a bridal. But our hands are no more," he said; "our deeds are lost in those of another race—our language—our very name—is hastening to decay, and none mourns for it save one solitary old man—Osp-lever! leave, all the goldens—To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Sir

\* There was no language which the Normans more formally separated from that of common life than the terms of the chase. The objects of their pursuit, whether bird or animal, stamped their names each year, and there was a hundred conventional terms, to be ignorant of which was to be without one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The reader may consult James Fulford Leveson's book on the subject. The origin of this sentence was inspired in the celebrated Sir Tristram, famous for his tragic intrigues with the beautiful Ysaac. As the Normans reserved the amusement of hunting strictly to themselves, the terms of this formal jargon were all taken from the French language.



Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the seven champions of the Holy Sepulchre, was the palm he assigned among the champions of the Cross?"

"To the Knights Hospitallers," said the Abbot; "I have a brother of their order."

"I impeach not their fame," said the Templar; "nevertheless"—

"I think, friend Cedric," said Wamba, interposing, "that had Richard of the Lion's Heart been wise enough to have taken a Sol's advice, he might have staid at home with his merry Englishmen, and left the recovery of Jerusalem to those same Knights who had most to do with the loss of it."

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple, and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert, "the English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to none," said the Pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned toward the spot from whence this unexpected assertion was heard. "I say," repeated the Pilgrim, in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to none who ever drew sword in defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre, on challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of those combatants were Knights of the Temple—and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

It is impossible for language to describe the bitter swell of rage which rendered yet darker the swartly countenance of the Templar. In the extremity of his resentment and confusion, his quivering fingers gripped towards the hilt of his sword, and quivering only withdrew, from the consciousness that no act of violence could be safely executed in that place and presence. Cedric, whose feelings were all of a right onward and simple kind, and were seldom occupied by more than one object at once, omitted, in the joyous glee with which he heard of the glory

of his countryman, to remark the angry confusion of his guest ; "I would give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrin," he said, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the banners of werry England."

"That will I do blithely," replied the Pilgrin, "and without guerdon ; my oath, for a time, prohibits me from touching gold."

"I will wear the bracelet for you, if you will, Good Palmer," said Wanda.

"The first in honour as in arms, in renown as in place," said the Pilgrin, "was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Colric ; "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Pilgrin ; "Sir Thomas Maiton of Ghilfand was the third."

"Of Saxen descent, be it least," said Colric, with exultation.

"Sir Paul Dolly the fourth," proceeded the Pilgrin.

"Saxen also, at least by the mother's side," continued Colric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, in part at least, his turned to the Normans, in the common triumph of the King of England and his islanders. "And who was the fifth?" he demanded.

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Torrchuan."

"Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Colric—"And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lower renown and lower rank, assumed into that illustrious company, less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number—his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert anxiously, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's faith occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivarhoe ; nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Arra, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vanities of the issue of a conflict, which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meet you."

"A godly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you prefer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself; "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the Monastery of Mount Carmel."

The Prior of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated a premonition, in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mahomedan, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without valing his helmet, or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying—"Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he will answer the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence; "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the silent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honorable challenge. Could my weak woman add security to the inextinguishable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge mine and force that Ivanhoe give this proud knight the meeting he desires."

A crowd of conflicting emotions seemed to have occupied Cedric, and kept him silent during this discussion. Grattified pride, resentment, embarrassment, chased each other over his brow and upon his lips, like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest-field; while his attendants, on whom the noise of the stich knight seemed to produce an effect almost distended, hung in suspense upon their master's looks. But when Rowena spoke, the sound of her voice seemed to startle him from his silence.

"Lady," said Cedric, "this becomes not; were further pledge necessary, I myself, offended, and justly offended, as I am, would yet gage my honour for the honour of Ivanhoe. But the wage of battle is complete, even according to the barbaric traditions of Norman chivalry—is it not, Father Aymer?"

"It is," replied the Prior; "and the blessed relic and rich shawl will I bestow safely in the treasury of our convent, until the decision of this warlike challenge."

Having thus spoken, he crossed himself again and again, and after many genuflections and muttered prayers, he delivered the salutory to Brother Andrew, his attendant monk, while he himself swept up with less ceremony, but perhaps with no less internal satisfaction, the golden chain, and bestowed it in a pouch lined with perfumed leather which opened under his arm. "And now, Sir Cedric," he said, "my eyes are shining vapors with the strength of your good wine—permit us another pledge to the welfare of the Lady Eowena, and indulge us with liberty to pass to our repose."

"By the road of Rumbolden," said the Saxon, "you do but waste words to your Saxe, Sir Prior! Report speaks you a hoarse monk, that would hear the madd' chime ere he quitted his bow; and, old as I am, I feared to have shame in encountering you. But, by my faith, a Saxon boy of twelve, in any time, would not so soon have relinquished his point."

The Prior had his own reasons, however, for persevering in the course of temperance which he had adopted. He was not only a professional penitencer, but from practice a hater of all foods and brava. It was not altogether from a love to his neighbors, or to himself, or from a mixture of both. On the present occasion, he had an instinctive apprehension of the fiery temper of the Saxon, and saw the danger that the reckless and presumptuous spirit, of which his companion had already given so many proofs, might at length produce some dangerous explosion. He therefore gently indicated the incapacity of the native of any other country to engage in the mortal conflict of the hand with the hardy and strengthened Saxon; something he mentioned, but slightly, about his own holy character, and ended by pressing his proposal to depart to repose.

The glass-cup was accordingly served round, and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their landlord and to the Lady Eowena, arose and mingled in the hall, while the monks of the family, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Troubler to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy knees to the Testament?"

"I do as propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend value."

"Ay," said the Knight; "to gild the brows of our soldiers with glory, and to gild women and boys with goods and toys—I warrant thee store of shakels in thy Jewish sculp."

"Not a shakel, not a silver penny, not a halfling—so help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands; "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Roshimour of the Jews" have imposed upon me—Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch—the very garbition I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster."

The Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Tushrow thee for a false-hearted knave!" and passing onward, as if disdaining further conference, he commenced with his Moslem slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders. The poor Israelite seemed so staggered by the address of the military monk, that the Templar had passed on to the extremity of the hall ere he raised his head from the humble posture which he had assumed, so far as to be sensible of his departure. And when he did look around, it was with the astonished air of one at whom just a thunderbolt has just burst, and who hears still the astounding report ringing in his ears.

The Templar and Prior were shortly after marshalled to their sleeping apartments by the steward and the cupbearer, each attended by two torchbearers and two servants carrying refreshments, while servants of inferior condition indicated to their retinue and to the other guests their respective places of repose.

\* In those days the Jews were subjected to an Exchequer specially directed to that purpose, and which laid them under the most onerous impositions.—L. T.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

To buy his horse I asked this knavehood:

If he will take it, no; if not, refuse;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

MECHANIC OF VENICE.

As the Palace, lighted by a dimness with a torch, passed through the intricate combination of apartments of this huge

and irregular manners, the captives coming behind him whispered in his ear, that if he had no objection to a cup of good brand in his apartment, there were many domestics in that family who would gladly hear the news he had brought from the Holy Land, and particularly that which concerned the Knight of Imahee. Wamba promptly assented to urge the same request, observing that a cup after midnight was worth three after sunrise. Without disposing a maxim urged by such given authority, the Palmer thanked them for their courtesy, but observed that he had included in his religious vow, an obligation never to speak in the kitchen or customs which were prohibited in the hall. "That vow," said Wamba to the captives, "would scarce suit a serving-man."

The captives shrugged up his shoulders in displeasure. "I thought to have lodged him in the silent chamber," said he; "but since he is so unusual to Christians, don't let him take the next stall to Isaac the Jew's.—Awful," said he to the torch-bearer, "carry the Pilgrim to the southern cell.—I give you good-night," he added, "Sir Palmer, with small thanks for short courtesy."

"Good-night, and Our Lady's blessing," said the Palmer, with composure; and his girls moved forward.

In a small antechamber, into which several doors opened, and which was lighted by a small iron lamp, they met a second interruption from the waiting-maid of Rowena, who, saying in a tone of authority, that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of Awful, and, bidding him await her return, made a sign to the Palmer to follow. Apparently he did not think it proper to decline this invitation as he had done the former; for, though his gesture indicated some surprise at the summons, he obeyed it without answer or remonstrance.

A short passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of which was composed of a solid block of oak, led him to the apartment of the Lady Rowena, the rude magnificence of which corresponded to the respect which was paid to her by the head of the mansion. The walls were covered with embroidered hangings, on which different-coloured silks, interwoven with gold and silver threads, had been employed with all the art of which the age was capable, to represent the sports of hunting and hawking. The bed was adorned with the same rich tapestry, and surrounded with

curtains dyed with purple. The seats had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was adorned with a festoon of ivory, curiously carved.

No fewer than four silver candelabras, holding great waxen torches, served to illuminate this apartment. Yet let not modern luxury envy the magnificence of a Eastern prince's. The walls of the apartment were so ill finished, and so full of crevices, that the sick hangings shook to the night blast, and, in despite of a sort of screen intended to protect them from the wind, the flame of the torches streamed sideways into the air, like the undated pennons of a chieftain. Magnificence there was, with some rude attempt at taste ; but of comfort there was little, and, being unknown, it was undervalued.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her attendants standing at her back, and arranging her hair as she lay down to rest, was seated in the seat of thrones already mentioned, and looked as if born to exact general homage. The Pilgrim acknowledged her claim to it by a low prostration.

"Rise, Palmer," said she graciously. "The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth, and honour mankind." She then said to her train, "Retire, excepting only Elgiva ; I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment, retired to its furthest extremity, and sat down on a small bench against the wall, where they remained mute as statues, though at such a distance that their whispers could not have interrupted the conversation of their mistress.

"Pilgrim," said the lady, after a moment's pause, during which she seemed uncertain how to address him, "you this night mentioned a name—I mean," she said, with a degree of effort, "the name of Ivanhoe, in the hall where by nature and kindred it should have greeted most acceptably ; and yet, such is the perverse curse of fate, that of many whose hearts must have thrilled at the sound, I only dare ask you where, and in what condition, you left him of whom you speak?—We heard, that, having remained in Palestine, on account of his impaired health, after the departure of the English army, he had experienced the prosecution of the French faction, to whom the Templars are known to be attached."

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered the

Palmer, with a doubtful voice. "I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. His birth, I believe, recommended the prosecution of his studies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I, what is his chance of happiness."

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply, and asked more particularly when the Knight of Frashoe might be expected in his native country, and whether he would not be exposed to great dangers by the road. On the first point, the Palmer professed ignorance; on the second, he said that the voyage might be safely made by the way of Venice and Genoa, and from thence through France to England. "Frashoe," he said, "was so well acquainted with the language and manners of the French, that there was no fear of his incurring any hazard during that part of his travels."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "he were here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching tourney, in which the chivalry of this land are expected to display their address and valour. Should Athelstan of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Frashoe is like to hear evil tidings when he reaches England.—How looked he, stranger, when you last saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy upon his strength and countenance?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and thinner, than when he came from Cyprus in the train of Count-de-Lion, and more seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached not his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to clear those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood.—Maiden," she said, "drew near—offer the sleeping cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the maidens presented a silver cup, containing a rich mixture of wine and spices, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a low salutation, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this sleep, friend," continued the lady, offering a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful travail, and of the distress thou hast visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Eborica out of the apartment.

In the antechamber he found his attendant Arnold, who, taking



the torch from the hand of the waiting-maid, conducted him with more haste than ceremony to an exterior and ignoble part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping places to the lower order of domestic, and to strangers of mean degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Pilgrim.

"The unbefitting dog," answered Arnould, "hassels in the cell next your lodgings.—St. Dunstan, how it must be scamped and scorned ere it be again fit for a Christian!"

"And where sleeps Gerth the swineherd?" said the stranger.

"Gerth," replied the hostlerman, "sleeps in the cell on your right, as the Jew on that to your left; you serve to keep the chink of discrimination separate from the abomination of his tribe. You might have occupied a more honorable place had you accepted of Oswald's invitation."

"It is as well as it is," said the Palmer; "the company, even of a Jew, can hardly spread contamination through an unclean partition."

So saying, he entered the cabin allotted to him, and taking the torch from the domestic's hand, dashed him, and wished him good-night. Having shut the door of his cell, he placed the torch in a candlestick made of wood, and looked around his sleeping apartment, the furniture of which was of the most simple kind. It consisted of a rude wooden stool, and still ruder hatch or bed-frame, stuffed with clean straw, and accompanied with two or three sheepskins by way of bed-clothes.

The Palmer, having extinguished his torch, threw himself, without taking off any part of his clothes, on this rude couch, and slept, or at least retained his recumbent posture, till the earliest wakehorns found their way through the little grated window, which served at once to admit both air and light to his uncomfortable cell. He then started up, and after repositing his mantle, and adjusting his dress, he left it, and entered that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the latch as gently as he could.

The hassels was lying in troubled slumber upon a couch similar to that on which the Palmer himself had passed the night. Each part of his dress as the Jew had laid aside on the preceding evening, was disposed carefully around his person, as if to prevent the hazard of their being carried off during his slumbers. There was a trouble on his brow denoting almost to agony. His hands and arms moved convulsively, as if

struggling with the nightmare; and besides several ejaculations in Hebrew, the following were distinctly heard in the Norman-English, or mixed language of the country: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man! I am poor, I am penniless—should your iron manacles my limbs smother, I could not gratify you!"

The Palmer awaited not the end of the Jew's vision, but stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The touch probably associated, as is usual, with some of the apprehensions excited by his dream; for the old man started up, his grey hair standing almost erect upon his head, and huddling some part of his garments about him, while he held the detached pieces with the nervous grasp of a fillet, he fixed upon the Palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of wild surprise and of hostile apprehension.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Palmer, "I come as your friend."

"The God of Israel require you," said the Jew, greatly softened; "I dreamed—But Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream." Then, collecting himself, he asked in his usual tone, "And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?"

"It is to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some hosts, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew, "where could it interest to endanger as poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall posternight, he spoke to his Marseilles slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin, or to that of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties. His arms fell down to his sides, and his head drooped on his breast, his knees bent under his weight, every nerve and muscle of his frame seemed to collapse and lose its energy, and he sunk at the foot of the Palmer,

not in the fashion of one who intentionally stoops, kneels, or prostrates himself to excite compassion, but like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force, which crushes him to the earth without the power of resistance.

"Holy God of Abraham!" was his first exclamation, sitting and elevating his wrinkled hands, but without raising his gray head from the pavement; "O holy Moses! O blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for naught, and the vision cometh not in vain! I feel their bones already tear my shroud! I feel the mark pass over my body like the scow, and harrow, and snare of iron over the men of Ephraim, and of the cities of the children of Ammon!"

"Stand up, Isaac, and hearken to me," said the Palmer, who viewed the extremity of his distress with a compassion in which contempt was largely mingled; "you have cause for your terror, considering how your brethren have been used, in order to extract from them their wealth, both by prisons and soldiers; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep sound after the last night's revel. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any sinister that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good-will you have probably the means of securing."

As the name of Isaac received the hopes of escape which this speech instilled, he began gradually, and inch by inch, as it were, to raise himself up from the ground, until he fairly rested upon his knees, throwing back his long gray hair and beard, and fixing his keen black eyes upon the Palmer's face, with a look expressive of ones of hope and fear, not mingled with suspicion. But when he heard the concluding part of the sentence, his original terror appeared to revive in full force, and he dropped once more on his face, exclaiming, "I possess the means of securing good-will! alas! there is but one road to the favour of a Christian, and how can the poor Jew find it, whose extortions have already reduced to the misery of Lazarus?" Then, as if suspicion had overpowered his other feelings, he suddenly exclaimed, "For the love of God, young man, betray me not—for the sake of the Great Father who made us all, Jew as well as Gentile, Jew and Ishmaelite—do me no treason! I have not means to secure the good-will of a Christian baron, were he calling it at a single

poor." As he spoke these last words, he raised himself, and grasped the Palmer's mantle with a look of the most earnest entreaty. The Pilgrim extricated himself, as if there were confusion in the touch.

"Wert thou loaded with all the wealth of thy tribe," he said, "what interest have I to injure thee?—In this dress I am vowed to poverty, nor do I change it for night-wear a horse and a coat of mail. Yet think not that I care for thy company, or propose myself advantage by it; remain here if thou wilt—God be the Saxon may protect thee."

"Alas!" said the Jew, "he will not let me travel in his train.—Saxon or Norman will be equally ashamed of the poor Jewella; and to travel by myself through the domains of Philip de Malvoisin and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf—Good youth, I will go with you!—Let us haste—let us gird up our loins—let us do!—Haste is thy staff, why wilt thou tarry?"

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place—follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader is apprised, was occupied by Gurth the swineherd.—"Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim, "arise quickly. Under the postern gate, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held so mean, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Banians in India, was offended at the familiar and commanding tone assumed by the Palmer. "The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow, and looking superciliously at him without quitting his pallet, "and travelling in company with the Palmer to boot!"

"I should as soon have dreamt," said Wamba, who entered the apartment at the instant, "of his strolling away with a garbion of bacon."

"Nevertheless," said Gurth, again laying down his head on the wooden log which served him for a pillow, "both Jew and Gentle must be content to abide the opening of the great gate—we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unreasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth

started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Guth, beware—there are warts to be picked. I say, unto the pastors—they shall know more soon."

With hasty alacrity Guth obeyed him, while Wamba and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the smithard's demeanour.

"My mate, my mate," said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mate," said the Pilgrim; "and hearst thou, —let me have another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts—I will return it safely to some of Obed's trunks at Ashby. And do thou"—he whispered the rest in Guth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Guth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

"I wish I knew," said Wamba, when his comrade's back was turned, "what you Pilgrim learn in the Holy Land."

"To say our wisdoms, fool," answered the Pilgrim, "to report our sins, and to mortify ourselves with fasting, vigils, and long prayers."

"Something more potent than that," answered the Foster; "for when would repentance or prayer make Guth do a country, or fasting or vigil persuade him to lend you a trade?—I trust you might as well have told his favourite black boy of thy vigils and penances, and wouldest have gotten as civil an answer."

"Go to," said the Pilgrim, "thou art but a Saxon fool."

"Thou sayest well," said the Foster; "had I been born a Norman, as I think thou art, I would have had back on my side, and have next done to a wise man."

At this moment Guth appeared on the opposite side of the moat with the mule. The travellers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge of only two planks' breadth, the narrowness of which was matched with the similitude of the postern, and with a little wicket in the exterior palisade, which gave access to the street. No sooner had they reached the mule, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue huckers, which he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment—only a change of raiment." Then getting upon the animal with more alacrity

and haste than could have been anticipated from his years, he lost no time in so disposing of the skirts of his gaborine as to conceal completely from observation the bundles which he had first deposited on crumpe.

The Pilgrim moved with more deliberation, reaching, as he departed, his hand to Garth, who kissed it with the utmost possible veneration. The wretched stood gazing after the travellers until they were lost under the boughs of the forest path, when he was disturbed from his reverie by the voice of Wamba.

"Knowest thou," said the Jewess, "my good friend Garth, that thou art strangely courteous and most unwontedly pious on this summer morning! I would I were a blank Prior or a barefoot Pilgrim, to avail myself of thy unweated zeal and courtesy—certain, I would make more out of it than a kiss of the hand."

"Thou art as foul than far, Wamba," answered Garth, "though thou suggest from appearance, and the want of us can do no more—that it is time to look after my charge."

So saying, he turned back to the mansion, attended by the Jewess.

Meanwhile the travellers continued to press on their journey with a despatch which argued the extremity of the Jew's fears, since persons of his age are seldom fond of rapid motion. The Pilgrim, to whom every path and outlet in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most devious paths, and more than once excited anew the suspicion of the Israelite, that he intended to betray him into some ambuscade of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardoned; for, except perhaps the flying fish, there was no man existing on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. Upon the slightest and most unreasonable pretences, as well as upon accusations the most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury; for Normans, Saxons, Danes, and Britons, however adverse these races were to each other, contended which should look with greatest detestation upon a people, whom it was accounted a point of religion to hate, to scold, to despise, to plunder, and to persecute. The Kings of the Norman race, and the independent nobles, who followed their example in all acts of tyranny, maintained against this devoted people a persecution

of a more regular, calculated, and self-interested kind. It is a well-known story of King John, that he confined a wealthy Jew in one of the royal castles, and daily craved one of his teeth to be sawn out, until, when the jaw of the unhappy Israelite was half disarticulated, he consented to pay a large sum, which it was the tyrant's object to extort from him. The little ready money which was in the country was chiefly in possession of this persecuted people, and the nobility hesitated not to follow the example of their sovereign, in wringing it from them by every species of oppression, and even personal torture. Yet the perverse courage inspired by the love of gain, induced the Jews to dare the various evils to which they were subjected, in consideration of the immense profits which they were enabled to realize in a country naturally so wealthy as England. In spite of every kind of discouragement, and even of the special sort of taxation already mentioned, called the Jews' Ransomer, erected for the very purpose of despoiling and distressing them, the Jews increased, multiplied, and accumulated huge sums, which they transferred from one hand to another by means of bills of exchange—an invention for which commerce is said to be indebted to them, and which enabled them to transfer their wealth from hand to hand, that when threatened with oppression in one country, their treasure might be secured in another.

The obstinacy and aversion of the Jews being thus in a measure placed in opposition to the fanaticism and tyranny of those under whom they lived, seemed to increase in proportion to the persecution with which they were visited; and the immense wealth they usually acquired in commerce, while it frequently placed them in danger, was at other times used to extend their influence, and to secure to them a certain degree of protection. On these terms they lived; and their character, influenced accordingly, was watchful, suspicious, and timid—yet obstinate, uncomplying, and skilful in evading the dangers to which they were exposed.

When the travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many dreary paths, the Palace at length broke silence.

"That large despoiled ark," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority—we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"May the wheels of their chariots be taken off," said the Jew, "The thorn of the host of Pluresh, that they may drive homely!

—But leave me not, good Pilgrim—Think but of that fierce and savage Templar, with his Saracen slaves—they will regard neither territory, nor sinners, nor lordship.”

“Our road,” said the Palmer, “should here separate; for it becomes not men of my character and mine to travel together longer than needs must be. Besides, what success couldst thou have from me, a penitent Pilgrim, against two armed heathens?”

“O good youth,” answered the Jew, “thou canst delude me, and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will requite it—not with money, for money, so help me my Father Abraham, I have none—but”——

“Money and recompense,” said the Palmer, interrupting him, “I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can; and it may be, even in some sort defend thee; since to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarce be accounted unworthy of a Christian. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge.”

“The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!” said the Jew; “in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Ezech, and find some means of travelling forth with safety.”

“Be it so,” said the Palmer; “at Sheffield then we part, and half-an-hour’s riding will bring us in sight of that town.”

The half-hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts; the Pilgrim perhaps declining to address the Jew, except in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not presuming to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the Holy Sepulchre gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They passed on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, “Here, then, we part.”

“Not till you have had the poor Jew’s thanks,” said Isaac; “for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Ezech’s, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices.”

“I have already said,” answered the Pilgrim, “that I desire no recompense. If, among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves and the dungeons to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this morning’s service to thee well bestowed.”



"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this, something for thyself.—God knows the Jew is poor—you, Isaac, is the beggar of his wife—but forgive me should I guess what thou must lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Pilgrim, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say!" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wronged from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed.—Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Pilgrim started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew:—"What farest thou of that guess?" said he hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one—and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it."

"But consider," said the Pilgrim, "my diameter, my dress, my vocation."

"I know you Christian," replied the Jew, "and that the wildest of you will take the staff and scudal in superstitious pence, and walk about to visit the graves of dead men."

"Discontinue not, Jew," said the Pilgrim sternly.

"Forgive me," said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But thou dropped words from you last night and this morning, that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Pilgrim's gown is hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glowed as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and, drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without discomfiting from his work. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jearum of Lombardy; give him this scroll—he hath on sale six

Millen hammer, the worst would suit a crowned head—the goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steel of the knight who is unharnessed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat startled at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think on. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberline. "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steel may be dull, the armour injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is enough money, Kirjath Jearim will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare-thee-well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly-burly—I speak not for endangering the steel and coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gracious for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me, but I will requite it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,  
 In gaily liveried march, and quietation;  
 One led the helm, another held the lance,  
 A third the shining buckler did advance,  
 The fourth yew'd the ground with restless foot,  
 And smiting ham'd and clump'd the golden bit.  
 The mailed and armoured on palfreys rode,  
 Flee in their hands, and banners of their pride;  
 And walls for houses'd squares, and things for shields provide.  
 The yeoman guard the streets in costly bands;  
 And clerics come crowding on, with mitres in their hands.  
(FATHER AND SON.)

The condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. King Richard was almost a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the meantime, a prey to every species of anarchy and oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Count-de-Floris's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for as many favours. In the meantime, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterwards effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings, during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless cavaliers," whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vice of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil contention.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension, must be added, the multitude of ravages, viz., driven to despair by the

oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own domains, were the lords of much sorer lawlessness and oppression than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retinues, and to support the extravagance and magnificence which their pride inspired them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which passed into their estates like consuming embers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free, by exercising upon their vassals some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this wretched state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful ones to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, combined more virulently by the nakedness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-fight. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The *Passage of Arms*, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicestershire, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense concourse of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by struggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an

immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two herolds, attended by six trumpets, as many pennants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of sunset and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The roofs of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quietly disguised as a stranger or alien man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.\* The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had constrained him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had in reality joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Ountramvill, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Ypres, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some modest possessions in a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gentle sloping passage, ten yards

\* This sort of masquerade is supposed to have constituted the introduction of supporters into the arms of nobility.

in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a pulley on each side, as was the rope-ends in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large cushioned space for each knight as might be disposed to enter the list with the challenger, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, barbers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services whenever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and ladies who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, between these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The profuse multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal sons were enthroned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries, waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young nobles, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in long habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among

persons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the conventional emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a Macedonian inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honour was designed for *Le Duc de la Rochelle et de la France*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Mainstays, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the arbitrators with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle-axes, and points of their swords, being readily employed as arguments to confirm the more satisfactory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyll and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-stuffed mantles were contrasted with the gay and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial persons and burghers, and such of the lower gentry, as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, dared not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tank bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank,—"whelp of a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian, and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?"

This rough expostulation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly, and even magnificently dressed in a gambeson ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavouring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed

generally excited by her father's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any awkward or underbred noble dared offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assistance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons, who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would ensure him his protection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Encouraged by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a bullock and lodge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazel-nut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but availed him like a blasted spike, which might be overlooked while he kept in a corner, but would be cracked if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew start back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of clergymen, in light in their dress, and as gay in their demeanor, as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Fountains, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the points of his boots, out-heralding the poppetoon fashion of the time,



turned up as very far, as to be attached, not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps, even rejoiced in the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, dispensed with those supports to a third rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favourite leaders of his mercenary troops, some unmarried barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked, that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which took place in Palestine between that Monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had devolved into an uncertain tract with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitaliers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Baron families of consequence which subsisted in England, and sought no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were discoloured by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who bore further innovation upon their rights and liberties, from a sovereign of John's locations and tyrannical dispositions.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his head a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur helmet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and surrounded his shoulders, Prince John, upon a grey and high-mettled palfrey, crested within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eyeing with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of sweetness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modelled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest, that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for nearly frankness, when in truth it arises from the restless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other advantageous advantage, totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendour of Prince John's state (in the tiger), the richness of his dress, lined with the most costly robes, his numerous hosts and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit universal applause.

In his joyous ramble round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the connection, not yet unveiled, which had attended the ostentatious movement of Isaac towards the higher places of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Isaac, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which also was according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her tresses of yellow silk curled well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curl, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a shimmer of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours enclosed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded chape, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three

uppermost were left unfinished on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of considerable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The finish of an ostrich, instead of her tail-feathers by an egret's set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the holy seal of Abraham," said Prince John, "your Jewess must be the very model of that perfection, whose charms drive frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What apostle then, Prior Agnes?—By the Temple of that wise king, which our wise brother Richard proved unable to convert, she is the very bride of the Christlike!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley,"—answered the Prior, in a sort of stifling tone; "but fear Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Marston of weightinessness too—the Marquis of Marles, the Baron of Bywants, contriving for place with powerful dogs, whose threadbare cheeks have not a single atom in their position to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery!—What is she, base? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern hawk that thou lookest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure-casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, as please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low bow, nothing enraptured by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers cheerfully joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits.—What she above thee?" he continued, heaving his eye on the gallery. "Scorn death, telling of their lady laugh!—out upon them!—let them sit close, and make room for my prince of masses and his lovely daughter. I'll make the birds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and insulting speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric

the Saxons, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstan of Cheshire, a personage, viz., an amount of his descent from the last Saxon monarch of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon nobles of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race, many of their instructions had descended to Athelstan. He was usually in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age—yet inanimate in expression, chilled, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution, that the sobriquet of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstan the Unready. His friends, and he had many, who, as well as Godric, were passionately attached to him, contended that this sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision; others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that the passive courage and meek good-nature which remained behind, were merely the drops of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstan, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the dines rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertia* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of defiance, opened his large gray eyes, and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John, regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxons perish," he said, "in either sleep or wake we not—Strike him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of Free Companies, or *Condottieri*; that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they are paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstan the Unready had recovered powers of mind sufficient even to draw

back his person from the weapon, had not Colrin, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unhesitated, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blow rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swung one of his dearest coats, and was about to utter some threat corresponding to violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Colrin. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and desiring to encounter the firm glance of the same anchor whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for denouncing him.

"I always add my bolle," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Forget that!" answered the Prince; "then thou shalt hit the white dwarf, I'll warrant."

"A woodman's mark, and at woodman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyndle's mark at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Tyndle, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men-at-arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Crizel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the foets of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon charls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, as it please your Grace!—It is not fit for such as we to sit with the rabies of the Jew!" said the Jew; whose audacity for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the exalted and impoverished descendant of the line of Manasseh, by no means obstructed him in an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy worthy hide stripped off, and tanned for horse-furniture."

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "wilt thou stop him," fixing his eye on Griefo, whose attitude indicated his intention to lead the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wanda, who, springing between his master and horse, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the head of the Jew a shield of brass, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself, but the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure obstinacy. Finding the obstinacy of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester, at the same time, flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, seized his footing, and rolled down the steps,—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wanda; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brass in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wanda, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbain, who was the son of an abbot."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to seize an apology to desert from his original purpose; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were like hostility."

"Kneel upon feet and hands," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon haunches and all."

"Granary! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me—Hear, Isaac, lend me a handful of hymns."

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse, and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavouring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his horse

and settled French doubts by casting the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wanda a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the Beta, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honourable action.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

*At this the challenger with nerve duly  
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply:  
With clangour rings the field, retounds the rattled cry.  
Their voices close, their lances in the dust,  
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest,  
They vault from the horses, spend the men,  
And spurring on descend the middle space.*

*PALMER AND JEW.*

In the midst of Prince John's carabola, he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Sorrento, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have forgotten, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be dislodged. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess!—We should deserve to be stoned out of the Beta; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I cannot by my poison mist, that she is far inferior to the lovely Susan, Roman."

"Susan or Jew," answered the Prince, "Susan or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Susan charlie."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the more wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Flammé, "and if your Grace attempts it, cannot but prove useless to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, raising up his pillow laughingly, "for my follower, but not for my counsellor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Wolkemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counsellors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply engaged than their own."

From the time in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many abbots! Name whom you will, in the lord's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy; "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied, until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights who can confer them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will give my reary that I name the Sovereigns of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good name; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Wolkemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Wolkemar discerned all the inconveniences of a throne's minister, who, in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:—

First, the five challengers were to undertake all combat.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat, might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield



was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the contest was understood to be at entrance, that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced, that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of this gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of ball-throwing and other popular amusements, were to be practised, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity, which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial bourgeois and poorers of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant aristocracy, gathering, and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of civility to exhibit liberality towards those whom the

ago accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The beauty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Laertes—Death of Chameleon—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the benches withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and were revealed within them were the marshals of the field, who, armed *à-la-pie*, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meanwhile, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intercolored with glittering helms, and tall henns, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small portions of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the henns caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the arena; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Excm<sup>ty</sup> authority (in the Warlike Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

The knights are dead,  
And their good words are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.\*

Their mantling have long withered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but grass mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them, knows them no more—nay, may a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then,

\* These lines are part of an unpublished poem by Coleridge, where there are often passages with fragments which indicate his power, while the manner in which the lines flow from his tongue are superior, yet whose antithetical structure display more talent than the laborious metaphors of others.

would it avail the reader to know their names, or the circumstances, symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no while anticipating the oblation which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their power, together with the grace and dexterity of the rider. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the quibbles and bells seemed to bid welcome as sweet, and welcome, to the knights as they advanced. With the open of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of spectators in general—say, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest pugilists, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, edging each from his position, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Gaimanrell, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, reserved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon without the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident,

whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangour of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, dishonour, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his suit or swerved from his charge—calamities which befall one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them, seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, availing the shields of *Dieu-Gaillard* and *Front-de-Bœuf*, contented themselves with taunting those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field, the challengers were still successful: one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *écule\**, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonists firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, *Malrobin* and *Front-de-Bœuf* were unpopular from their character, and the others, except *Greenwell*, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

\* This term of *écule*, transferred to the lance, gives the phrase of being *skinned off* by a lance.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Gadrif the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honour of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstan, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the English and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of purpose, Athelstan had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Gadrif seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Gadrif, in a marked tone; "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstan, "in the saddle; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Gadrif in this speech. It contained the Norman word *saddle* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honour of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstan, whom he held in such profound respect, that he would not trust himself to censure his motives or his habits. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though worse counsel, to be the best man among a hundred, than the best man of two."

Athelstan took the observation as a serious compliment; but Gadrif, who better understood the Jester's meaning, started at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still undisturbed, excepting by the voices of the hostile exclaiming—"Love of ladies, spinning of hawes! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clerics graded a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles haunted in whispers the doory of martial

spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply chains of such transcendent beauty as had attracted the poets of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilford, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and killed a third.

At length, as the Samsonic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high howls with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he passed into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man shrouded in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desheritado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaler's shield; he has the best sword sent, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hails, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilford until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the celebrated Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing curiously at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confused yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you brand mass this morning, that you pull your life so freely?"

"I am sicker to meet death than thou art," answered the

Dishevelled Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the treasury.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gracious for thy courtesy," replied the Dishevelled Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However keened at his adversary for the provocations which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, but the wood of the former might have been stained in the previous encounter he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his armourer. His first had only borne the general device of his race, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original hostility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a murex in full light, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gore le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few negated the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Dishevelled Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunder-

left. The lance bent into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their stroke by one of the bridle and spear; and having glanced on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had passed the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the spectators and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon sign'd to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the helm. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girthe of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen state, was to the Templar more the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and



wared it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disharbled Knight sprang from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are men to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disharbled Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with arm, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their horses between them, compelled them to separate. The Disharbled Knight returned to his first station, and Rob-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the bowyer, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he should make no choice, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic *Front-de-Bœuf*, armed in solid armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black hells head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Dieu, alone*. Over this champion the Disharbled Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but *Front-de-Bœuf*, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was obliged to leave the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that horse so forcibly on the croupe, that the harness of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unharnessed, was declared vanquished by his companion.

In his fourth combat with De Gramscroft, the Disharbled Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto arming courage and dexterity. De Gramscroft's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the

career up as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grammont declined, knowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurried to the ground with such force, that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne away from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

## CHAPTER NINTH.

—In the midst was seen  
A lady of a more majestic mien,  
By stature and by beauty such's their sovereign Queen,  
And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,  
So nobler than the rest was her attire;  
A crown of richly gold encased her brow,  
Plains without pomp, and robe without a show;  
A branch of Agave Claret in her hand,  
She bore aloft, her symbol of command.

THE FLOWING AND THE LEAF.

WILLIAM DE WYVIL and Stephen de Martford, the marshals of the field, were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him, at the same time, to suffer his helmet to be unfastened, or, at least, that he would raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, alleging, that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the herald when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply; for amidst the

frequent and surprising ways by which knights were accustomed to bind themselves in the days of chivalry, there were some more common than those by which they engaged to remain hinged for a certain space, or until some particular advantage was achieved. The marshals, therefore, pressed no further into the mystery of the Disinherited Knight, but, according to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valor.

John's curiosity was excited by the mystery observed by the stranger; and, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favored had been successively defeated by one knight, he answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's knee, this same knight hath been disinherited as well of his courtesy as of his hands, since he dares to appear before us without uncovering his face.—What ye, my lords," he said, turning round to his train, "who this gallant can be, that bears himself thus proudly?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bracy, "nor did I think there had been within the four walls that girl's Britain a champion that could bear down these five knights in one day's jousting. By my faith, I shall never forget the blow with which he shocked De Vipont. The poor Hospitalier was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling."

"Scout out of that," said a Knight of St. John, who was present; "your Temple champion had no better luck. I saw your brave lance, Bois-Guilbert, roll three over, grasping his hands full of mud at every turn."

De Bracy, being attached to the Templars, would have replied, but was prevented by Prince John. "Silence, sir!" he said, "what unprofitable debate have we here?"

"The victor," said De Wyvil, "still waits the pleasure of your highness."

"It is our pleasure," answered John, "that he do so wait until we learn whether there is not some one who can at least guess at his name and quality. Should he remain there till midnight, he has had work enough to keep him warm."

"Your Grace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "will do him thus due honor to the victor, if you compel him to wait till we tell your Highness that which we cannot know; at least I can form no guess—unless he be one of the good lances who accompanied

King Richard to Palestine, and who are now struggling homeward from the Holy Land."

"It may be the Earl of Salisbury," said De Bracy; "he is about the same pitch."

"Sir Thomas de Manton, the Knight of Oldland, rather," said Fitzurse; "Salisbury is bigger in the bones." A whisper arose among the train, but by whom first suggested could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Cœur-de-Lion himself!"

"Over gods forbode!" said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, and striking as if blighted by a flash of lightning; "Waldemar!—De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your positions, and stand truly by me!"

"There is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic limbs of your father's men, as to think they can be held within the circumference of ponderous suits of armour?—De Wyrd and Mortival, you will keep near the Prince by bringing forward the victor to the throne, and ending an error that has conjured all the blood from his cheeks.—Look at him more closely," he continued, "your lightness will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and twice as much of his shoulder-breadth. The very horse he rides, could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was yet speaking, the marshal brought forward the Discharged Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the lists to Prince John's throne. Still discomposed with the idea that his brother, so much injured, and to whom he was so much indebted, had suddenly arrived in his native kingdom, even the distinctions pointed out by Fitzurse did not altogether remove the Prince's apprehensions; and while, with a short and unobtrusive eulogy upon his valour, he caused to be delivered to him the war-horse assigned to the prize, he trembled lest from the barred view of the mailed form before him, as never might be returned, in the deep and awful accents of Richard the Lion-hearted.

But the Discharged Knight again met a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound obeisance.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed,

the animal itself being fully accoutred with the richest war-furniture; which, however, scarcely added to the value of the noble creature in the eyes of those who were judges. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight reeled at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and, brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice round the lists, exhibiting the points and points of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

The appearance of vanity, which might otherwise have been attributed to this display, was removed by the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage the princely reward with which he had been just honoured, and the Knight was again greeted by the acclamations of all present.

In the meanwhile, the leading Prior of Farnham had reminded Prince John, in a whisper, that the victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries, a lady who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney upon the coming day. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his trunkhorn, as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the throne, and, sinking his lance, until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if expecting John's commands; while all admired the sudden dexterity with which he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of violent emotion and high excitation to the stillness of an equine statue.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over our day's festival. If, as a stranger in our land, you should require the aid of other judgment to guide your eye, we can only say that Alicia, the daughter of our gallant knight Waldemar Fitzurse, has as our court been long held the first in beauty as in place. Nevertheless, it is your undoubted prerogative to decide on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete.—Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John played upon his point a succession of green and red, darting around its edge a circle of

gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed interchangeably, like the strawberry leaves and bells upon a daisy crown.

In the broad hat which he dropped respecting the daughter of Waldemar Fitzesse, John had more than one motive, such the offspring of a mind which was a strange mixture of confidence and presumption with low artifice and cunning. He wished to banish from the minds of the assembly around him his own indolent and unacceptable jest respecting the Jewish Rabbin; he was desirous of establishing Alicia's father Waldemar, of whom he stood in awe, and who had more than once shown himself dissatisfied during the course of the day's proceedings. He had also a wish to establish himself in the good graces of the lady; for John was at least as licentious in his pleasures as prodigal in his ambition. But besides all these reasons, he was desirous to raise up against the Dishonoured Knight (towards whom he already entertained a strong dislike) a powerful enemy in the person of Waldemar Fitzesse, who was likely, he thought, highly to resent the injury done to his daughter, in case, as was not unlikely, the victor should make another choice.

And so indeed it proved. For the Dishonoured Knight passed the gallery close to that of the Prince, in which the Lady Alicia was seated in the full pride of triumphant beauty, and, pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he seemed to exercise his right of examining the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.

It was worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was proceeding. Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight forward, and seemed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on, some drew back in shame, which was perhaps affected, some undisturbed in solemn smiling, and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their charms; but, as the Warwick Manuscript says these were fair ones of ten years' standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such varieties, they were willing to withdraw their claims, in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age.

At length the champion passed beneath the balcony in which

the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

It must be owned, that if an interest displayed in his success could have bristled the Disinherited Knight, the part of the list before which he passed had excited his profusion. Gaius the Saxon, occupied at the discomfiture of the Templar, and still more so at the misfortune of his two independent neigh bours, Front-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin, had, with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course, not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest. Even the unmoved Athletian had shown symptoms of shaking off his apathy, when, calling for a huge goblet of mazerine, he quaffed it to the health of the Disinherited Knight.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how bravely that Gentle rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt—and the noble armour, that was worth as many necks as Joseph Parvise, the armourer of Milan, besides seventy in the hundred of profits, he cares for it as little as if he had found it in the highway!"

"If he rides his own pover and Faint, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—His neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to——Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—See, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the undevoted Philistine hath fallen before his lance,—even as Og, the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver,

and their war-horses, and their armory of brass and of steel, for a penny and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which was betitted to the champion upon each new success. There had been therefore no small interest taken in the success of the Disherited Knight, by those who occupied the part of the lists before which he now passed.

Whether from indecision or some other motive of hesitation, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were directed upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully shaking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair flowers. The trumpet loudly sounded, while the herald proclaimed the Lady Rosema the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the coming day, warning with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of "*Largesse*," to which Cuchin, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample doxology, and to which Athaliah, though less promptly, added one equally large.

There was some murmuring among the demure of Norman descent, who were as much turned to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty, as the Norman nobles were to certain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "*Long live the Lady Rosema, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!*" To which many in the lower area added, "*Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the man of the immortal Alfred!*"

However unacceptable these words might be to Prince John, and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless obliged to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to him, he left his throne; and wearing his jacket, accompanied by his train, he again entered the lists. The Prince passed a moment beneath the gallery of the Lady Alice, to whom he paid his compliments, observing, at the same time, to those around him—"By my halibone, sir; if the Knight's feat in arms have shown that he hath limbs and sinews, his choice hath no less proved that his eyes are none of the dimmest."

It was on this occasion, as during his whole life, John's



misdeeds, not perfectly to understand the character of those whom he wished to smeltize. Waldemar Pinnau was rather offended than pleased at the Prince stating thus broadly an opinion that his daughter had been slighted.

"I know no right of chivalry," he said, "more precious or inalienable than that of each free knight to choose his lady-love by his own judgment. My daughter courts distinction from no one; and in her own chamber, and in her own sphere, will never fail to receive the full proportion of that which is her due."

Prince John replied not; but, quivering his brow, as if to give vent to his vexation, he made the animal bound forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the crown still at her feet.

"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none brew homage more sincerely than myself, John of Ashby; and if it please you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall have to know the emperor to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Odette answered for her in his native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the noble Athelstan of Cottingham, speak only the language, and practice only the manners, of our fathers. We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people."

So saying, he lifted the coronet, and placed it upon Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance of the temporary authority assigned to her.

"What says he?" said Prince John, affecting not to understand the Saxon language, in which, however, he was well skilled. The purport of Odette's speech was repeated to him in French. "It is well," he said; "to-morrow we will ourselves conduct this mate sovereign to her seat of dignity.—Yes, at least, Sir Knight," he added, turning to the victor, who had remained near the gallery, "will this day share our banquet?"

The Knight, speaking for the first time, in a low and hurried voice, excused himself by pleading fatigue, and the necessity of preparing for to-morrow's encounter.

"It is well," said Prince John, laughingly; "although unused to such rebuffs, we will endeavour to digest our banquet as we may, though surpassed by the most successful in arms, and the choicest Queen of Beauty."

So saying, he prepared to leave the lists with his glittering train, and his turning his steed for that purpose was the signal for the breaking up and dispersion of the spectators.

Yet, with the vindictive memory proper to offended pride, especially when combined with conscious want of desert, John had hardly proceeded three paces, ere again, turning around, he fixed an eye of stern resentment upon the yeoman who had displeased him in the early part of the day, and issued his commands to the men-at-arms who stood near—"On your life, suffer not that fellow to escape."

The yeoman stood the angry glance of the Prince with the same unvaried steadiness which had marked his former deportment, saying, with a smile, "I have no intention to leave Ashby until the day after to-morrow—I must see how Staffordshire and Leicestershire can draw their bows—the forests of Newwood and Charnwood must bear good orders."

"I," said Prince John to his attendants, but not in direct reply,—"I will see how he can draw his own; and woe betide him unless his skill should prove some apology for his rudeness!"

"It is full time," said De Bracy, "that the obstinacies\* of these peasants should be restrained by some striking example."

Waldemar Fitzurse, who probably thought his patron was not taking the readiest road to popularity, shrugged up his shoulders and was silent. Prince John resumed his retreat from the lists, and the dispersion of the multitude became general.

In various routes, according to the different quarters from which they came, and in groups of various numbers, the spectators were seen retiring over the plain. By far the most numerous part streamed towards the town of Ashby, where many of the distinguished persons were lodged in the castle, and where others found accommodation in the town itself. Among these were most of the knights who had already appeared in the tournament, or who proposed to fight there the ensuing day, and who,

\* Presumption, haughtiness.

as they rode slowly along, talking over the events of the day, were greeted with loud shouts by the populace. The same acclamations were bestowed upon Prince John, although he was indebted for them rather to the splendour of his appearance and train, than to the popularity of his character.

A more sincere and more general, as well as a better-merited admiration, attended the victor of the day, well, anxious to withdraw himself from popular notice, he accepted the accommodation of one of those pavilions pitched at the extremities of the lists, the use of which was courteously tendered him by the marshals of the field. On his retiring to his tent, many who had lingered in the lists, to look upon and form conjectures concerning him, also dispersed.

The signs and sounds of a tumultuous concourse of men lately crowded together in one place, and agitated by the same passing events, were now exchanged for the distant hum of voices of different groups retreating in all directions, and these speedily died away in silence. No other sounds were heard save the voices of the menials who stripped the galleries of their cushions and tapestry, in order to put them in safety for the night, and wrangled among themselves for the half-used bottles of wine and relics of the refreshment which had been served round to the spectators.

Beyond the products of the lists more than one forge was erected; and these now began to glimmer through the twilight, announcing the toil of the armours, which was to continue through the whole night, in order to repair or alter the suits of armour to be used again on the morrow.

A strong guard of men-at-arms, renewed at intervals, from two hours to two hours, surrounded the lists, and kept watch during the night.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

Then, like the end-prancing rovers, that tell  
 The old man's passport in her before look,  
 And in the shadow of the silent night  
 Flit about amongst them, her sable wings;  
 You're not tormented, you poor Flemings,  
 With that cruel sword towards those Christians.

*JOHN DE MARE.*

THE Dishevelled Knight had no sooner reached his pavilion, than squires and pages in attendance tendered their services to disarm him, to bring fresh attire, and to offer him the refreshment of the host. Their zeal on this service was perhaps checked by curiosity, since every one desired to know who the knight was that had gained so many laurels, yet had refused, even at the command of Prince John, to lift his name or to name his name. But their officious inquisitiveness was not gratified. The Dishevelled Knight refused all other assistance save that of his own squire, or rather yeoman—a clerical-looking man, who, wrapped in a cloak of dark-coloured felt, and having his head and face half-buried in a Norman helmet made of black fur, seemed to reflect the torquato around as his master. All others being excluded from the tent, this attendant relieved his master from the more burdensome parts of his armour, and placed food and wine before him, which the exertions of the day rendered very acceptable.

The Knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal, ere his master announced to him that five men, each bearing a barbed steel, desired to speak with him. The Dishevelled Knight had exchanged his armour for the long robe usually worn by those of his condition, which, being furnished with a hood, concealed the features, when such was the pleasure of the wearer, almost as completely as the vice of the helmet itself; but the twilight, which was now fast declining, would of itself have rendered a disguise unnecessary, unless to persons to whom the face of an individual claimed to be particularly well known.

The Dishevelled Knight, therefore, stepped lightly forth to the front of his tent, and found in attendance the squires of the challengers, whom he easily knew by their red and black dresses,

each of whom led his master's charger, loaded with the armour in which he had that day fought.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost of these men, "I, Baldwin de Tyke, squire to the celebrated Knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, make offer to you, styling yourself, for the present, the Dishabited Knight, of the horse and armour used by the said Brian de Bois-Guilbert in this day's Passage of Arms, leaving it with your address to retain or to ransom the same, according to your pleasure; for such is the law of arms."

The other squire repeated nearly the same words, and then stood to await the decision of the Dishabited Knight.

"To you four, sirs," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honourable and valiant masters, I have one common reply. Command me to the noble knights, your masters, and say, I should do ill to deprive them of steeds and arms which can never be used by braver cavaliers.—I would I could have and my message to those gallant knights; but being, as I term myself, in truth and earnest, the Dishabited, I must be thus far bound to your masters, that they will, of their courtesy, be pleased to ransom their steeds and armour, since that which I wear I can hardly term mine own."

"We stand committed, each of us," answered the squire of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, "to offer a hundred markins in ransom of these horses and suits of armour."

"It is sufficient," said the Dishabited Knight. "Half the sum my present necessities compel me to accept; of the remaining half, distribute one moiety among yourselves, ye squires, and divide the other half betwixt the heralds and the parafourns, and valets, and attendants."

The squire, with cup in hand, and low reverence, expressed their deep sense of a courtesy and generosity not often practised, at least upon a scale so extensive. The Dishabited Knight then addressed his discourse to Baldwin, the squire of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. "From your master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say to him in my name, that our strife is not ended—no, not till we have fought as well with swords as with horses—as well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself defied me, and I shall not forget the challenge.—Moreover, let him be assured, that I hold him not as one of his companions, with whom I can with

pleasure exchange courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand upon terms of martial defiance."

"My master," answered Haldwin, "knows how to receive blows with scorn, and blows with blows, as well as courtesy with courtesy. Shall you disdain to accept from him any share of the ransom at which you have rated the arms of the other knights. I must leave his armour and his horse here, being well assured that he will never deign to mount the one or wear the other."

"You have spoken well, good squire," said the Disinherited Knight, "well and boldly, as it becometh him to speak who answers for an absent master. Leave not, however, the horse and armour here. Restore them to thy master; or, if he seems to accept them, retain them, good friend, for thine own use. So far as they are mine, I bestow them upon you freely."

Haldwin made a deep obeisance, and retired with his companions; and the Disinherited Knight entered the pavilion.

"Then for, Gurth," said he, addressing his attendant, "the reputation of English chivalry hath not suffered in my hands."

"And I," said Gurth, "for a Saxon outlawed, have not ill played the part of a Norman squire-at-arms."

"Yes, but," answered the Disinherited Knight, "thou hast ever kept me in anxiety lest thy downish bearing should discover thee."

"Tush!" said Gurth, "I fear discovery from none, saving my playfellow, Wamba the Jester, of whom I could never discover whether he were most knave or fool. Yet I could scarce choose but laugh, when my old master passed so near to me, dreaming all the while that Gurth was keeping his palfrey many a mile off, in the thickets and swamps of Rotherwood. If I am discovered"—

"Enough," said the Disinherited Knight, "thou knowest my promise."

"Nay, for that matter," said Gurth, "I will never tell my blood the fear of my skin-cutting. I have a tough hide, that will bear knife or scourge as well as any horse's hide in my herd."

"Trust me, I will requite the risk you run for my love, Gurth," said the Knight. "Meanwhile, I pay you to accept these ten pieces of gold."

"I am richer," said Gurth, putting them into his pouch, "than ever was outlawed or houseless."

"Take this bag of gold to Ashby," continued his master,

"and find out some the Jew of York, and let him pay himself for the horse and arms with which his credit supplied me."

"Nay, by St. Dunstan," replied Gorth, "that I will not do."

"How, knave," replied his master, "will thou not obey my commands?"

"So they be honest, reasonable, and Christian commands," replied Gorth; "but this is none of these. To suffer the Jew to pay himself would be dishonest, for it would be cheating my master; and unreasonable, for it were the part of a fool; and unchristian, since it would be plundering a believer to enrich an infidel."

"See him contented, however, thou stubborn varlet," said the Dishonoured Knight.

"I will do so," said Gorth, taking the bag under his cloak, and leaving the apartment; "and it will go hard," he muttered, "but I content him with one-half of his own asking." So saying, he departed, and left the Dishonoured Knight to his own perplexed ruminations, which, upon some accounts than it is now possible to communicate to the reader, were of a nature peculiarly agitating and painful.

We must now change the scene to the village of Ashby, or rather to a country house in its vicinity belonging to a wealthy Jewite, with whom Isaac, his daughter, and retinue, had taken up their quarters; the Jews, it is well known, being so liberal in extending the duties of hospitality and charity among their own people, as they were alleged to be reluctant and churlish in extending them to those whom they termed Gentiles, and whose treatment of them certainly wanted little hospitality at their hand.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an Oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of unbrothered cushions, which, piled along a low platform that surrounded the chamber, served, like the estrade of the Spaniards, instead of chairs and stools. She was watching the motions of her father with a look of anxious and filial affection, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step; sometimes clasping his hands together—sometimes casting his eyes to the roof of the apartment, as one who laboured under great mental tribulation. "O Jumb!" he exclaimed—"O all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! what a being venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law

of Moses—Fifty scimitars wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant!”

“But, father,” said Rebecca, “you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly.”

“Willingly? the blotch of Egypt upon him!—Willingly, amidst them!—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest—robbed the nothing allures in my choice office—performed their busy tasks with myrrh and aloes—enriched their coffers with gold and silver work! And was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?”

“But it was a sacrifice which Heaven equated to save our lives,” answered Rebecca, “and the God of our fathers has since blessed your store and your gettings.”

“Ay,” answered Isaac, “but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did to-day, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me!—O, daughter, disinherited and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would strangle heavily.”

“Think not thus of it, my father,” said Rebecca; “we also have advantages. These Gentiles, cruel and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dependent on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute. Without the aid of our wealth, they could neither furnish forth their hosts in war, nor their triumphs in peace; and the gold which we lend them returns with increase to our coffers. We are like the herb which flourisheth most when it is most trampled on. Even this day’s payment had not proceeded without the consent of the despised Jew, who furnished the means.”

“Daughter,” said Isaac, “thou hast hoped upon another string of success. The goodly stood and the rich smote, equal to the full profit of my adventure with our Kirjath Jaima of Lebanon—there is a deal lost too—ay, a loss which swalloweth up the gains of a week; ay, of the space between two Sabbaths—and yet it may not better than I now think, for ’tis a good youth.”

“Assuredly,” said Rebecca, “you shall not repent you of requiting the good deed rendered of the stranger knight.”

“I trust so, daughter,” said Isaac, “and I trust too in the



shuddering of Zion ; but as well do I hope with my own bodily eyes to see the walls and battlements of the new Temple, as to see a Christian, yea, the very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unless under the eye of the judge and jury."

So saying, he resumed his disconsolate walk through the apartment ; and Rebecca, perceiving that her attempts at consolation only served to awaken new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted from her unavailing efforts—a prudential line of conduct, and we recommend to all who set up for comfort and advice, to follow it in the like circumstances.

The evening was now becoming dark, when a Jewish servant entered the apartment, and placed upon the table two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil ; the richest wines, and the most delicate refreshments, were at the same time displayed by another Jewish domestic on a small stony table, inlaid with silver ; for, in the interior of their houses, the Jews refused themselves no expensive indulgence. At the same time the servant informed Isaac, that a Nazarene (so they termed Christians, while conversing among themselves) desired to speak with him. He that would live by traffic, must hold himself at the disposal of every one claiming business with him. Isaac at once replaced on the table the untasted glass of Greek wine which he had just raised to his lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, " Rebecca, veil thyself," commanded the stranger to be admitted.

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a screen of silver gauze which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Garth entered, wrapt in the ample folds of his Norman mantle. His appearance was rather suspicious than promising, especially as, instead of doffing his bonnet, he pulled it still deeper over his rugged brow.

" Art thou Isaac the Jew of York ?" said Garth to Rebecca.

" I am," replied Isaac in the same language (for his traffic had rendered every tongue spoken in Britain familiar to him).—" and who art thou ?"

" That is not to the purpose," answered Garth.

" As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac ; " for without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee ?"

" Briefly," answered Garth ; " I bring to pay money must know that I deliver it to the right person ; thou who art to receive it wilt not, I think, owe very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

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"Willingly! the blood of Egypt upon him!—Willingly, might thou!—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest—ruled the swelling billows in my chosen alms—perhanced their briny foam with sparks and shone—enriched their currents with gold and silver work! And was not that an hour of untroubled misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exacted to save our lives," murmured Rebecca, "and the God of our fathers has since blessed your store and your gettings."

"Ay," answered Isaac, "but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did to-day, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me!—O, daughter, disheartened and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would revenge heavily."

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"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast harped upon another string of sorrow. The goodly steed and the rich armour, equal to the full profit of my adventure with our Kirjath Jaiman of Leicester—there is a dead loss too—ay, a loss which renders up the gains of a week; ay, of the space between two Sabbaths—and yet it may end better than I now think, for 'tis a good youth."

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rebuking of Zion ; but as well do I hope with my own bodily eyes to see the walls and battlements of the new Temple, as to see a Christian, yea, the very host of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unless under the eye of the judge and justice."

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Just as Rebecca had dropped over her knee before a series of silver gowns which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapt in the ample folds of his Norman mantle. His appearance was rather suspicious than prepossessing, especially as, instead of doffing his bonnet, he pulled it still deeper over his rugged brow.

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"That is not to the purpose," answered Gurth.

"As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac ; "for without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?"

"Easily," answered Gurth ; "I being to pay money must know that I deliver it to the right person ; thou who art to receive it wilt not, I think, care very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

"O," said the Jew, "you are come to pay money!—Holy Father Abraham! that aloweth our relation to each other. And from where dost thou bring it?"

"From the Discharged Knight," said Gorth, "victor in this day's tournament. It is the price of the armour supplied to him by Kirijah Jakam of Leicester, on thy recommendation. The steel is restored to thy stable. I desire to know the amount of the sum which I am to pay for the armour."

"I said he was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac with joyful exultation. "A cup of wine will do thee no harm," he added, filling and handing to the retainer a richer draught than Gorth had ever before tasted. "And how much money," continued Isaac, "hast thou brought with thee?"

"Holy Virgin!" said Gorth, setting down the cup, "what needs these unbelieving dogs drink, while true Christians are fain to quaff ale as readily and thick as the draft we give to hogs!—What money have I brought with me?" continued the Baron, when he had finished this weird oration, "even but a small sum; something in hand the whilst. What, Isaac! thou must bear a conscience, though it be a Jewish one."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, "thy master has won goodly steeds and rich armours with the strength of his knee, and of his right hand—but 'tis a good youth—the Jew will take them in present payment, and render him back the surplus."

"My master has disposed of them already," said Gorth.

"Ah! that was wrong," said the Jew, "that was the part of a fool. No Christian here could buy so many horses and armours—no Jew except myself would give him half the value. But thou hast a hundred markins with thee in that bag," said Isaac, prying under Gorth's cloak; "it is a heavy one."

"I have beads for crossbow bolts in it," said Gorth readily.

"Well, then,"—said Isaac, pausing and hesitating between inhibited love of gain and a new-born desire to be liberal to the present instance, "if I should say that I would take eighty markins for the good steel and rich armour, which leaves me not a guilder's profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Easily," said Gorth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master nigh penniless. Nevertheless, if such be your last offer I must be content."

"Fill thyself another goblet of wine," said the Jew. "Ah!

eighty needles is too little. It leaves us profits for the wages of the money; and, besides, the good horse may have suffered wrong in this day's encounter. O, it was a hard and dangerous meeting! man and steel rushing on each other like wild bulls of Bashan! The horse cannot but have had wrong."

"And I say," replied Gerth, "he is sound, wind and flesh; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say, over and above, that seventy needles is enough for the account, and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag" (and he shook it till the contents jingled) "back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac; "lay down the talents—the shekels—the eighty needles, and then shall we I will consider thee liberally."

Gerth at length complied; and taking out eighty needles upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and salt of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seventy pieces of gold. The last ten he laid over with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table and dropped it into his purse. It seemed as if his eyes were straggling with his better nature, and compelling him to peech needles after needles, while his generosity urged him to restore some part at least to his benefactor, or as a donation to his agent. His whole speech ran nearly thus:

"Seventy-one—seventy-two; thy master is a good youth—seventy-three, an excellent youth—seventy-four, that piece hath been clipped within the ring—seventy-five—and that looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy master waste away let him come to Isaac of York—seventy-seven—that is, with reasonable security." Here he made a considerable pause, and Gerth had good hope that the last three pieces might escape the fate of their comrades; but the conversation proceeded—"Seventy-eight—then art a good fellow—seventy-nine—and deservest something for thyself"—

Here the Jew paused again, and looked at the last needle, intending, doubtless, to bestow it upon Gerth. He weighed it upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring by dropping it upon the table. Had it rung too flat, or had it felt a knave's breadth too light, generosity had carried the day; but, unhappily for Gerth, the chime was full and true, the needle plump, nearly

colored, and a grain above weight. These could not find in his heart to part with it, so deep it into his purse as if in absence of mind, with the words, "Eighty completes the tale, and I trust thy master will reward thee handsomely.—Surely," he added, looking earnestly at the bag, "there had more value in that pouch!"

Gerth grinned, which was his secret approach to a laugh, as he replied, "About the same quantity which thou hast just told over so carefully." He then added the sequittance, and put it under his cap, adding—"Perk of thy board, Jew, see that this be full and ample!" He filled himself, vegetables, a third goblet of wine, and left the apartment without ceremony.

"Behoon," said the Jew, "that Ishmael's hath gone somewhat beyond me. Nevertheless his master is a good youth—ay, and I am well pleased that he hath gained shobole of gold and shobole of silver, even by the speed of his horse and by the strength of his lance, which, like that of Goliath the Philistine, might vie with a woman's beam."

As he turned to receive Behoon's answer, he observed that, during his chaffering with Gerth, she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the meanwhile, Gerth had descended the stair, and having reached the dark ante-chamber or hall, was puzzling about to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shown by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. Gerth had some reluctance to obey the summons. Rough and impetuous as a wild horse whose only earthly fear was to be apprehended, he had all the characteristic terrors of a Spaniard respecting fairs, breakfasts, white women, and the whole of the superstitious which his ancestors had brought with them from the wilds of Germany. He remembered, moreover, that he was in the house of a Jew, a people who, besides the other unsavable qualities which popular report ascribed to them, were supposed to be profound sorcerers and cabalists. Nevertheless, after a moment's pause, he obeyed the beckoning utterance of the apparition, and followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found to his joyful surprise that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess whom he had seen at the tournament, and a short time in her father's apartment.

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but just with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca; "he gave thy master deeper kindness than those arms and steeds could pay, were their value tenfold. What man dares thou pay my father even now?"

"Highly needing," said Gorth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca, "thou wilt find a hundred. Return to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste—hasten—stay not to render thanks! and beware how you pass through this crowded town, where thou might easily lose both thy burden and thy life—Rebecca," she added, clapping her hands together, "light forth this stranger, and bid not to dare look and her belov'd him."

Rebecca, a dark brow'd and black-bearded lassie, obeyed her summons, with a tooth in his hand; unloos'd the outward door of the house, and conducted Gorth across a paved court, let him out through a whist in the entrance-gate, which he closed behind him with such bolts and chains as would well have become that of a prison.

"By St. Dunstan," said Gorth, as he stumbled up the dark avenue, "this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten millions from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion—Oh, happy day!—Such another, Gorth, will release thy bondage, and make thee a brother as free of thy gird as the host. And thus do I lay down my anvilhoe's beam and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or my name."

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH

Let Gorthen—stand, sit, and move as that you have about you;  
If not, we'll make you sit, and rife you.

Rebecca.—Sit, we are women! these are the children  
That all the worlders do fear as much.

Vat.—My friends, —

Let Gorth.—That's not so, sit, we are your enemies.

Let Gorth.—Peace! we'll hear him.

Let Gorth.—Ay, by my beard, will we;

For he's a proper man.

Two GUARDIANS OF TEMPER.

THE accidental adventures of Gorth were not yet concluded; indeed he himself became partly of that mind, when, after pass-

ing one or two struggling heaves which stood in the outskirts of the village, he found himself in a deep lane, running between two banks overgrown with hawthorn and holly, while here and there a dwarf oak hung its arms altogether across the path. The lane was moreover much rutted and broken up by the carriages which had recently transported articles of various kinds to the tournament; and it was dark, for the hawthorn and holly intercepted the light of the harvest moon.

From the village were heard the distant sounds of merrymaking, mixed occasionally with loud laughter, sometimes broken by screams, and sometimes by wild strains of distant music. All these sounds, indicating the disorderly state of the town, mingled with military rattle and their discords attendants, gave Garth some misgivings. "The Jewess was right," he said to himself. "By heaven and St. Dunstan, I would I were safe at my journey's end with all this treasure! Here are such numbers, I will not say of earnest thieves, but of earnest knights and earnest squires, earnest monks and earnest schoolboys, earnest jugglers and earnest jesters, that a man with a single mark would be in danger, much more a poor unskilful with a whole bagful of scabbards. Would I were out of the shade of these infernal bushes, that I might at least see any of St. Nicholas's clerks before they spring on my shoulders."

Garth accordingly hastened his pace, in order to gain the open common to which the lane led, but was not so fortunate as to accomplish his object. Just as he had attained the upper end of the lane, where the underwood was thickest, four men sprung upon him, even as his fears anticipated, two from each side of the road, and seized him so fast, that resistance, if at first practicable, would have been now too late.—"Surrender your charge," said one of them; "we see the delinquency of the commonwealth, who ease every man of his burden."

"You should not ease me of mine so lightly," muttered Garth, whose early honesty could not be tamed even by the pressure of immediate violence,— "had I it but in my power to give three strokes in its defence."

"We shall see that presently," said the robber; and speaking to his companions, he added, "bring along the knives. I am he would have his head broken, as well as his purse cut, and so he let blood in two veins at once."

Garth was hurried along againstly to this mandate, and



having been dragged somewhat roughly over the bank, on the left-hand side of the lane, found himself in a struggling thicket, which lay between it and the open common. He was compelled to follow his rough conductors into the very depth of this cover, where they stopped unexpectedly in an irregular open space, free in a good measure from trees, and on which, therefore, the leaves of the moss fell without much interruption from boughs and leaves. Here his captors were joined by two other persons, apparently belonging to the gang. They had short swords by their sides, and quarter-staves in their hands, and Garth could now observe that all six were thieves, which rendered their companionship a matter of no question, even had their former proceedings left it in doubt.

"What money hast thou, dwarf?" said one of the thieves.

"Thirty moones of my own property," answered Garth, doggally.

"A forfeit—a forfeit," shouted the robbers: "a Saxon hath thirty moones, and returns sober from a village! An undenialable and undeniable forfeit of all he hath about him."

"I boarded it to purchase my freedom," said Garth.

"Thou art an ass," replied one of the thieves; "thou quarts of double ale had rendered thee as free as thy master, ay, and four too, if he be a Saxon like thyself!"

"A sad truth," replied Garth; "but if these same thirty moones will buy my freedom from you, unless my hands, and I will pay them to you."

"Hold," said one who seemed to exercise some authority over the others; "this bag which thou bearest, as I can feel through thy cloak, contains more coin than thou hast told us of."

"It is the good knight my master's," answered Garth, "of which, assuredly, I would not have spoken a word had you been satisfied with working your will upon mine own property."

"Thou art an honest fellow," replied the robber, "I warrant thee; and we vouch not St. Nicholas so devoutly but what thy thirty moones may yet escape, if thou deal uprightly with us. Meantime render up thy trust for the time." So saying, he took from Garth's breast the large leathern pouch, in which the purse given him by Euboea was enclosed, as well as the rest of the moones, and then continued his interrogation.—"Who is thy master?"

"The Dishabited Knight," said Garth.

"Where good lance," replied the robber, "was the prize in to-day's tourney? What is his name and lineage?"

"It is his pleasure," answered Gurth, "that they be concluded; and from me, assuredly, you will learn naught of them."

"What is thine own name and lineage?"

"To tell that," said Gurth, "might reveal my master's."

"Thou art a stony groom," said the robber, "but of that anon. How comes thy master by this gold? Is it of his inheritance, or by what means hath it accrued to him?"

"By his good lance," answered Gurth,—"These bags contain the ransom of four good horses, and four good suits of armour."

"How much is there?" demanded the robber.

"Two hundred markins."

"Only two hundred markins?" said the head; "your master hath dealt liberally by the vanquished, and put them to a cheap ransom. Name those who paid the gold."

Gurth did so.

"The armour and horse of the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, at what ransom were they held?—Thou wotest thou canst not deceive me."

"My master," replied Gurth, "will take naught from the Templar save his life's blood. They are on terms of mortal defiance, and cannot hold courteous intercourse together."

"Indeed!"—repeated the robber, and paused after he had said the word. "And what wotest thou now doing at Ashby with such a charge in thy custody?"

"I went thither to render to Isaac the Jew of York," replied Gurth, "the price of a suit of armour with which he fitted my master for this tournament."

"And how much didst thou pay to Isaac?—Methinks, to judge by weight, there is still two hundred markins in that pouch."

"I paid to Isaac," said the Baron, "eighty markins, and he restored me a hundred in lieu thereof."

"How! what?" exclaimed all the robbers at once; "darest thou trifle with us, that thou tellest such improbable lies?"

"What I tell you," said Gurth, "is as true as the moon is in heaven. You will find the Jew even in a silver purse within the leather pouch, and separate from the rest of the gold."

"Methinks thou, man," said the Captain, "thou speakst of a

Jew—of an Israelite,—as apt to restore gold, as the dry seed of his deserts to return the cup of water which the pilgrim spills upon them."

"There is no more money in them," said another of the banditti, "than in an unlicked sheriff's officer."

"It is, however, as I say," said Gorth.

"Strike a light instantly," said the Captain; "I will examine this said purse; and if it be as this fellow says, the Jew's bounty is little less abundant than the stream which relieved his fastness in the wilderness."

A light was procured accordingly, and the robber proceeded to examine the purse. The others crowded around him, and even two who had hold of Gorth relaxed their grasp while they stretched their necks to see the issue of the search. Availing himself of their negligence, by a sudden exertion of strength and activity Gorth shook himself free of their hold, and might have escaped, could he have resolved to leave his master's property behind him. But such was no part of his intention. He wrested a quarter-staff from one of the fellows, struck down the Captain, who was altogether unwary of his purpose, and had well-nigh repossessed himself of the pouch and treasure. The thieves, however, were too nimble for him, and again secured both the bag and the trusty Gorth.

"Kneel!" said the Captain, getting up, "thou hast broken my head; and with other men of our sort thou wouldst fare the worse for thy backbone. But thou shalt know thy fate instantly. First let us speak of thy master; the knight's matters must go before the squire's, according to the due order of chivalry. Stand thou fast in the meantime—if thou stir again, thou shalt have that will make thee quiet for thy life—Curstide!" he then said, addressing his gang, "this purse is embossed with Holmew characters, and I well believe the yewman's tale is true. The smart knight, his master, must needs pass us toll-free. He is too like ourselves for us to make booty of him, since dogs should not worry dogs whose wives and broods are to be found in abundance."

"Like us!" answered one of the-gang; "I should like to hear how that is made good."

"Why, thus fast," answered the Captain, "is he not poor and disinherited as we are!—Doth he not win his substance at the sword's point as we do!—Hath he not beaten Front-de-

Bonif and Malvolino, even, as we would beat them if we could! Is he not the enemy to life and death of Briss de Bois-Guilbert, whom we have so much reason to fear? And were all this otherwise, wouldst thou have us show a worse conscience than an unbeliever, a Hebrew Jew?"

"Nay, that were a shame," muttered the other fellow; "and yet, when I served in the land of stout old Gaudeloyn, we had no such scruples of conscience. And this lawless peasant,—he too, I warrant me, is to be dismissed scathless!"

"Not if thou canst scathe him," replied the Captain.—"Here, fellow," continued he, addressing Gorth, "must thou use the staff that thou starts to it so readily?"

"I think," said Gorth, "thou shouldst be best able to reply to that question."

"Nay, by my truth, thou givest me a round knock," replied the Captain; "do as much for this fellow, and thou shalt pass scot-free; and if thou dost not,—why, by my faith, as thou art such a sturdy knave, I think I must pay thy ransom myself.—Take thy staff, Miller," he added, "and keep thy head; and do you others let the fellow go, and give him a staff—there is light enough to lay an load by."

The two champions, being alike armed with quarter-staves, stepped forward into the centre of the open space, in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight: the thieves in the meantime laughing, and crying to their comrades, "Miller! beware thy bell-dick!" The Miller, on the other hand, holding his quarter-staff by the middle, and making it flourish round his head after the fashion which the French call *faire le moulinet*, exclaimed heartily, "Come on, chert, as thou darrest: thou shalt feel the strength of a miller's thumb!"

"If thou be'st a miller," answered Gorth, maliciously, making his weapon play around his head with equal dexterity, "thou art doubtly a thief, and I, as a true man, bid thee defiance."

So saying, the two champions closed together, and for a few minutes they displayed great equality in strength, courage, and skill, intercepting and returning the blows of their adversary with the most rapid dexterity, while, from the continued clatter of their weapons, a person at a distance might have supposed that there were at least six persons engaged on each side. Less skilful, and even less dangerous combats, have been described

in good heroic vein; but that of Garth and the Miller must remain among the want of a moral poet to do justice to its essential progress. Yet, though quarter-staff play be out of date, what we can in prose we will do for those bold champions.

Long they fought evenly, until the Miller began to lose temper at finding himself so steadily opposed, and at hearing the laughter of his companions, who, as usual in such cases, enjoyed his vexation. This was not a state of mind favorable to the noble game of quarter-staff, in which, as in ordinary cudgel-playing, the utmost coolness is requisite; and it gave Garth, whose temper was steady, though early, the opportunity of acquiring a decided advantage, in availing himself of which he displayed great mastery.

The Miller pressed forward, darting blows with either end of his weapon alternately, and striving to come to half-staff distance, while Garth defended himself against the attack, keeping his hands about a yard asunder, and covering himself by shifting his weapon with great celerity, so as to protect his head and body. Thus did he maintain the defensive, making his eye, foot, and hand keep true time, until, observing his antagonist to lose wind, he darted the staff at his face with his left hand; and as the Miller endeavored to parry the thrust, he did his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon struck his opponent on the left side of the head, who instantly measured his length upon the ground.

"Well and promptly done!" shouted the ruffian; "fair play and Old England for ever! The Saxon hath served both his purse and his hide, and the Miller has met his match."

"Then must go thy ways, my friend," said the Captain, addressing Garth, in special confirmation of the general voice, "and I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion, and to guard thee from night-walkers that might have less tender consciences than ours; for there is many one of them upon the wicket in such a night as this. Take heed, however," he added sternly; "remember thou hast refused to tell thy name—ask not after ours, nor endeavour to discover who or what we are; for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse fortune than has yet befallen thee."

Garth thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and promised to

acted to his recommendation. Two of the cutlery, taking up their quarter-staves, and desiring Gorth to follow close in the rear, walked resolutely forward along a by-path, which traversed the thicket and the broken ground adjacent to it. On the very verge of the thicket two men spoke to his conductors, and receiving an answer in a whisper, withdrew into the wood, and suffered them to pass unobserved. This circumstance induced Gorth to believe, both that the gang was strong in numbers, and that they kept regular guards around their place of rendezvous.

When they arrived on the open heath, where Gorth might have had some trouble in finding his road, the thieves guided him straight forward to the top of a little eminence, whence he could see, spread beneath him in the moonlight, the palisades of the line, the glittering pavilions pitched at either end, with the persons which adorned them forming in the moonbeams, and from which could be heard the hum of the song with which the acrobats were beguiling their night-watch.

Here the thieves stopped.

"We go with you no further," said they; "it were not safe that we should do so.—Remember the warning you have received—keep secret what has this night befallen you, and you will have no cause to regret it—regret what is now told you, and the Tower of London shall not protect you against our vengeance."

"Good night to you, kind sirs," said Gorth; "I shall remember your orders, and trust that there is no offence in wishing you a safe and an honest trade."

Then they parted, the cutlery returning in the direction from whence they had come, and Gorth proceeding to the tent of his master, to whom, notwithstanding the injunction he had received, he communicated the whole adventures of the evening.

The Disembodied Knight was filled with astonishment, to hear at the generosity of Roboam, by which, however, he resolved he would not profit, than that of the robbers, to whose profession such a quality seemed totally foreign. His course of reflections upon these singular circumstances was, however, interrupted by the necessity for taking repose, which the fatigue of the preceding day, and the propriety of refreshing himself for the morrow's encounter, rendered alike indispensable.

The knight, therefore, stretched himself for repose upon a rich couch with which the tent was provided; and the faithful

Gerth, extending his hardy limbs upon a bench which formed a sort of support to the pavilion, laid himself across the opening of the tent, so that no one could enter without awakening him.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

The heralds left their pointing up and down,  
 Near rings trumps loud and claxon.  
 There is no more to say, but out and west,  
 In go the squares rally in the rest,  
 In go the sharp spur into the side,  
 There are men who can just, and who can ride ;  
 These silver shields upon shields thick,  
 He looks through the horse upon the yield ;  
 Up springs squares, twenty feet in height,  
 Out go the arrows to the silver height ;  
 The helm they to-here and to-there !  
 Out beat the blood with stern strokes red.

*Chantre.*

Messire arose in unclouded splendour, and on the sun was much above the horizon, the blindest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to represent. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality between the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Telo-Guilfest, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Yquem, whom his ill had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armour. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights

fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practised by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valour in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with ladies, gentlemen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Coltré the Saxon, with the Lady Ercena, unattended, however, by Athelstan. This Saxon lord had escaped his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Coltré, had chosen to enlist himself as the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course, than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstan had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his quality of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Ercena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Coltré and her other friends. It had therefore been with unfeigned displeasure that the proud though insolent Lord of Oseburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Ercena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstan, confident of his strength, and in whom his followers, at least, sacrificed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive



the Disharrited Knight of his powerful success, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Tracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, every other knight, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disharrited Knight had assumed himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the desired example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and we ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.—Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honors."

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite to his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated, than a burst of music, half-drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Moreover, the sun shone forth and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the hour of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was

unarmed, might use a mace or battle-axe at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might reserve the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to smite him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the pole with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armour and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or touch upon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long continuance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be strip of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture outside upon the bars of the palace, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his un-knightly conduct. Having announced these provisions, the herald concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to seek favour from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the herald withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank,—a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a grand sight, and at the same time an anxious sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted heavily, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-horses like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright pole-arms gleaming to the sun, and the streamers with which they

were decorated flustering over the plumes of the helms. Then they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, but either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tide was found nearly equal. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyre, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words,—*Adieu alle!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke—the spurs of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rest—the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a while ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the light became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the superiority of their adversary's lance,—some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man,—some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise,—some had already gained their feet, and were doing head to head with those of their companions who were in the same predicament,—and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their hands, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging blows, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted—*"Ha! Dieu-mort! Dieu-mort!"*—For the Temple—For the Temple! The opposite party shouted in answer—*"Dedichede! Dedichede!"*—which signified they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

<sup>a</sup> *Dieu-mort* was the name of the Templars' banner, which was half black, half white, to signify, it is said, that they were useful and life towards Christians, but black and terrible towards infidels.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Muffled the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpet, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumes, shown from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-falcons. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband, was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and handkerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud exclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so rivetted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had died and received the blows which were done so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the herald, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Men die, but glory lives!—Fight on—death is better than defeat!—Fight on, brave knights!—for knight eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied scenes of the contest, the eyes of all unconsciously to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Dishonoured Knight fail in the

ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to slay one another, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the speed and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disembodied Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the ardor of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into an unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disembodied Knight had the worst; the gigantic arms of *Front-de-Bœuf* on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of *Athelstane* on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Normans squared against the Disembodied Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have mistaken it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantages.

"*Hœars! hœars! Sir Disembodied!*" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger, and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of *Athelstane* and *Front-de-Bœuf*. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides towards the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other as they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three par-

and their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disabled Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This saved him in the mere stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Pont-de-Bonf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disabled Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rung with the applause of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John inspired him with one voice to throw down his weapon, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by wile.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, has already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disabled Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong. The rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto seemed very little interest in the course of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself seeking any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Paveuse*, or the Black Flagstone.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy when he discovered the leader of his party so hard beset; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assist-

also like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, "Duelists! to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Dishabited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on the head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence exactly shated on the clasp/ree of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Palamez* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Boon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay motionless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had fled much, and gave way under the shock of the Dishabited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, unincumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist spring from horseback, waved his dead sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his weapon, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relief and end of the fight which continued to here; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forsaken the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighbouring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly-contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the *Glorious and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby*.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Renaunt*. It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armour, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the furthest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honours which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no farther course for relating the claims of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a fold slippery with mud, and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the feet of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the Chaplet of Honour which your valour



has justly deserved." The knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory to the victor—while ladies waved their often handkerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Dismantled Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Erevna.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had seemed forced rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he trembled as they guided him the second time across the lists. Erevna, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his brow must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of him or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but undid him by cutting the hairs of his casque, and making the fastenings of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Erevna had no answer behold him thus; she uttered a faint shriek; but at once commanding up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced in a clear and distinct tone these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the mark of valour assigned to this day's victor;" here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brow more worthy could a wreath of glory never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the

lively Sovereigns by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sliding yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Godric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his bantled son, now started forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Irnshoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

"Haste approach!" *Arrian thus cried,*  
 "Stand forth distinguished from the doting crowd,  
 To who by skill or worthy force may claim  
 Your strife to surpass and merit fame.  
 This cow, worth twenty oxen, is deserved  
 For him who furthest made the winged rook."

(1140.)

THE name of Irnshoe was no more pronounced than it flew from mouth to mouth, with all the alacrity with which eagerness could convey and ardently receive it. It was not long ere it reached the circle of the Prince, whose brow darkened as he heard the news. Looking around him, however, with an air of scorn, "My lords," said he, "and especially you, Sir Prior, what think ye of the doctrine the learned tell us, concerning hostile attractions and antipathies? Methinks that I felt the presence of my brother's minion, even when I least guessed whom ponder met of armour cackled."

"Front-de-Bœuf must prepare to restore his hel of Irnshoe," said De Bracy, who, having discharged his part honourably in the tournament, had laid his shield and helmet aside, and again mingled with the Prince's retinue.

"Ay," answered Waldemar Fitzurse, "his gallant is likely to retain the castle and manor which Richard assigned to him, and which your Highness's generosity has since given to Front-de-Bœuf."

"Front-de-Bœuf," replied John, "is a man more willing to swallow three marcs such as Irnshoe, than to disgorge one of

them. For the rest, alas, I hope none here will deny my right to render the fate of the queen upon the faithful followers who are around me, and ready to perform the usual military service, in the room of those who have wandered to foreign countries, and can neither render homage nor service when called upon."

The audience was too much interested in the question not to pronounce the Prince's assumed right altogether inadmissible. "A generous Prince!—a most noble Lord, who thus takes upon himself the task of rewarding his faithful followers!"

Such were the words which burst from the train, expecting all of them of similar grants at the expense of King Richard's followers and favorites, if indeed they had not as yet contrived such. Prior Aymer also assented to the general proposition, observing, however, "That the blessed Jerusalem could not indeed be turned a foreign country. She was *universis mater*—the mother of all Christians. But he saw not," he declared, "how the Knight of Iruquo could plead any advantage from this, since he" (the Prior) "was aware that the crusaders, under Richard, had never proceeded much farther than Acre, which, as all the world knew, was a town of the Philistines, and entitled to none of the privileges of the Holy City."

Waldemar, whose curiosity had led him towards the place where Iruquo had fallen to the ground, now returned. "The gallant," said he, "is likely to give your Highness little disturbance, and to leave Front-de-Bœuf in the quiet possession of his gains—he is severely wounded."

"Whichever business of him," said Prince John, "he is victor of the day; and were he our enemy, or the devoted friend of our brother, which is perhaps the same, his wounds must be looked to—our own physician shall attend him."

A stern smile curled the Prince's lip as he spoke. Waldemar Flammé hastened to reply, that Iruquo was already removed from the lists, and in the custody of his friends.

"I was somewhat afflicted," he said, "to see the grief of the Queen of Love and Beauty, whose sovereignty of a day this event has changed into mourning. I am not a man to be moved by a woman's lament for her lover, but this same Lady Rowena expressed her sorrow with such dignity of manner, that it could only be discovered by her folded hands, and her tearful eye, which trembled as it remained fixed on the lifeless form before her."

"Who is this lady Ewena," said Prince John, "of whom we have heard so much?"

"A Saxon lady of large possessions," replied the Prior Agner; "a rose of loveliness, and a jewel of wealth; the richest among a thousand, a bundle of myth, and a cluster of emeralds."

"We shall cheer her sorrows," said Prince John, "and avenge her blood, by wedding her to a Norman. She seems a widow, and must therefore be at our royal disposal in marriage.—How upset thou, De Bury? What thinks thou of giving fair hands and living, by wedding a Saxon, after the fashion of the followers of the Conqueror?"

"If the hands are to my liking, my lord," answered De Bury, "it will be hard to displease me with a bride; and deeply will I hold myself bound to your highness for a good deed, which will fulfil all promises made in favour of your sovereign and vessel."

"We will not forget it," said Prince John; "and that we may instantly go to work, command our marshal presently to order the attendance of the Lady Ewena and her company; that is, the noble church her guardian, and the Saxon on whom the Black Knight struck down in the tournament, upon this evening's banquet.—De Bury," he added to his unswerving, "then with word this our second summons so courteously, as to gratify the pride of these Saxons, and make it impossible for them again to refuse; although, by the laws of Ekeat, courtesy to them is costing pearls before swine."

Prince John had proceeded thus far, and was about to give the signal for retiring from the hall, when a small billet was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person by whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his attendant. "A Frenchman brought it hither, who said he had ridden night and day to put it into the hands of your highness."

The Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and then at the seal, placed as so to secure the scroll with which the billet was surrounded, and which bore the impression of three fleur-de-lis. John then opened the billet with apparent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had perused the contents, which were expressed in these words:—

"False lead to yourself, for the Devil is wicked!"

The Prince turned as pale as death, looked first on the earth, and then to heaven, like a man who has received news that sentence of execution has been passed upon him. Recovering from the first effects of his surprise, he took Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy aside, and put the matter into their hands immediately. "It seems," he added, in a whispering voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"This may be a false alarm, or a forged letter," said De Bracy.

"It is Fitzurse's own hand and seal," replied Prince John.

"It is time, then," said Fitzurse, "to draw our party to a head, either at York, or some other central place. A few days later, and it will be indeed too late. Your highness must break short this present retinue."

"The yeomen and men-at-arms," said De Bracy, "must not be disbanded discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promise, so far as this head of Season work is concerned."

"I think then, Waldemar," said the Prince, "then reminded me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that incident peasant who yesterday healed our ponies. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour spent to revenge and to pleasure—let new cares come with tomorrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpet soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of tomorrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to compete the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the last archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silver habit richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of all true sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Newwood and Charnwood. When, however,

the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the discomfit of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of such celebrated marksmen was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The finished list of competitors for silver time still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen peacocks, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his recruitment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I passed by thy taciturn habits thou wert so true lover of the long bow, and I see thou dar'st not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refusing to shoot, besides the fearful discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a pointed curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the yeoman, "I know not if these gentlemen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou loost it, thou shalt be striped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with horsewhips, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman.—"Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many

men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair profit," said the Prince, "the Provost of the lists shall not thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted coward."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to sell myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of injury if they should overthrow me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is a-swing; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial,—and do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a hawk and a beak of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern avenue; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rivers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the primary.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeamalike and heavily. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the officer stepped so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldrick, and quiver, to the Provost of the sports?"

"Still it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at

render much of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this knaggett, Hubert, I will fill the bagle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandfere drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his loaded bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pass upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as curiously in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "as thou wouldest that rascals here to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the galley!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "As your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandfere drew a good bow!"—

"The foul fiend on thy grandfere and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, now, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had



just arises, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hahort! a Hahort!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hahort for ever!"

"There must not stand that shot, Looksey," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will catch his shaft for him, however," replied Looksey.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it alighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the women to each other; "such archery was never seen since a hero was first born in Britain."

"And now," said Looksey, "I will cross your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a wreath from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape: but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Looksey returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodman to shoot at a target as broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the best where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "be that hit that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer, fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, as it were the stout King Richard himself!"

"My grandfathers," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that red, I give him the business—or rather I yield to the devil that is in his joints, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our person's whistle, or at a wheat-stave, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Stretch Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. How'er it be, thou shalt not awe over us with a name shorn of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little flayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow red against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the knave, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandfathers did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wound as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape farther observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

The victorious archer would not perhaps have escaped John's attention so easily, had not that Prince had other subjects of anxious and more important meditation pressing upon his mind.

at that instant. He called upon his chamberlain as he gave the signal for retiring from the lists, and commanded him instantly to gallop to Ashby, and seek out Isaac the Jew. "Tell the dog," he said, "to send me, before sun-down, two thousand crowns. He knows the security; but thou mayest show him this ring for a token. The rest of the money must be paid at York within six days. If he neglects I will have the unbelieving villain's head. Look that thou pass him not on the way; for the circumsized slave was displaying his stolen fancy amongst us."

So saying, the Prince resumed his horse, and returned to Ashby, the whole crowd breaking up and dispersing upon his retreat.

## CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

*In some magnificent array'd,  
When ancient chivalry display'd  
The pomp of her heroic games,  
And crowded stables and throng'd dances  
Assembled, at the dancer's will,  
In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall.*

*Warton.*

PRINCE JOHN held his high festival in the Castle of Ashby. This was not the same building of which the sturdy ruins still interest the traveller, and which was erected at a later period by the Lord Hastings, High Chamberlain of England, one of the first victims of the tyranny of Richard the Third, and yet better known as one of Shakespeare's characters, than by his historical name. The castle and town of Ashby, at this time, belonged to Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, who, during the period of our history, was absent in the Holy Land. Prince John, in the meanwhile, occupied his castle, and disposed of his domains without scruple; and seeking at present to dazzle men's eyes by his hospitality and magnificence, had given orders for great preparations, in order to render the banquet as splendid as possible.

The prerogative of the Prince, who exercised on this and other occasions the full authority of royalty, had swept the

country of all that could be collected which was esteemed fit for their master's table. Guests also were invited in great numbers; and in the necessity in which he thus found himself of securing popularity, Prince John had extended his invitation to a few distinguished Scotch and Danish families, as well as to the Norman nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. However despised and degraded an ordinary occasion, the great numbers of the Anglo-Normans must necessarily render them formidable in the civil commotions which seemed approaching, and it was an obvious point of policy to secure popularity with these leaders.

It was accordingly the Prince's intention, which he for some time maintained, to treat these unwelcome guests with a courtesy to which they had been little accustomed. But although women with less scruple made his ordinary habits and feelings lend to his interest, it was the misfortune of this Prince, that his levity and petulance were perpetually breaking out, and undoing all that had been gained by his previous dissimulation.

Of this double temper he gave a memorable example in Ireland, when sent thither by his father, Henry the Second, with the purpose of buying golden opinions of the inhabitants of that new and important acquisition to the English crown. Upon this occasion the Irish chieftains contended which should first offer to the young Prince their loyal homage and the kiss of peace. But, instead of receiving their salutations with courtesy, John and his petulant attendants could not resist the temptation of pulling the long beards of the Irish chieftains; a conduct which, as might have been expected, was highly resented by those insulted dignitaries, and produced fatal consequences to the English domination in Ireland. It is necessary to keep these inconsistencies of John's character in view, that the reader may understand his conduct during the present evening.

In execution of the resolution which he had formed during his earlier moments, Prince John received Celris and Athelstone with distinguished courtesy, and expressed his disappointment, without resentment, when the indisposition of Rowena was alleged by the former as a reason for her not attending upon his gracious summons. Celris and Athelstone were both dressed in the richest Norman garb, which, although not unbecoming in itself, and in the present instance composed of costly materials, was so remote in shape and appearance from that of the other guests, that Prince John took great credit to himself with

Wallmer Flammé for exhibiting their laughter at a sight which the fashion of the day rendered ridiculous. Yet, in the eye of other judgment, the short close tunic and long mantle of the Saxons was a more graceful, as well as a more convenient dress, than the garb of the Normans, whose under garment was a long doublet, as loose as to resemble a shirt or waggoner's frock, opened by a dock of scanty dimensions, neither fit to defend the wearer from cold nor from rain, and the only purpose of which appeared to be to display as much fur, embroidery, and jewelry work, as the ingenuity of the tailor could contrive to lay upon it. The Emperor Charlemagne, in whose reign they were first introduced, seems to have been very sensible of the inconveniences arising from the fashion of this garment. "Is Charon's robe," said he, "to what purpose serve these shagbald docks? If we are to bed they are no coat, on horseback they are no protection from the wind and rain, and when soaked, they do not guard our legs from the damp or the frost."

Keretheloc, spite of this imperial objection, the short docks continued in fashion down to the time of which we treat, and particularly among the princes of the House of Asen. They were therefore in universal use among Prince John's courtiers; and the long mantle, which formed the upper garment of the Saxons, was held in proportional derision.

The guests were seated at a table which groined under the quantity of good cheer. The numerous cooks who attended on the Prince's progress, having exerted all their art in varying the time in which the ordinary provisions were served up, had succeeded almost as well as the masters profession of the culinary art in rendering them perfectly unlike their natural appearance. Besides these dishes of domestic origin, there were various delicacies, brought from foreign parts, and a quantity of rich pastry, as well as of the stoned bread and wafel cakes, which were only used at the tables of the highest nobility. The banquet was crowned with the richest wines, both foreign and domestic.

But, though luxurious, the Norman nobles were not generally speaking, as heterogeneous race. While indulging themselves in the pleasures of the table, they aimed at delivery but avoided excess, and were apt to attribute gluttony and drunkenness to the vanquished Saxons, as vices peculiar to their inferior station. Prince John, indeed, and those who courted his pleasure by imitating his follies, were apt to indulge to excess in the plea-

arms of the brother and the goliath; and indeed it is well known that his death was occasioned by a conflict upon poaches and new ale. His conduct, however, was an exception to the general manners of his countrymen.

With shy gravity, interrupted only by private signs to each other, the Norman knights and nobles beheld the rather demure of Athelstan and Gisle as a contrast to the form and fashion of which they were unaccustomed. And while their manners were thus the subject of nervous observation, the untutored Saxons unwittingly transgressed several of the arbitrary rules established for the regulation of society. Now, it is well known, that a man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach either of real good breeding or of good manners, than appear ignorant of the most minute point of fashionable etiquette. Thus Gisle, who dried his hands with a towel, instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air, incurred more ridicule than his companion Athelstan, when he resorted to his own single share the whole of a large party composed of the most exquisite foreign delicacies, and termed at that time a *Karru-ye*. When, however, it was observed, by a serious cross-examination, that the Thane of Contingburgh (or Franklin as the Normans termed him) had no idea what he had been devouring, and that he had taken the contents of the *Karru-ye* for larks and pigeons, whereas they were in fact hoodlums and nightingales, his ignorance brought him in for an ample share of the ridicule which would have been more justly bestowed on his gluttony.

The long feast had at length its end; and, while the goliath circulated freely, men talked of the fruits of the preceding tournament,—of the unknown visitor in the archery games, of the Black Knight, whose accidental had induced him to withdraw from the honour he had won,—and of the gallant French, who had so dearly bought the honour of the day. The topics were treated with military frankness, and the jest and laugh went round the hall. The brow of Prince John alone was overclouded during these discussions; some overpowering care seemed agitating his mind, and it was only when he received occasional hints from his attendants, that he seemed to take interest in what was passing around him. On such occasions he would start up, quaff a cup of wine as if to make his spirits, and then mingle in the conversation by some observation made abruptly or at random.

"We drink this health," said he, "to the health of *Wilfred* of Iwerke, champion of this Passage of Arms, and grieve that his wound renders him absent from our board—Let all fill to the pledge, and especially *Cedric* of Rotherwood, the worthy father of a son so providing."

"No, my lord," replied *Cedric*, standing up, and placing on the table his untasted cup, "I yield not the name of son to the disobedient youth, who at once despises my commands, and relinquishes the manners and customs of his fathers."

"'Tis impossible," cried Prince John, with well-figured astonishment, "that so gallant a knight should be an unworthy or disobedient son!"

"Yet, my lord," answered *Cedric*, "so it is with this *Wilfred*. He left my homely dwelling to-mingle with the gay nobility of your brother's court, where he learned to do those tricks of horsemanship which you prize so highly. He left it contrary to my wish and command; and in the days of *Alfred* that would have been termed disobedience—ay, and a crime severely punishable."

"Alas!" replied Prince John, with a deep sigh of affected sympathy, "since your son was a follower of my unhappy brother, it need not be inspired where or from whom he learned the lessons of filial disobedience."

Thus spoke Prince John, wilfully forgetting, that of all the sons of Henry the Second, though no one was free from the charge, he himself had been most distinguished for rebellion and ingratitude to his father.

"I think," said he, after a moment's pause, "that my brother proposed to confer upon his favourite the rich manor of Iwerke."

"He did endow him with it," answered *Cedric*; "nor is it my least quarrel with my son, that he stooped to hold, as a fiefal tenant, the very domains which his fathers possessed in fee and independent right."

"We shall then have your willing sanction, good *Cedric*," said Prince John, "to confer this fief upon a person whose dignity will not be diminished by holding land of the British crown.—Sir *Reginald Front-de-Bœuf*," he said, turning towards that baron, "I trust you will so keep the greedy *Baron* of Iwerke, that Sir *Wilfred* shall not incur his father's displeasure by again entering upon that fief."

"By St. Anthony!" answered the black-hooded giant, "I will

consent that your highness shall hold me a Saxon, if either Coltré or Willfred, or the best that ever bore English blood, shall wrest from me the gift with which your highness has graced me."

"Whoever shall call thee Saxon, Sir Baron," replied Coltré, offended at a mode of expression by which the Normans frequently expressed their habitual contempt of the English, "will do thee an honour as great as it is undeserved."

Front-de-Bœuf would have replied, but Prince John's petulance and levity got the start.

"Assuredly," said he, "my lords, the noble Coltré speaks truth; and his name may claim precedence over us as much in the length of their pedigree as in the longitude of their cloak."

"They go before us indeed in the field—as deer before dogs," said Madroin.

"And with good right may they go before us—forget not," said Prior Aymer, "the superior decency and decorum of their manners."

"Their singular abstemiousness and temperance," said De Bracy, forgetting the plea which promised him a Saxon bride.

"Together with the courage and conduct," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "by which they distinguished themselves at Hastings and elsewhere."

While, with smooth and smiling cheek, the courtiers, each in turn, followed their Prince's example, and aimed a shaft of ridicule at Coltré, the face of the Saxon became inflamed with passion, and he glanced his eyes fiercely from one to another, as if the quick succession of so many injuries had provoked him replying to them in turn; or, like a baited bull, who, surrounded by his tormentors, is at a loss to choose from among them the immediate object of his vengeance. At length he spoke, in a voice half choked with passion; and, addressing himself to Prince John as the head and front of the offence which he had received, "Whatever," he said, "have been the follies and vices of our race, a Saxon would have been held unworthy" (the most con-

\* There was nothing accounted as ignominious among the Saxons as to wear this disgraceful epithet. Even William the Conqueror, hated as he was by them, continued to draw a considerable army of Anglo-Saxons to his standard, by threatening to expatriate those who stayed at home, as sitting. Furthermore, I think, mentions a similar phrase which had like influence on the Danes.—G. T.



plastic form, for object worthlessness), "who should in his own hall, and while his own wine-cup passed, have treated, or suffered to be treated, an unflinching guest as your highness has this day beheld me used; and whatever was the misfortune of our fathers on the field of Hastings, those may at least be averted," here he looked at Front-de-Bœuf and the Templar, "who have within these few hours once and again lost saddle and stirrup before the lance of a Saxon."

"By my faith, a biting jest!" said Prince John. "How like you it, sire?—Our Saxon subjects rise in spirit and courage; become shrewd in wit, and bold in bearing, in these troubled times.—What say ye, my lords?—By this good light, I hold it best to take our galleys, and return to Normandy in them."

"For fear of the Saxons!" said De Bracy, laughing; "we should need no weapons but our hunting spears to bring these lions to bay."

"A truce with your raillery, Sir Knights," said Plamsey—"and it were well," he added, addressing the Prince, "that your highness should assure the worthy Godric there is no insult intended him by jests, which must sound but harshly in the ear of a stranger."

"Insult!" answered Prince John, returning his courtesy of demeanour; "I trust it will not be thought that I could mean, or permit any, to be offered in my presence. Here! I fill my cup to Godric himself, since he refuses to pledge his son's health."

The cup went round amid the well-dissembled applause of the courtiers, which, however, failed to make the impression on the mind of the Saxon that had been designed. He was not actually acute of perception, but those too much undervalued his understanding who deemed that this flattering compliment would obliterate the sense of the prior insult. He was silent, however, when the royal pledge again passed round, "To Sir Abbotssone of Goringburgh."

The knight made his statement, and showed his sense of the honour by draining a huge goblet in answer to it.

"And now, sire," said Prince John, who began to be warmed with the wine which he had drunk, "having done justice to our Saxon guests, we will pray of those some request to our courtiers.—Worthy Deane," he continued, addressing Godric, "may we pray you to name to us some Norman whose mansion

may least sully your mouth, and in wash down with a goblet of wine all bitterness which the soul may leave behind it."

Fitzurse arose while Prince John spoke, and gliding behind the seat of the Saxon, whispered to him not to omit the opportunity of putting an end to unkindness between the two races, by naming Prince John. The Saxon replied not to this polite intimation, but, rising up, and filling his cup to the brim, he addressed Prince John in these words: "Your highness has required that I should name a Norman deserving to be remembered at our banquet. This, perhaps, is a hard task, since it calls on the slave to sing the praises of the master—upon the vanquished, while pressed by all the evils of conquest, to sing the praises of the conqueror. Yet I will name a Norman—the first in arms and in place—the best and noblest of his race. And the lips that shall refuse to pledge me to his well-earned fame, I term false and dishonoured, and will so maintain them with my life—I quaff this goblet to the health of Richard the Lion-hearted."

Prince John, who had expected that his own name would have closed the Saxon's speech, started when that of his injured brother was so unexpectedly introduced. He raised mechanically the wine-cup to his lips, then instantly set it down, to view the demeanour of the company at this unexpected proposal, which many of them felt it as unsafe to oppose as to comply with. Some of them, ancient and experienced courtiers, closely imitated the example of the Prince himself, raising the goblet to their lips, and again replacing it before them. There were many who, with a more generous feeling, exclaimed, "Long live King Richard! and may he be speedily restored to us!" And some few, among whom was Front-des-Rois and the Templar, in silent disdain suffered their goblets to stand untouched before them. But no man ventured directly to give any pledge filed to the health of the reigning monarch.

Having enjoyed his triumph for about a minute, Gohrie said to his companion, "Up, noble Athelstan! we have remained here long enough, since we have required the hospitable courtesy of Prince John's banquet. Those who wish to move further of our rude Saxon manners must heartily seek us in the homes of our fathers, since we have seen enough of royal banquets, and enough of Norman courtesy."

So saying, he arose and left the banquet-room, followed by

Abbotston, and by several other guests, who, partaking of the Saxon draught, held themselves indebted by the courtesies of Prince John and his courtiers.

"By the house of St. Thomas," said Prince John, as they retreated, "the Saxon draught have borne off the best of the day, and have retreated with triumph."

"*Condamnum est, periculum est,*" said Prior Agnes; "we have drunk and we have shouted—it were time we left our wine flagons."

"The monk hath some fair penance to shew to-night, that he is in such a hurry to depart," said De Bracy.

"Not so, Sir Knight," replied the Abbot; "but I must needs several miles forward this evening upon my homeward journey."

"They are breaking up," said the Prince in a whisper to Fitzmaurice; "their fears anticipate the event, and this coward Prior is the first to shrink from us."

"Fear not, my lord," said Waldemar; "I will show him such reasons as shall induce him to join us when we hold our meeting at York.—Sir Prior," he said, "I must speak with you in private, before you mount your palfrey."

The other guests were now fast dispersing, with the exception of those immediately attached to Prince John's faction, and his retinue.

"This, then, is the result of your advice," said the Prince, turning an angry countenance upon Fitzmaurice; "that I should be boarded at my own board by a drunken Saxon churl, and that, on the mere sound of my brother's name, men should fall off from me as if I had the leprosy?"

"Have patience, sir," replied his counsellor; "I might retort your accusation, and blame the inconsiderate levity which filled my design, and asked your own better judgment. But this is no time for justification. De Bracy and I will instantly go among these shuffling cowards, and convince them they have gone too far to recede."

"It will be in vain," said Prince John, packing the apartment with disordered steps, and expressing himself with an agitation in which the wine he had drunk partly contributed.—"It will be in vain—they have seen the handwriting on the wall—they have marked the paw of the lion in the sand—they have heard his approaching roar shake the wood—nothing will subvert their courage."

"Would to God," said Fitzurs to De Bracy, "that sight could convince his own ! His brother's very name is an agon to him. Unhappy are the counsellors of a Prince, who wants fortitude and perseverance alike in good and in evil."

## CHAPTER FIFTENTH.

And yet he thinks,—ha, ha, ha,—he thinks  
I am the tool and servant of his will.  
Well, let it be : through all the maze of trouble  
His plans and laws oppression must create,  
I'll shape myself a way to higher things,  
And who will say 'tis wrong ?

CLARENCE, A PRISONER.

No spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered meshes of his web, than did Waldemar Fitzurs to recruit and combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal. Few of these were attached to him from inclination, and none from personal regard. It was therefore necessary that Fitzurs should open to them new prospects of advantage, and reward them of those which they at present enjoyed. To the young and wild nobles, he held out the prospect of unpunished licence and uncontrolled rovelry ; to the ambitious, that of power ; and to the covetous, that of increased wealth and extended domains. The leaders of the mercenaries received a donation in gold ; an argument the most persuasive to their minds, and without which all others would have proved in vain. Promises were still more liberally distributed than money by this active agent ; and, in due, nothing was left undone that could determine the wavering, or entice the discontented. The return of King Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond the reach of probability ; yet, when he observed, from the doubtful looks and uncertain answers which he received, that this was the apprehension by which the minds of his accomplices were most haunted, he boldly treated that event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their political calculations.

"If Richard returns," said Fitzurs, "he returns to enrich his needy and impoverished crusaders at the expense of those who did not follow him to the Holy Land. He returns to call

to a fearful retreating, those who, during his absence, have done might that can be construed offence or encroachment upon either the laws of the land or the privileges of the crown. He returns to arrange upon the Gates of the Temple and the Hospital, the performance which they showed to Philip of France during the wars in the Holy Land. He returns, in due, to punish as a rebel every adherent of his brother Prince John. Are ye afraid of his power?" continued the ardent confidant of that Prince; "we acknowledge him a strong and valiant knight; but those are not the days of King Arthur, when a champion could encounter an army. If Richard indeed comes back, it must be alone,—unfollowed,—unfriendly. The losses of his gallant army have withered the seeds of Palestine. The few of his followers who have returned have struggled like the old Willard of Ivanhoe, beggared and broken men.—And what talk ye of Richard's right of birth?" he proceeded, in answer to those who objected scruples on that head. "Is Richard's title of prince-governor more decidedly certain than that of Duke Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son? And yet William the Red, and Henry, his second and third brothers, were unanimously preferred to him by the voice of the nation. Robert had every merit which can be pleaded for Richard; he was a bold knight, a good leader, generous to his friends and to the church, and, to crown the whole, a crusader and a conqueror of the Holy Sepulchre, and yet he died a blind and miserable prisoner in the Castle of Cardiff, because he opposed himself to the will of the people, who chose that he should not rule over them. It is our right," he said, "to choose from the blood royal the prince who is best qualified to hold the supreme power—that is," said he, correcting himself, "him whose election will best promote the interests of the nobility. In personal qualifications," he added, "it was possible that Prince John might be inferior to his brother Richard; but when it was considered that the latter returned with the sword of vengeance in his hand, while the former held out rewards, immunities, privileges, wealth, and honours, it could not be doubted which was the king whom in wisdom the nobility were called on to support."

These, and many more arguments, more adapted to the popular circumstances of those whom he addressed, had the expected weight with the nobles of Prince John's faction. Most of them consented to attend the proposed meeting at York,

for the purpose of making general arrangements for placing the crown upon the head of Prince John.

It was late at night, when, worn out and exhausted with his various exertions, however gratified with the result, Fitzurs, returning to the Castle of Ashby, met with De Bracy, who had exchanged his banqueting garments for a short green kirtle, with hose of the same cloth and colour, a leathern cap or head-piece, a short sword, a horn slung over his shoulder, a long bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows stuck in his belt. Had Fitzurs met this figure in an outer apartment, he would have passed him without notice, as one of the yeomen of the guard; but finding him in the inner hall, he looked at him with more attention, and recognised the Norman knight in the dress of an English yeoman.

"What mannerly is this, De Bracy?" said Fitzurs, somewhat angrily; "is this a time for Christmas gambols and quiet maskings, when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the very verge of decision? Why hast thou not been, like me, among these heartless crowns, when the very name of King Richard terrifies, as it is said to do the children of the Sannons?"

"I have been attending to mine own business," answered De Bracy calmly, "as you, Fitzurs, have been minding yours."

"I minding mine own business!" echoed Walsingham; "I have been engaged in that of Prince John, our joint patron."

"As if thou hadst any other reason for that, Walsingham," said De Bracy, "than the promotion of thine own individual interest? Come, Fitzurs, we know each other—ambition is thy passion, pleasure is mine, and they become our different aims. Of Prince John thou thinkest as I do; that he is too weak to be a determined monarch, too tyrannical to be an easy monarch, too insolent and presumptuous to be a popular monarch, and too selfish and timid to be long a monarch of any kind. But he is a monarch by whom Fitzurs and De Bracy hope to rise and thrive; and therefore you aid him with your policy; and I with the lessons of my Foxe Companion."

"A hopeful auxiliary," said Fitzurs impatiently; "playing the fool in the very moment of utter necessity.—What an earth dost thou propose by this absurd disguise at a moment so urgent?"

"To get me a wife," answered De Bracy, coolly, "after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin."

"The tribe of Benjamin!" said Fitzurse; "I comprehend thee not."

"Wert thou not in presence yester-even," said De Bracy, "when we heard the Prior Aymer tell us a tale in reply to the romance which was sung by the minstrel?—He told how, long since in Palestine, a deadly feud arose between the tribe of Benjamin and the rest of the Israelitish nation; and how they cut to pieces wellnigh all the shivery of that tribe; and how they were by our blessed Lady, that they would not permit those who remained to marry in their lineage; and how they became grieved for their war, and went to consult his holiness the Pope how they might be absolved from it; and how, by the advice of the Holy Father, the youth of the tribe of Benjamin carried off from a superb tournament all the ladies who were there present, and then won them wives without the consent either of their brides or their brides' families."

"I have heard the story," said Fitzurse, "though either the Prior or thou hast made some singular alterations in date and circumstances."

"I tell thee," said De Bracy, "that I mean to purvey me a wife after the fashion of the tribe of Benjamin; which is as much as to say, that in this same equipment I will fall upon that hard of Saxons hallocks, who have this night left the castle, and carry off from them the lovely Isabella."

"Art thou mad, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse. "Behold thee that, though the men be Saxons, they are rich and powerful, and regarded with the more respect by their countrymen, that wealth and honour are but the lot of few of Saxon descent."

"And should belong to none," said De Bracy; "the work of the Conquest should be completed."

"This is no time for it at least," said Fitzurse; "the approaching crisis renders the favour of the multitude indispensable, and Prince John cannot refuse justice to any one who injures their favourites."

"Let him grant it if he dare," said De Bracy; "he will soon see the difference betwixt the support of such a lusty lot of spears as mine, and that of a heartless mob of Saxon clerks. Yet I mean no immediate discovery of myself. Soon I set in this garb as bold a forester as ever blew horn! The blame of the violence shall rest with the outlaws of the Yorkshire forests. I have more spite on the Saxons' notions—Tonight they sleep

in the convent of Saint Wital, or Wilkold, or whatever they call that desert of a Saxon Saint at Norton-on-Trent. Next day's march brings them within our reach, and, false-as-we, we swoop on them at once. Presently after I will appear in mine own shape, play the courteous knight, rescue the unfortunate and afflicted fair one from the hands of the rude northerners, conduct her to Front-de-Bœuf's castle, or to Normandy, if it should be necessary, and produce her not again to her kindred until she be the bride and dame of Maurice De Bracy."

"A marvellously sage plan," said Fitzurse, "and, as I think, not entirely of thine own device.—Come, be frank, De Bracy, who aided thee in the invention? and who is to assist in the execution? For, as I think, thine own hand ran as far off as York."

"Marry, if thou must needs know," said De Bracy, "it was the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert that shaped out the enterprise, which the adventure of the men of Benjamin suggested to me. He is to aid me in the onslaught, and he and his followers will personate the outlaws, from whom my valourous arm is, after changing my garb, to rescue the lady."

"By my halibone," said Fitzurse, "the plan was worthy of your united wisdom! and thy prudence, De Bracy, is most especially manifested in the project of leaving the lady in the hands of thy worthy confederate. Than mayest, I think, succeed in taking her from her Saxon friends, but how thou wilt rescue her afterwards from the clutches of Bois-Guilbert seems considerably more doubtful.—He is a fellow well accustomed to pounce on a partridge, and to hold his prey fast."

"He is a Templar," said De Bracy, "and cannot therefore rival me in my plan of visiting this lady;—and to attempt might dishonourable against the intended bride of De Bracy.—By Heaven, were he a whole Chapter of his Order in his single person, he dared not to do me such an injury!"

"Then since wouldst that I can say," said Fitzurse, "will yet this folly from thy imagination (for well I know the obstinacy of thy disposition), at least waste as little time as possible—let not thy folly be lasting as well as vainly."

"I tell thee," answered De Bracy, "that it will be the work of a few hours, and I shall be at York, at the head of my daring and valourous fellows, as ready to support any bold design as thy policy can be to form one.—But I leave my comrades assembling,



and the steeds stamping and neighing in the outer court—*Farewell—I go, like a true knight, to win the smiles of beauty.*”

“*Like a true knight!*” repeated Fitzmaurice, looking after him; “*like a fool, I should say, or like a child, who will leave the most serious and useful occupation, to chase the dawn of the dialle that dawns past him.*—But it is with such tools that I must work;—and for whose advantage?—For that of a Prince as unwise as he is profligate, and as likely to be an ungrateful master as he has already proved a rebellious son and an unnatural brother.—But he,—he, too, is but one of the tools with which I labour; and, proud as he is, should he presume to separate his interest from mine, this is a secret which he shall soon learn.”

The meditations of the statesman were here interrupted by the voice of the Prince from an interior apartment, calling out, “*Noble Waldeemar Fitzmaurice!*” and, with honest defiance, the future Chancellor (for to such high performance did the wily Norman aspire) hastened to receive the orders of the future sovereign.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

Far in a wild retirement to public view,  
From youth to age a reposed hamlet grew;  
The moss his bed, the cave his house/ his cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;  
Remote from man, with that he pass'd his days,  
Fayrer all his business—all his pleasure prais'd.

PARSONS.

THE reader cannot have forgotten that the event of the tournament was decided by the exertions of an unknown knight, whom, on account of the passive and indifferent conduct which he had manifested in the former part of the day, the spectators had entitled *Le Noir Pâmeur*. This knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved; and when he was called upon to receive the reward of his valour, he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, while surrounded by heralds and by trumpets, the knight was holding his course northward, avoiding all frequented paths, and taking the shortest road

through the woodlands. He passed for the night at a small hostelry lying out of the ordinary route, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the tourney.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him, he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By this time both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary, moreover, to look out for some place in which they might spend the night, which was now fast approaching.

The place where the traveller found himself seemed unpromising for obtaining either shelter or refreshment, and he was likely to be reduced to the usual expedient of knights-errant, who, on such occasions, turned their horses to grass, and laid themselves down to meditate on their lady-mistress, with an oak-tree for a canopy. But the Black Knight either had no mistress to meditate upon, or, being as indifferent in love as he seemed to be in war, was not sufficiently occupied by passionate reflections upon her beauty and cruelty, to be able to parry the effects of fatigue and hunger, and suffer here to act as a substitute for the solid comforts of a bed and supper. He felt dissatisfied, therefore, when, looking around, he found himself deeply involved in woods, through which indeed there were many open glades, and some paths, but such as seemed only formed by the careless herds of cattle which grazed in the forest, or by the animals of chase, and the hunters who made prey of them.

The sun, by which the knight had chiefly directed his course, had now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his left, and every effort which he might take to pursue his journey was as likely to lead him out of his road as to advance him on his route. After having in vain endeavoured to select the most beaten path, in hopes it might lead to the cottage of some herdsman, or the spirens lodge of a forester, and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse; experience having, on former occasions, made him acquainted with the wonderful talent

possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders on such emergencies.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cowed in mail, had no sooner found, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume new strength and spirit; and whereas formerly he had scarce replied to the spur, otherwise than by a groan, he now, as if proud of the confidence reposed in him, pricked up his ears, and assumed, of his own accord, a more lively motion. The path which the animal adopted rather turned off from the course pursued by the knight during the day; but as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event; for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plot or turf, on the opposite side of which a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping plain, offered its grey and weather-beaten front to the traveller. Ivy mantled its sides in some places, and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the clefts of the crag, waved over the precipices below, like the plumeage of the warrior over his steel helmet, giving grace to that whose chief expression was terror. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighbouring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir-tree lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had formed into a rustic basin. Emerging from thence, the stream murmured down the descent by a channel which its course had long worn, and so wandered through the little plain to lose itself in the neighbouring wood.

Near this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by twelve feet in

breath, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric arches which sprung from the four corners of the building, each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The ribs of two of these arches remained, though the roof had fallen down between them; over the others it remained entire. The entrance to this ancient place of devotion was under a very low round arch, ornamented by several courses of that zigzag moulding, resembling shark's teeth, which appears so often in the more ancient Saxon architecture. A lofty rose above the porch on four small pillars, within which hung the green and weather-beaten hall, the faded wreaths of which had been some time before burst by the Black Knight.

The whole powerful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night; since it was a special duty of those hermits who dwell in the woods, to exercise hospitality towards beighted or bewildered passengers.

Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking Saint Julian (the patron of travellers) who had sent him good harbours, he leaped from his horse and opened the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to attract attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

"Flee on, whoever thou art," was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, "and disturb not the service of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

"Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, "it has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to destine me for the object of those virtues, instead of the sword thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a house of any tenderness of nature would doubtless my couch—pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to make your door and at least point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "so disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one path, two men, and a wolf, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before me."—"The road—the road!" reiterated the knight, "give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from this."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a meadow, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be possible. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take one of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I hear (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel), given way in many places. Thus wilt thou keep straight forward."

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a meadow!" said the knight, interrupting him,—"Sir Hermit, if you were the hostess that ever wore beard or told head, you shall never prevail on me to hold this road tonight. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—if deserved, as I doubt it is—has no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly, or, by the road, I will beat it down and make entry for myself."

"Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be not importunate, if thou putt'st me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you."—"At this moment a distant noise of harking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by the threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour to aid him in his defence, out of some inner room in which they had been huddled. Increased at this preparation on the hermit's part for making good his insupportable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience—spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."—"The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a

rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton of ash-tree, so thick and heavy, that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden armor of the knight, who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intentions, repressed the rage of his sanctities, and, changing his tone to a sort of churchish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St. Denison, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—"the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the thorns shall melt."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the osaken trivet before the mouth of the fire, which he refueled with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse!—secondly, what I can have for supper!—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night!"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer

the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched peas upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interior he had fastened to a tree), unshod him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, wherein stood the trencher of peas placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mortar, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a bear both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried peas, a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with moustaches darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His dishevelled crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish parish-beggar by its high badge. The features expressed nothing of romantic asceticism, or of monastic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance,

with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned snout, and cheeks as round and ruddy as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the heavy form of the holy man, spoke rather of abstinence and hardness, than of peace and pain. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mortification of a mouthful of the dried pears, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of Saint Dunstan," said he, "in which, heretofore man and man, he baptized five hundred leathen Danes and Britons—Blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the phial, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his custom seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thinned with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the man at a wounding match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the buckles at a sword-play, than to hope out your time in this desolate wilderness, among mounds, and lying upon parched pears and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "poor thoughts, like those of the ignorant lay, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrict myself, even as the pears and water were blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Babelians."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose maintenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayest call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Cypresherst, for so I am termed in these parts.—They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—And now, valiant knight, may I pray for the name of my honorable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Cypresherst, now call me in these parts the Black Knight,—may, sir, add to it



the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, unwhetted, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of fowls, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very modification of it had escaped me until my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, than you first dished your soul.—Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who behold thy grinders contending with those pews, and thy throat flooded with this angelical element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-bewerage" (pointing to the provisions upon the table), "and refrain from meddling thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in treating his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hall, and opened a hatch, which was constructed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large patty, baked in a paper platée of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his pocket to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty mouthfuls of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "every thing in your household is miraculous, Holy Clerk; for I would have been sworn that the fat back which furnished this reason had been running on feet within the week."

The hermit was somewhat disconcerted by this observation; and, moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the dissipation of the party, on which his guest was making desperate inroads; a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stepping short of a sudden, "and I testify me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of slight inhospitable, nevertheless I will be highly bound to you, would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days his dishes were tastefully in the hands of the party.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of course between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surprised him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gaze my good horse yonder against a rock, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left there a stoop of wine, or a vessel of Canary, or some such trifles, by way of ally to this noble party. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so dignified a gentleman; yet, I think, were you to search yonder mystic cave mine, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin: and returning to the hatch, he produced a leather bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urae, and lugged with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Eastern fashion,

"Fare hast, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he cried, his eyes at a drought.

"Fare hast, Holy Clerk of Copmanshurst!" answered the warrior, and did his best reason in a similar manner.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was done uncoloured, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thorns and shyness as thine, and who nevertheless shows the talent of so goodly a touchstone, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's door. There is many a goodly lord in these forests, and a hawk will never be mislead that goes to the use of Saint Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my lord's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, as my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon,—as I patterned my prayers,—I would let fly a shaft among the birds of dan deer that feed in the glades—I advise me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Slaggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be importunately curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further importunate inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "repeating thy valour much, but chiding wondrous slightly of

thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such suffering penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and enmity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the armour of Delfick, and the temporary mail of Jael, to the scabbard of Gellish, at which I am not a match for thee—But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hatch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the peasantry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half-a-dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of very unacconical appearance, were also visible when this dark room was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given me good reason for thy entrance of the Haggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy madness to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest near a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a rock of pesty at Capershamst so long as I serve the chapel of Saint Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my gay covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will come some time to tone the harp; and ought pitchers the voice and sharpen the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."<sup>\*</sup>

\* *THE JOLLY HANTRY*.—All readers, however slightly acquainted with black letter, must recognize in the Clerk of Capershamst Peter Task, the famous Goshawk of Robin Hood's gang, the Choral Prior of Beaufort Abbey.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

At eve, within yon stallions' nook,  
I ope my brain-enfenced book,  
Partur'd with many a holy deed  
Of martyrs cover'd with heavenly seed;  
Thus, as my taper burns dim,  
Chink, ere I sleep, my measured hymn.

Who but would cast his pomp away,  
To take my staff and make me grey,  
And to the world's tumultuous stage,  
Prefer the peaceful Hibernian?

WATSON.

Notwithstanding the prescription of the gualter hermit, with which his guest willingly complied, he found it no easy matter to bring the harp to harmony.

"Hithinks, holy father," said he, "the instrument wants one string, and the rest have been somewhat relaxed."

"Ay, master, thou'rt that!" replied the hermit; "that shows thee a master of the craft. Wine and merrill," he added, gravely setting up his eye—"all the fault of wine and merrill—I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel, that he would damage the harp if he touched it after the seventh cup, but he would not be controlled—Friend, I drink to thy successful performance."

So saying, he took off his cup with much gravity, at the same time shaking his head at the intemperance of the Scottish harper.

The knight, in the meantime, had brought the strings into some order, and after a short prelude, asked his host whether he would choose a *révérité* in the language of *es*, or a *lai* in the language of *oul*, or a *viola*, or a *ballad* in the vulgar English.\*

"A *ballad*, a *ballad*," said the hermit, "against all the *es* and *oul* of France. Dovernight English art thou, Sir Knight, and dovernight English was my patron Saint Dunstan, and scorned *es* and *oul*, as he would have scorned the parings of the devil's hoof—dovernight English alone shall be sung in this cell."

"I will essay, then," said the knight, "a *ballad* composed by a Saxon glawe-man, whom I know in Holy Land."

It speedily appeared, that if the knight was not a complete

\* Note D. Minstrelsy.

master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructors. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and, in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by able judges than the herald, especially as the knight threw into the notes now a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verses which he sang.

### *The Crusader's Return.*

#### I.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,  
From Palestine the champion came;  
The cross upon his shoulders borne,  
Battle and dust had done't and torn.  
Such dust upon his better'd shield  
Was taken of a trumpet's sound;  
And thus, beneath his lady's tower,  
He sang, as fell the twilight hour :—

#### II.

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,  
Returned from ponder's land of gold;  
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,  
None his good arms and battle-need;  
He spurs, to death against a foe,  
His lance and sword to try him low;  
Such all the trophies of his toil,  
Such—and the hope of Tobie's smile!"

#### III.

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight  
Her danger heed to fads of night;  
Unnoted shall she yet remain,  
Where meet the bright and noble train;  
Illustrious shall she and herid tell—  
"Mark yonder maid of beauty well,  
"The one for whose bright eyes was won  
"The blood-red field of Arden!"

#### IV.

"Kiss well her smile!—th' edge of the blade  
Which thy sword to thine own made,  
When, with his strength and Malcom's spell,  
Isosim's turban'd Sicking fell."

Sweet thou, but looks whose colour glow  
Half shows, half shades, but such of snow!  
Twice out of three our golden thread,  
But for the sake a Papian led.

## B.

"Joy to the fair young man unknown,  
Back dead, and all its golden time run;  
Then, oh! under this terrible gate,  
The night dew falls, the hour is late,  
Scared to Syre's glowing breath,  
I feel the north breeze still as death;  
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,  
And grant him love who brings thee home."

During this performance, the hermit denounced himself much like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He rolled back upon his seat, with his eyes half shut; now, sliding his hands and twisting his thumbs, he assumed abstracted attention, and now, balancing his expanded palms, he gently fanned them in time to the music. At one or two favourite measures, he threw in a little assistance of his own, where the knight's voice seemed unable to carry the air so high as his wonderful taste approved. When the song was ended, the gentleman emphatically declared it a good one, and well sung.

"And yet," said he, "I think my French countryman had hoisted long enough with the Normans, to fall into the tone of their melancholy ditties. What took the honest knight from home? or what could he expect but to find his mistress agreeably engaged with a rival on his return, and his servants, as they call it, as little regarded as the interweaving of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true loves—I fear you are none," he added, on observing that the knight (whose brain began to be heated with those repeated draughts) qualified his flagon with the water picher.

"Why?" said the knight, "did you not tell me that this water was from the well of your blessed patron, Saint Dunstan?"

"Ay, truly," said the hermit, "and many a hundred of papian did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any of it. Everything should be put to its proper use in this world. Saint Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogative of a jovial friar."

And on saying, he reached the lary, and entertained his guest

with the following characteristic song, in a sort of derry-down chorus, appropriate to an old English ditty.\*

### The Banfooted Friar.

1.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelve-month or two,  
To smeltle Europe through, from Spionkirk to Spain ;  
But ne'er shall you find, should you smeltle till you die,  
So happy a man as the Banfooted Friar.

2.

Your knight for his lady prides both in career,  
And he brought home at every prick'd through with a spear ;  
I smeltle him in haste—for his lady desires  
No comfort on earth save the Banfooted Friar's.

3.

Your monarch's—Fellow ! many a palace has been known  
To better his rules for our soul and our gown,  
But which of us e'er hit the King's desire  
To exchange for a crown the gay hood of a Friar !

4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,  
The land and its future is smelt'd for his own ;  
He can roam where he lists, he can stay when he lists,  
For every man's home is the Banfooted Friar's.

5.

He's expected at noon, and no night till he comes  
They prepare the great chair, or the partridge of plumes ;  
For the best of the stew, and the best by the fire,  
Is the material right of the Banfooted Friar.

6.

He's expected at night, and the party's made hot,  
They brash the tavern ale, and they fill the black pot,  
And the goodwife wails with the goodness in the ale,  
For he laid'd a soft pillow, the Banfooted Friar.

7.

Long flourish the music, the reel, and the woe,  
The dread of the devil and want of the Pope ;  
For to gather life's roses, scattered by the wind,  
Is granted none to the Banfooted Friar.

\* It may be proper to remind the reader, that the chorus of "derry down" is supposed to be an ancient, not only as the times of the Heptarchy, but as those of the Druids, and to have furnished the chorus to the lyrics of those venerable poems when they went to the wood to gather mistletoe.



"By my troth," said the knight, "thou hast sung well and lustily, and in high praise of thine order. And, talking of the devil, Holy Ghost, are you not afraid he may pay you a visit during some of your uncanonical pastimes?"

"I uncanonical?" answered the hermit; "I swear the charge—I swear it with my heels!—I serve the duty of my chapel duly and truly—Two masses daily, morning and evening, prime, noon, and vespers, *ave, credo, pater*!"—

"Excepting moonlight nights, when the women is in season," said his guest.

"*Exceptis menstruis*," replied the hermit, "as our old abbot taught me to say, when importunate laymen should ask me if I kept every precept of mine order."

"True, holy father," said the knight; "but the devil is apt to keep an eye on such exceptions; he goes about, thou knowest, like a roaring lion."

"Let him roar here if he dare," said the friar; "a touch of my sword will make him roar as loud as the tongue of Saint Dunstan himself did. I never feared man, and I am little fear the devil and his lings. Saint Dunstan, Saint Eulrie, Saint Winfield, Saint Winfred, Saint Swithbert, Saint Willick, not forgetting Saint Thomas a Kent, and my own poor merits to speed, I defy every devil of them, come out and lang tail.—But, to let you into a secret, I never speak upon such subjects, my friend, until after morning vespers."

He changed the conversation; but and furious grew the mirth of the parties, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their mirth was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

The occasion of this interruption we can only explain by remarking the adventures of another set of our characters; for, like old Aristotle, we do not please ourselves upon examining uniformly to keep company with any one passage of our drama.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

Away I our journey take through dell and dingle,  
 Where the billie fawn trips by its timid mother,  
 Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,  
 Chaperons the meadow in the greenwood alley—  
 Up and away I—for lovely paths are these  
 To tread, when the glad sun is on his throne ;  
 Love glances, and love sighs, when Cynthia's lamp  
 With doubtful glimmer lights the dreary forest.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Cedric the Saxon saw his son drop down senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into the custody and care of his own attendants, but the words choked in his throat. He could not bring himself to acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son whom he had renounced and disinherited. He ordered, however, Oswald to keep an eye upon him ; and directed that officer, with two of his men, to convey Isambard to Ashby as soon as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, however, was anticipated in this good office. The crowd dispersed, indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be seen.

It was in vain that Cedric's cupbearer looked around for his young master—he saw the bloody spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer ; it seemed as if the furies had conveyed him from the spot. Perhaps Oswald (for the Saxons were very superstitious) might have adopted some such hypothesis, to account for Isambard's disappearance, had he not suddenly cast his eye upon a person attired like a squire, in whom he recognised the features of his fellow-servant Garth. Anxious concerning his master's fate, and in despair at his sudden disappearance, the translated scoldard was searching for him everywhere, and had neglected, in doing so, the circumstance on which his own safety depended. Oswald deemed it his duty to secure Garth, as a fugitive of whose fate his master was to judge.

Renewing his inquiries concerning the fate of Isambard, the only information which the cupbearer could collect from the bystanders was, that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-attired persons, and placed in a litter belonging to a lady among the spectators, which had immediately transported him out of the press. Oswald, on receiving this intelligence,

resolved to return to his master for further instructions, carrying along with him Gurth, whom he considered in some sort as a deserter from the service of Cedric.

The Baron had been under very intense and agonising apprehensions concerning his son; the nature had asserted her rights, in spite of the patriotic stichos which laboured to drown her. But as soon as he informed that Isabella was in safety, and probably in friendly hands, then the paternal anxiety which had been excited by the delicacy of his fate, gave way more to the feeling of injured pride and resentment, at what he termed *Wilfred's filial disobedience*. "Let him wander his way," said he—"let those look his wounds for whose sake he encountered them. He is fitter to do the juggling tricks of the Norman divinity than to maintain the fame and honour of his English country with the glaive and brava-bill, the good old weapons of the country."

"If to maintain the honour of ancestry," said Rowena, who was present, "it is sufficient to be wise in council and brave in execution—to be boldest among the bold, and gentlest among the gentle, I know no voice, save his father's!"

"Be silent, Lady Rowena!—on this subject only I hear you not. Prepare yourself for the Prince's festival: we have been accustomed thither with unvaried circumstance of honour and of courtesy, such as the haughty Normans have rarely used in our time since the fatal day of Hastings. Thither will I go, were it only to show these proud Normans how little the fate of a son, who could defeat their bravest, can affect a Baron."

"Thither," said Rowena, "do I not go; and I pray you to beware, lest what you mean for courage and chivalry, shall be accounted harshness of heart."

"Remain at home, then, ungrateful lady," answered Cedric; "this is the hard heart, which can smother the word of an oppressed people to an idle and unfeeling attachment. I seek the noble Athelstan, and with him attend the banquet of John of Arden."

He went accordingly to the banquet, of which we have already mentioned the principal events. Immediately upon retiring from the revels, the Saxons thence, with their attendants, took horse; and it was during the haste which attended their doing so, that Cedric, for the first time, cast his eyes upon the deserter Gurth. The noble Saxon had returned from the banquet, as we

have seen, in no very placid humour, and wanted but a pretext for wounding his anger upon some one. "The gyves!" he said, "the gyves!—Oswald—Hansbert!—Dogs and villains!—why leave ye the knave undisturbed?"

Without daring to remonstrate, the companions of Gerth bound him with a halter, as the readiest cord which occurred. He submitted to the operation without remonstrance, except that, darting a reproachful look at his master, he said, "This comes of leaving your flesh and blood better than mine own."

"To horse, and forward!" said Cokin.

"It is indeed full time," said the noble Athelstan; "for, if we ride not the faster, the worthy Abbot Waltheof's preparations for a *revengeur*\* will be altogether spoiled."

The travellers, however, used such speed as to reach the convent of Saint Wilfred's before the apprehended evil took place. The Abbot, himself of ancient Saxons descent, received the noble Saxons with the profuse and enthusiastic hospitality of their nation, wherein they indulged to a late, or rather an early hour; nor did they take leave of their reverend host the next morning until they had shared with him a sumptuous repast.

As the crowd left the court of the monastery, an incident happened somewhat alarming to the Saxons, who, of all people of Europe, were most addicted to a superstitious abhorrence of omens, and to whose opinions can be traced most of those notions upon such subjects, still to be found among our popular antiquities. For the Normans being a mixed race, and better informed according to the information of the times, had lost most of the superstitious prejudices which their ancestors had brought from Scandinavia, and placed themselves upon thinking freely on such topics.

In the present instance, the apprehension of impending evil was inspired by no less respectable a prophet than a large black dog, which, striding upright, howled most piteously as the foremost riders left the gate, and presently afterwards, barking wildly, and jumping to and fro, seemed bent upon attaching itself to the party.

"I like not that noise, father Cokin," said Athelstan; for by this title of respect he was accustomed to address him.

\* A *revengeur* was a night-mare, and sometimes signified a rebellion, which was given at a late hour, after the supper supper had made its appearance.—L. T.

"Nor I either, wack," said Wamba; "I greatly fear we shall have to pay the piper."

"In my mind," said Athelstane, upon whose memory the Abbot's good ale (for Darton was already famous for that genial liquor) had made a favourable impression—"in my mind we had better turn back, and abide with the Abbot until the afternoon. It is unlucky to travel where your path is crossed by a monk, a hare, or a howling dog, until you have eaten your next meal."

"Away!" said Cobbe, impatiently; "the day is already too short for our journey. For the dog, I know it to be the ear of the runaway slave Gurth, a useless fugitive, like its master."

So saying, and rising at the same time in his stirrups, impatient at the interruption of his journey, he lashed his javelin at poor Pangs—for Pangs it was, who, having traced his master thus far upon his stolen caparisons, had here lost him, and was now, in his wretched way, rejoicing at his reappearance. The javelin inflicted a wound upon the animal's shoulder, and narrowly missed pinning him to the earth; and Pangs fled howling from the presence of the enraged chase. Gurth's heart swelled within him; for he felt this meditated slaughter of his faithful adherent in a degree much deeper than the harsh treatment he had himself received. Having in vain attempted to wipe his hand to his eyes, he said to Wamba, who, seeing his master's ill-humour, had presently retreated to the rear, "I pray thee, do me the kindness to wipe my eyes with the skirt of thy mantle; the dust offends me, and these blows will not let me help myself one way or another."

Wamba did him the service he required, and they rode side by side for some time, during which Gurth maintained a noisy silence. At length he could repress his feelings no longer.

"Friend Wamba," said he, "of all those who are false enough to serve Cobbe, thou alone hast ductility enough to make thy folly acceptable to him. Go to him, therefore, and tell him that neither for love nor fear will Gurth serve him longer. He may strike the hand from me—he may scourge me—he may lead me with iron—but henceforth he shall never compel me either to love or to obey him. Go to him, then, and tell him that Gurth the son of Beowulf resumes his service."

"Assuredly," said Wamba, "so long as I am, I shall not do

your foot's afeard. Cedric hath another javelin stuck into his girls, and there knowest he does not always make his mark."

"I care not," replied Gerth, "how soon he makes a mark of me. Yesterday he left Wilfred, my young master, in his blood. To-day he has striven to kill before my face the only other living creature that ever showed me kindness. By Saint Edmund, Saint Dunstan, Saint Withold, Saint Edward the Confessor, and every other Saxon saint in the calendar" (for Cedric never swore by any that was not of Saxon lineage, and all his household had the same limited devotion), "I will never forgive him!"

"To my thinking now," said the Jester, who was frequently wont to act as peacemaker in the family, "our master did not propose to hurt Fanga, but only to affright him. For, if you observed, he rose in his stirrups, as thereby meaning to overcast the mark; and so he would have done, but Fanga, happening to bound up at the very moment, received a scratch, which I will be bound to heal with a pang's breadth of tar."

"If I thought so," said Gerth—"if I could but think so—but no—I saw the javelin was well aimed—I heard it whine through the air with all the wraithful underdone of him who cast it, and it quivered after it had pitched in the ground, as if with regret for having missed its mark. By the hag dear to Saint Anthony, I renounce him!"

And the indignant smithard resumed his sullen stances, which no efforts of the Jester could again induce him to break.

Meanwhile Cedric and Athelstan, the leaders of the troop, conversed together on the state of the land, on the dissensions of the royal family, on the feuds and quarrels among the Norman nobles, and on the chances which there was that the oppressed Saxons might be able to free themselves from the yoke of the Normans, or at least to derive themselves into national consequences and independence, during the civil convulsions which were likely to ensue. On this subject Cedric was all animation. The restoration of the independence of his race was the idol of his heart, to which he had willingly sacrificed domestic happiness and the interests of his son. But, in order to achieve this great revolution in favour of the native English, it was necessary that they should be united among themselves, and act under an acknowledged head. The anomaly of choosing their chief from the Saxon blood-royal was not only evident in itself, but had

been made a solemn condition by those whom Cedric had treated with his secret plans and hopes. Athelstane had this quality at least; and though he had few mental accomplishments or talents to recommend him as a leader, he had still a godly piety, was so devout, had been accustomed to martial exercises, and seemed willing to defer to the advice of counsellors more wise than himself. Above all, he was known to be liberal and hospitable, and believed to be god-intimated. But whatever pretensions Athelstane had to be considered as head of the Saxon confederacy, many of that nation were disposed to prefer to his the title of the Lady Rowena, who drew her descent from Alfred, and whose father having been a chief renowned for wisdom, courage, and generosity, his memory was highly honored by his oppressed countrymen.

It would have been no difficult thing for Cedric, had he been so disposed, to have placed himself at the head of a third party, as formidable at least as any of the others. To counterbalance their royal descent, he had courage, activity, energy, and, above all, that devoted attachment to the cause which had procured him the epithet of THE Saxon, and his birth was inferior to none, excepting only that of Athelstane and his ward. These qualities, however, were swallowed by the slightest shade of selfishness; and, instead of dividing yet further his weakened nation by founding a faction of his own, it was a leading part of Cedric's plan to extinguish that which already existed, by promoting a marriage between Rowena and Athelstane. An obstacle occurred to this his favorite project, in the mutual attachment of his ward and his son; and hence the original cause of the banishment of Wilfred from the house of his father.

This secret measure Cedric had adopted, in hopes that, during Wilfred's absence, Rowena might relinquish her preference, but in this hope he was disappointed; a disappointment which might be attributed in part to the mode in which his ward had been educated. Cedric, to whom the name of Alfred was as that of a deity, had treated the sole remaining heir of that great monarch with a degree of reverence, such as, perhaps, was in those days scarce paid to an acknowledged prince. Rowena's will had been, in almost all cases a law to his household; and Cedric himself, as if determined that her sovereignty should be fully acknowledged within that little circle at least, seemed to take a pride in acting as the first of her subjects.

Thus trained in the exercise not only of free will, but despotic authority, Rowena was, by her previous education, disposed both to resist and to resent any attempt to control her affections, or dispose of her hand contrary to her inclinations, and to assert her independence in a case in which even those females who have been trained up to obedience and subjection, are not infrequently apt to dispute the authority of guardians and parents. The opinions which she felt strongly, she avowed boldly; and Godric, who could not free himself from his habitual deference to her opinions, felt totally at a loss how to enforce his authority of guardian.

It was in vain that he attempted to daunt her with the prospect of a visionary throne. Rowena, who possessed strong sense, neither considered his plan as practicable, nor as desirable, so far as she was concerned, could it have been achieved. Without attempting to conceal her avowed preference of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, she declared that, were that devoted knight out of question, she would rather take refuge in a convent, than share a throne with Athelstane, whom, having always despised, she now began, on account of the trouble she received on his account, thoroughly to detest.

Nevertheless, Godric, whose opinion of women's constancy was far from strong, persisted in using every means in his power to bring about the proposed match, in which he conceived he was rendering an important service to the Saxon cause. The sudden and romantic appearance of his son in the late at Ashby, he had justly regarded as almost a death-blow to his hopes. His paternal affection, it is true, had for an instant gained the victory over pride and patriotism; but both had returned in full force, and under their joint operation, he was now bent upon making a determined effort for the union of Athelstane and Rowena, together with expelling those other measures which seemed necessary to forward the restoration of Saxon independence.

On this last subject, he was now labouring with Athelstane, not without having reason, every now and then, to lament, *The Scotman*, that he should have moved such a dish of seasoned milk to so honourable an action. Athelstane, it is true, was vain enough, and loved to have his ears tickled with tales of his high descent, and of his right by inheritance to homage and sovereignty. But his petty vanity was sufficiently gratified by



receiving this homage at the hands of his immediate attendants, and of the Saxons who approached him. If he had the courage to encounter danger, he at least hated the trouble of going to seek it; and while he agreed in the general principles laid down by Cedric concerning the claim of the Saxons to independence, and was still more easily convinced of his own title to reign over them when that independence should be attained, yet when the means of asserting those rights came to be discussed, he was still "Atheolstone the Unruly," slow, irresolute, procrastinating, and unenterprising. The warm and impetuous exhortations of Cedric had as little effect upon his impassive temper, as red-hot balls alighting in the water, which produce a little sound and smoke, and are instantly extinguished.

If, leaving this task, which might be compared to spurring a tired jade, or to hammering upon cold iron, Cedric fell back to his ward Rowena, he received little more satisfaction from conferring with her. For, as his presence interrupted the discourse between the lady and her favourite attendant upon the gallantry and fate of Wilfred, Eglisæ failed not to revenge both her mistress and herself, by recurring to the overthrow of Atheolstone in the lists, the most disagreeable subject which could grieve the ears of Cedric. To this sturdy Saxon, therefore, the day's journey was fraught with all manner of displeasure and discomfort; so that he more than once internally cursed the tournament, and him who had proclaimed it, together with his own folly in ever thinking of going thither.

At noon, upon the motion of Atheolstone, the travellers passed in a woodland shade by a fountain, to repose their horses and partake of some provisions, with which the hospitable Abbot had loaded a sumpter mule. Their repast was a pretty long one; and these several interruptions rendered it impossible for them to hope to reach Rotherwood without travelling all night, a conviction which induced them to proceed on their way at a more hasty pace than they had hitherto used.

## CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

*A train of armed men, some noble dames  
 Rearing in their armor'd ranks discover'd,  
 As unpurposed I hung upon their rear,  
 Are close at hand, and seem to pass the night  
 Within the castle.*

*CHORUS, A TRAGEDY.*

THE travellers had now reached the verge of the wooded country, and were about to plunge into its recesses, held dangerous at that time from the number of outlaws whose oppression and poverty had driven to despair, and who coupled the forests in such large bands as could easily bid defiance to the feeble police of the period. From these recesses, however, notwithstanding the likeness of the hour, Cedric and Athelstane accounted themselves secure, as they had in attendance ten servants, Justice Wamba and Gurth, whose aid could not be counted upon, the one being a jester and the other a captive. It may be added, that in travelling thus late through the forest, Cedric and Athelstane relied on their descent and character, as well as their courage. The outlaws, whom the severity of the forest laws had reduced to this raving and desperate mode of life, were chiefly peasants and poachers of Saxon descent, and were generally supposed to respect the persons and property of their countrymen.

As the travellers journeyed on their way, they were alarmed by repeated cries for assistance; and when they rode up to the place from whence they came, they were surprised to find a horse-litter placed upon the ground, beside which sat a young woman, richly dressed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, whose yellow cap proclaimed him to belong to the same nation, walked up and down with gestures of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands, as if affected by some strange disaster.

To the inquiries of Athelstane and Cedric, the old Jew could for some time only answer by invoking the protection of all the patriarchs of the Old Testament successively against the sons of Ishmael, who were coming to smite them, hip and thigh, with the edge of the sword. When he began to come to himself out of this agony of terror, Isaac of York (for it was our old

friend) was at length able to explain, that he had hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby, together with mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. This party had undertaken to escort him as far as Doncaster. They had come thus far in safety; but having received information from a woodcutter that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods before them, Isaac's necessaries had not only taken flight, but had carried off with them the horses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his daughter, without the means either of defence or of retreat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by the banditti, whom they expected every moment would bring down upon them. "Would it not please your valours," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, "to permit the poor Jews to travel under your safeguard, I swear by the tables of our law, that never has favour been conferred upon a child of Israel since the days of our captivity, which shall be more gratefully acknowledged."

"Dog of a Jew!" said Athelstane, whose memory was of that petty kind which stores up trifles of all kinds, but particularly trifling offences, "dost not remember how thou didst board us in the gallery at the tiltyard? Fight or die, or composed with the outlaws as thou dost list; ask neither aid nor company from us; and if they rob only such as thou, who rob all the world, I, for mine own share, shall hold them right honest folk."

Cedric did not assent to the severe proposal of his companion. "We shall do better," said he, "to leave them two of our attendants and two horses to convey them back to the next village. It will diminish our strength but little; and with your good sword, noble Athelstane, and the aid of those who remain, it will be light work for us to face twenty of those rascals."

Rowena, somewhat alarmed by the mention of outlaws in force, and as near them, strongly assented to the proposal of her guardian. But Rebecca, suddenly quitting her dejected posture, and making her way through the attendants to the paltry of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and, after the Oriental fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Rowena's garment. Then rising, and throwing back her veil, she implored her, in the great name of the God whom they both worshipped, and by that revelation of the law upon Mount Sinai in which they both believed, that she would have compassion upon them, and

suffer them to go forward under their safeguard. "It is not for myself that I pray this favour," said Rebecca; "nor is it even for that poor old man. I know that to wrong and to spoil our nation is a light fault, if not a merit with the Christians; and what is it to us whether it be done in the city, in the desert, or in the field? But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be inhabited with regret for denying that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal, gave it double weight with the fair Baron.

"The man is old and feeble," she said to her guardians, "the maiden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in peril of his life—Jews though they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them unload two of the campaneas, and put the baggage behind two of the mules. The mules may transport the litter, and we have lodgings for the old man and his daughter."

Gabrie readily assented to what she proposed, and Athelstan only added the condition, "that they should travel in the rear of the whole party, where Wamba," he said, "might attend them with his shield of bear's hide."

"I have left my shield in the tiltyard," answered the Jester, "as has been the fate of many a better knight than myself."

Athelstan coloured deeply, for such had been his own fate on the last day of the tournament; while Rowena, who was pleased in the same proportion, as if to make amends for the brutal jest of her unfeeling father, requested Rebecca to ride by her side.

"It were not fit I should do so," answered Rebecca, with proud humility, "where my society might be held a disgrace to my protectors."

By this time the change of baggage was hastily achieved; for the single word "withers" rendered every one sufficiently alert, and the approach of twilight made the sound yet more imperative. Amid the bustle, Gerth was taken from horseback, in the course of which removal he prevailed upon the Jester to slack the cord with which his arms were bound. It was so negligently collected, perhaps intentionally, on the part of

Wounds, that Gorth found no difficulty in drawing his arms altogether from bondage, and then, gliding into the thicket, he made his escape from the party.

The battle had been considerable, and it was some time before Gorth was missed ; for, as he was to be placed for the rest of the journey behind a servant, every one supposed that some other of his companions had him under his custody, and when it began to be whispered among them that Gorth had actually disappeared, they were under such immediate expectation of an attack from the outlaws, that it was not held convenient to pay much attention to the circumstance.

The path upon which the party travelled was now so narrow, as not to admit, with any sort of consciousness, above two riders abreast, and began to descend into a dingle, increased by a brack whose banks were broken, swampy, and overgrown with dwarf willows. Cedric and Athelstane, who were at the head of their retinue, saw the risk of being attacked at this pass ; but neither of them having had much practice in war, no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the delf as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without much order, they had just crossed the brack with a part of their followers, when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, with an impetuosity to which, in their confused and ill-prepared condition, it was impossible to offer effectual resistance. The shout of " *A white dragon !—a white dragon !—Saint George for merry England !* " war-cries adopted by the assistants, as belonging to their assumed character of Saxa outlaws, was heard on every side, and on every side enemies appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Saxa chiefs were made prisoners at the same moment, and each under circumstances expressive of his character. Cedric, the instant an enemy appeared, leaped at him his remaining javelin, which, taking better effect than that which he had hurled at Pagan, waded the man against an obstacle that happened to be close behind him. Thus far successful, Cedric spurred his horse against a second, drawing his sword at the same time, and striking with such inconsiderate fury, that his weapon encountered a thick branch which hung over him, and he was disarmed by the violence of his own blow. He was instantly made prisoner, and pulled from his horse by

two or three of the handiit who crowded around him. Atholstane shared his captivity, his bridle having been seized, and he himself forcibly dismounted, long before he could draw his weapons, or assume any posture of official defence.

The attendants, unburdened with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their master, fell on every prey to the assailants; while the Lady Elysia, in the centre of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter in the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the train none escaped except Wamba, who showed upon the occasion much more courage than those who pretended to greater sense. He possessed himself of a sword belonging to one of the domestics, who was just drawing it with a lady and immediate hand, laid it about him like a lion, drove back several who approached him, and made a brave, though ineffectual attempt to surround his master. Finding himself overpowered, the Jester at length threw himself from his horse, plunged into the thicket, and favoured by the general confusion, escaped from the scene of action.

Yet the valiant Jester, as soon as he found himself safe, hesitated more than once whether he should not turn back and share the captivity of a master to whom he was sincerely attached.

"I have heard men talk of the blessings of freedom," he said to himself, "but I wish any wise man would teach me what use to make of it now that I have it."

As he pronounced these words aloud, a voice very near him called out, in a low and cautious tone, "Wamba!" and, at the same time, a dog, which he recognised to be Fang, jumped up and forced upon him.

"Gurth!" answered Wamba, with the same caution, and the retriever immediately stood before him.

"What is the matter?" said he eagerly; "what mean these cries, and that clinking of swords?"

"Only a trick of the times," said Wamba; "they are all prisoners."

"Who are prisoners?" exclaimed Gurth, impatiently.

"My lord, and my lady, and Atholstane, and Handilbert, and Oswald."

"In the name of God!" said Gurth, "how came they prisoners!—and to whom?"

"Our master was too ready to fight," said the Jester; "and

*Abolition* was not ready enough, and no other person was ready at all. And they are prisoners to green cocoons, and black vices. And they lie all troubled about on the grass, like the crab-apples that you shake down in your sieve. And I would laugh at it," said the honest Jester, "if I could for weeping." And he shed tears of unguessed sorrow.

Guth's countenance kindled—"Wamba," he said, "then hast a weapon, and thy heart was ever stronger than thy hands,—we are only two—but a sudden attack from men of resolution will do much—follow me!"

"Whither?—and for what purpose?" said the Jester.

"To rescue Gedric."

"But you have reckoned his service lost now," said Wamba.

"That," said Guth, "was but while he was fortunate—follow me!"

As the Jester was about to obey, a third person suddenly made his appearance, and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have conjectured him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but, besides that he wore no mask, the glittering halberd across his shoulder, with the rich bugle-horn which it supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, notwithstanding the twilight, recognise Lookley the potman, who had been victorious, under such disadvantageous circumstances, in the contest for the prize of valour.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said he, "or who is it that rifle, and ransack, and make prisoners in these forests?"

"You may look at their cocoons close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no—for they are as like thine own, as one green peacock is to another."

"I will learn that presently," answered Lookley; "and I charge ye, on peril of your lives, not to stir from the place where ye stand, until I have returned. Obey me, and it shall be the better for you and your masters.—Yet stay, I must render myself as like these men as possible."

So saying, he unstruck his halberd with the bugle, took a halberd from his cup, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a vessel from his pouch, and repeating his charges to them to stand fast, went to execute his purposes of reconnoitring.

"Shall we stand fast, Guth?" said Wamba; "or shall we

o'm give him hog-bell? Is my foolish mind, he had all the equippage of a thief too much in readiness to be himself a true man."

"Let him be the devil," said Garth, "as he will. We can be no worse of waiting his return. If he belong to that party, he must already have given them the alarm, and it will avail nothing either to fight or to fly. Besides, I have late experience, that worst thieves are not the worst men in the world to have to deal with."

The yeoman returned in the course of a few minutes.

"Friend Garth," he said, "I have relingied among yow men, and have learned to whom they belong, and whether they are bound. There is, I think, no chance that they will proceed to any actual violence against their prisoners. For three men to attempt them at this moment were little else than madness; for they are good men of war, and have, as such, placed sentinels to give the alarm when any one approaches. But I trust soon to gather such a force as may act in defence of all their pretensions; you are both servants, and, as I think, faithful servants, of Cedric the Runic, the friend of the rights of Englishmen: He shall not want English hands to help him in this extremity. Come, then, with me, until I gather more aid."

So saying, he walked through the wood at a great pace, followed by the jester and the wheelbarrow. It was not consistent with Warden's humour to travel long in silence.

"I think," said he, looking at the halibut and bagle which he still carried, "that I saw the arrow shot which won this gay prize, and that not so long since as Christmas."

"And I," said Garth, "could take it on my halibut, that I have heard the voice of the good yeoman who won it, by night as well as by day, and that the moon is not three days older since I did so."

"Mine honest friend," replied the yeoman, "who or what I am, is little to the present purpose; should I lose your master, you will have reason to think me the best friend you have ever had in your lives. And whether I am known by one name or another—or whether I can drive a horse as well as better than a cowherd, or whether it is my pleasure to walk in sunshine or by moonlight, are matters which, as they do not concern you, as neither need ye busy yourselves repeating them."



"Our heads are in the Roach's mouth," said Wamba, in a whisper to Gorth, "get them out how we can."

"Hush—to silence," said Gorth. "Offend him not by thy folly, and I trust sincerely that all will go well."

## CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

When autumn nights were long and dark,  
And forest walls were dark and dim,  
How ready on the pilgrim's ear  
Was wont to steal the heron's hymn!

Devotion hovers Mabel's brow,  
And Mabel looks Bertram's way;  
And, like the bird that hails the eve,  
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.  
THE HUNTER OF THE CHAMBER'S WILL.

It was after three hours' good walking that the servants of Odris, with their mysterious guide, arrived at a small opening in the forest, in the centre of which grew an oak-tree of enormous magnitude, throwing its twisted branches in every direction. Beneath this tree four or five persons lay stretched on the ground, while another, as sentinel, walked to and fro in the moonlight shade.

Upon hearing the sound of feet approaching, the watch instantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers as suddenly started up and bent their bows. Six arrows placed on the string were pointed towards the quarter from which the travellers approached, when their guide, being recognised, was welcomed with every token of respect and attachment, and all signs and fears of a rough reception at once subsided.

"Where is the Miller?" was his first question.

"On the road towards Kothertana."

"With how many?" demanded the leader, for such he seemed to be.

"With six men, and good hope of booty, if it please Saint Nicholas."

"Discreetly spoken," said Ludolet; "and where is Almon-Dale?"

"Walked up towards the Walling Street, to watch for the Prior of Foreville."

"That is well thought on also," replied the captain;—"and where is the Prior?"

"In his cell."

"To-day will I go," said Lookalop. "Disperse and seek your companions. Collect what force you can, for to-morrow's attack that must be hurried hard, and will turn to hay. Meet me here by daybreak.—And stay," he added, "I have forgotten what is most necessary of the whole—Two of you take the road quickly towards Turpinstone, the Castle of Front-de-Roy. A set of gallants, who have been masquerading in such guises as our own, are carrying a band of prisoners thither—Watch them closely, for, even if they reach the castle before we collect our force, our honour is concerned to punish them, and we will find means to do so. Keep a close watch on them, therefore; and dispatch one of your comrades, the lightest of foot, to bring the news of the prison thitherabout."

They promised implicit obedience, and departed with alacrity on their different errands. In the meanwhile, their leader and his two companions, who now looked upon him with great respect, as well as some fear, pursued their way to the chapel of Copemaster.

When they had reached the little moonlight glade, having in front the reverend, though ruinous chapel, and the rude hermitage, so well suited to ascetic devotion, Wanda whispered to Outh, "If this be the habitation of a thief, it makes good the old proverb, The nearer the church the farther from God.—And, by my cockenuth," he added, "I think it be even so.—Hark! but to the black masses which they are singing in the hermitage!"

In fact the anchorite and his guest were performing, at the full extent of their very powerful lungs, an old drinking-song, of which this was the burden:

"Come, tread the heavy load to me,

Bully boy, bully boy,

Come, tread the heavy load to me:

Ho! jolly Anker, I spy a leaver in drinking,

Come, tread the heavy load to me."

"Now, that is not ill sung," said Wanda, who had thrown in a few of his own flourishes to help out the chorus. "But

who, in the night's name, ever expected to have heard such a jolly cheer come from out a hermit's cell at midnight?"

"Narry, that should I," said Gorth, "for the jolly Clerk of Copmanshurst is a known man, and fills half the door that are seldom in this walk. Men say that the keeper has complained to his official, and that he will be stripped of his coat and cope altogether, if he keep not better order."

"While they were thus speaking, Looksey's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the anchoress and his guest. "By my head," said the hermit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here comes more brightened guests. I would not for my soul that they found us in this poorly exercise. All men have their exercises, good Sir Shagpard; and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable retirement which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer darkness and delinquency, vice alike alien to my profession and my disposition."

"Bless reformations!" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, Holy Clerk, it is true that all have their exercises; and there be those in this very hall whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my cell than hereof."

"One thing has got on thy head, then, friend Shagpard, as quickly as thy nature will permit," said the hermit, "while I remove those pewter flasks, whose late contents ran strongly in mine own veins; and to drive the clutter—for, in faith, I feel somewhat unsteady—strike into the tank which thou hastest me sing; it is no matter for the words—I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis* demand, under cover of which he removed the apparatus of their banquet; while the knight, laughing heartily, and warming himself all the while, selected his host with his voice from time to time as his mirth permitted.

"What devil's machine are you after at this hour?" said a voice from without.

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveller!" said the hermit, whose own noise, and perhaps his westered petitions, prevented from recognizing accents which were tolerably familiar to him—"Wend on your way, in the name of God and Saint Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, "open to Locksley!"

"All's safe—all's right," said the hermit to his companion.

"But who is he?" said the Black Knight; "it imports me much to know."

"Who is he?" answered the hermit; "I tell thee he is a friend."

"But what friend?" answered the knight; "for he may be friend to thee and none of mine."

"What friend?" replied the hermit; "that, now, is one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered. What friend?—why, he is, now that I bestirrk me a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since."

"Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a pious hermit," replied the knight, "I doubt it not. But unde the door to him before he lost it from its hinges."

The dogs, in the meantime, which had made a dreadful baying at the commencement of the disturbance, seemed now to recognise the voice of him who stood without; for, totally changing their manner, they scratched and whined at the door, as if interceding for his admission. The hermit speedily unlocked his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the yeoman's first question as soon as he beheld the knight, "what have companions hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the friar, shaking his head; "we have been at our orisons all night."

"He is a monk of the church militant, I think," answered Locksley; and there he more of them abroad. I tell thee, friar, thou must lay down the crosier and take up the quarter-staff; we shall need every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman.—But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know! Hast thou forgot our articles?"

"Not know him?" replied the friar, boldly; "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Rumboldston—as if I would drink with a man, and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, friar," said the woodman, "and, I fear, peating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, coming forward, "be not wroth with my sorry host. He did but offend me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Then counsel!" said the friar; "wait but till I have changed this grey gown for a green one, and if I make not a quarterstaff ring twelve upon thy pale, I am neither true clerk nor good woodman."

While he spoke thus, he stripped off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he quickly did on a smock of green, and hose of the same colour. "I pray thee trust my points," said he to Wamba; "and thou shalt have a cup of sack for thy labour."

"Gracious for thy sack," said Wamba; "but think'st thou it is lawful for me to aid you to transgress thyself from a holy hermit into a sinful forger?"

"Never fear," said the hermit; "I will but confuse the shew of my green cloak to my grey friar's flock, and all shall be well again."

"Amen!" answered the Jester; "a brachleth postulant should have a smockcloth confession, and your flock may shadow my smocky doublet into the bargain."

So saying, he accommodated the friar with his assistance in tying the endless number of points, as the laces which attached the hose to the doublet were then termed.

While they were thus employed, Locksley led the knight a little apart, and addressed him thus:—"Dost it not, Sir Knight—you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby."

"And what follows, if you guess truly, good yeoman?" replied the knight.

"I should in that case hold you," replied the yeoman, "a friend to the weaker party."

"Such is the duty of a true knight at least," replied the Black Champion; "and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me."

"But for my purpose," said the yeoman, "that should be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for that which I have to speak of concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest

man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England."

"You can speak to no one," replied the knight, "to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me."

"I would willingly believe so," said the woodman, "for never had this country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, in which, if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayest take an honourable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Cedric the Sore, together with his ward, and his friend, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest, called Tormentor. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight; "but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?"

"I am," said the forester, "a nameless man; but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends.—With the consent of me you want for the present remains satisfied, the more especially since you yourself desire to continue unknown. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as inviolate as if I were golden square."

"I willingly believe it," said the knight; "I have been accustomed to study man's weaknesses, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will, therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom those oppressed captives; which done, I trust we shall part better acquainted, and well satisfied with each other."

"So," said Wamba to Gurth, —for the first being now fully equipped, the Jester, having approached to the other side of the hut, had heard the conclusion of the conversation,— "So, we have got a new ally!—I trust the valour of the knight will be truer metal than the religion of the hermit, or the honesty of the yeoman; for this Locksley looks like a born doer-strake, and the priest like a lusty hypocrite."

"Hold thy peace, Wamba," said Gurth; "it may all be as thou dost guess; but were the harvest devil to rise and proffer me his assistance to set at liberty Cedric and the Lady Rowena,

"I fear I should hardly have religion enough to refuse the foul devil's offer, and bid him get behind me."

The friar was now completely converted to a yeoman, with sword and buckles, bow and quiver, and a strong partizan over his shoulder. He left his cell at the head of the party, and, having carefully looked the door, deposited the boy under the threshold.

"Art thou in condition to do good service, friar?" said Locksley; "or does the brown bowl still run in thy head?"

"Not more than a draught of Saint Dunstan's fountain will stay," answered the priest; "something there is of a whining in my brain, and of instability in my legs, but you shall presently see both pass away."

So saying, he stepped to the stone basin, in which the waters of the fountain as they fell formed bubbles which danced in the white moonlight, and took so long a draught as if he had meant to exhaust the spring.

"When didst thou drink as deep a draught of water before, Holy Clerk of Copmansdon?" said the Black Knight.

"Never since my wine-butt leaked, and let out its liquor by an illegal vent," replied the friar, "and so left me nothing to drink but my patron's honesty here."

Then plunging his hands and head into the fountain, he washed from them all marks of the midnight revel.

Then refreshed and sobered, the jolly priest twisted his heavy partizan round his head with three fingers, as if he had been holding a reed, exclaiming, at the same time, "Where be those false sorcerers, who carry off wenchdom against their will? May the first devil fly off with me, if I am not man enough for a dozen of them!"

"Sweetest thou, Holy Clerk!" said the Black Knight.

"Clerk me no clerks," replied the transformed priest; "by Saint George and the Dragon, I am no longer a shuffling thief while my trick is on my back—When I am cased in my green smock, I will drink, swear, and woo a lass, with any little forger in the West Riding."

"Come on, Jack Priest," said Locksley, "and be silent: thou art as noisy as a whale carried on a holy oar, when the Father Abbot has gone to bed.—Come on you, too, my masters; tarry not to talk of it—I say, come on, we must collect all our forces,

and few enough we shall have, if we are to storm the Castle of Englehill Front-de-Bœuf."

"What! is it Front-de-Bœuf," said the Black Knight, "who has stopped on the king's highway the king's liege subjects?—Is he turned thief and oppressor?"

"Oppressor he ever was," said Locksley.

"And for thief," said the priest, "I doubt if ever he were even half so honest a man as many a thief of my acquaintance."

"Move on, priest, and be silent," said the yeoman; "it were better you led the way to the place of rendezvous, than say what should be left unsaid, both to decency and prudence."

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

Alas, how many hours and years have past'd  
Since human forms have round this table sat,  
Or leapt, or lay, on its majestic gleam'd!  
Methinks, I hear the murmur of their long past  
Still murmuring o'er us, in the lofty vault  
Of those dark arches, like the long ring voices  
Of those who long within their graves have slept.

CHAM, A TEMPLAR.

WHILE these measures were taking in behalf of Cedric and his companions, the armed men by whom the latter had been seized, hurried their captives along towards the place of security, where they intended to imprison them. But darkness came on fast, and the paths of the wood seemed but imperfectly known to the men-at-arms. They were compelled to make several long halts, and once or twice to return on their road to reverse the direction which they wished to pursue. The summer moon had damped upon them ere they could travel in full assurance that they held the right path. But confidence returned with light, and the cavaliers now moved rapidly forward. Meanwhile, the following dialogue took place between the two leaders of the banditti:—

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Templar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second part of the mystery. Thus art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."



"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy; "I will not leave them till the price is fully deposited in Front-de-Bœuf's castle. There will I appear before the Lady Isverne, in mine own shape, and trust that she will set down to the vehemence of my passion the violence of which I have been guilty."

"And what has made thee change thy plan, De Bracy?" replied the Knight Templar.

"That concerns thee nothing," answered his companion.

"I would hope, however, Sir Knight," said the Templar, "that this alteration of measures stems from no suspicion of my honorable meaning, such as Fitzurse endeavored to instill into thee?"

"My thoughts are my own," answered De Bracy; "the fiend laughs, they say, when one thief robs another; and we know, that were he to spit fire and brimstone instead, it would never prevent a Templar from following his bent."

"On the leader of a Free Company," answered the Templar, "from dwelling, at the hands of a coward and friend, the injustice he does to all mankind."

"This is unprofitable and perfidious recrimination," answered De Bracy; " suffice it to say, I know the morals of the Temple Order, and I will not give thee the power of cheating me out of the fair prey for which I have run such risks."

"Folks!" replied the Templar, "what hast thou to fear!—Thou knowest the vows of our order."

"Right well," said De Bracy, "and also how they are kept. Come, Sir Templar, the laws of gallantry have a liberal interpretation in Fikeshire, and this is a case in which I will trust nothing to your conscience."

"Hear the truth, then," said the Templar; "I care not for your blue-eyed beauty. There is in that train one who will make me a better man."

"What! wouldst thou stoop to the waiting damsel?" said De Bracy.

"No, Sir Knight," said the Templar, haughtily. "To the waiting-woman will I not stoop. I have a prize among the captives as lovely as thine own."

"By the mass, thou meanest the fair Jewess!" said De Bracy.

"And if I do," said Bois-Guilbert, "who shall gainsay me?"

"No one that I know," said De Bracy, "unless it be your

use of collary, or a check of conscience for an intrigue with a Jewess."

"For my vow," said the Templar, "our Grand Master hath granted me a dispensation. And for my conscience, a man that has slain three hundred Saracens, need not reckon up every little falling, like a village girl at her first confusion upon Good Friday eve."

"Then knowest best thine own privilege," said De Bracy. "Yet, I would have sworn thy thoughts had been more on the old master's money-bags, than on the black eyes of the daughter."

"I can achieve both," answered the Templar; "besides, the old Jew is but half-price. I must share his spoils with Front-de-Bœuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. I must have something that I can term exclusively my own by this sort of war, and I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my peculiar prize. But, now thou knowest my drift, thou wilt surely think over my original plan, wilt thou not?—Thou hast nothing, thou must, to bar from my intention."

"No," replied De Bracy, "I will remain beside my prize. What thou sayest is passing true; but I like not the privilege acquired by the dispensation of the Grand Master, and the merit acquired by the slaughter of three hundred Saracens. You have too good a right to a free pardon, to render you very scrupulous about penitences."

While this dialogue was proceeding, Colric was endeavouring to wring out of those who guarded him as several of their character and purpose. "You should be Englishmen," said he; "and yet, sacred Heaven! you pray upon your countrymen as if you were very Normans. You should be my neighbours, and, if so, my friends; for which of my English neighbours have reason to be otherwise? I tell ye, yemen, that even those among ye who have been branded with malherby have had from me protection; for I have piled their miseries, and eased the oppression of their tyrannical nobles. What, then, would you have of me! or in what can this violence serve ye!—Ye are worse than brute beasts in your actions, and will ye initiate them in their very darkness?"

It was in vain that Colric expostulated with his guards, who had too many good reasons for their silence to be induced to look it either by his wrath or his expostulations. They con-

dined to hurry him along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arose Turpinstone, now the heavy and ancient castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height, which were encircled by an inner courtyard. Around the exterior wall was a deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring rivulet. Front-de-Bœuf, whose character placed him often at feud with his ancestors, had made considerable additions to the strength of his castle, by building towers upon the outward wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The moat, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched labyrinth, or network, which was terminated and defended by a small ward of each corner.

Cobbe no sooner saw the towers of Front-de-Bœuf's castle rise their gay and many-grown battlements, glistening in the morning sun, above the woods by which they were surrounded, than he instantly ascertained more truly concerning the cause of his misfortune.

"I did injustice," he said, "to the thieves and outlaws of those woods, when I supposed each banditti to belong to their lands; I might as justly have confounded the faces of those lads with the ravens of France. Tell me, dogs—is it my life or my wealth that your master aims at! Is it too much that two Saxons, myself and the noble Athelstane, should hold land in the country which was once the patrimony of our race?—Put us, then, to death, and complete your tyranny by taking our lives, as you began with our liberties. If the Saxon Cobbe cannot rescue England, he is willing to die for her. Tell your tyrannical master, I do only beseech him to disrobe the Lady Rowena of honour and safety. She is a woman, and he need not dread her; and with us will die all who dare fight in her cause."

The attendants remained as mute as to this address as to the former, and they now stood before the gate of the castle. The Envy winded his horn three times, and the archers and cross-bow men, who had manned the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge and admit them. The prisoners were compelled by their guards to alight, and were conducted to an apartment where a hasty repast was offered them, of which none but Athelstane felt any inclination to

partake. Neither had the descendant of the Confessor much time to do justice to the good cheer placed before them, for their guards gave him and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain; and they were compelled to follow to a large room, which, rising on clumsy Saxon pillars, resembled those refectories and chapter-houses which may be still seen in the most ancient parts of our most ancient monasteries.

The Lady Rowena was next separated from her train, and conducted, with courtesy indeed, but still without assuaging her indignation, to a distant apartment. The same showing distinction was conferred on Ekebon, in spite of her father's attraction, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "None undertake," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy lord, thou wilt not wish thy daughter to partake it." And without further discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners. The daughter, after being carefully searched and chained, was confined in another part of the castle; and Rowena was refused even the comfort she might have derived from the attendance of her handmaiden Elgitha.

The apartment in which the Saxons chiefly were confined,—for to them we turn our first attention,—although at present used as a sort of guard-room, had formerly been the great hall of the castle. It was now abandoned to menial purposes, because the present lord, among other additions to the convenience, security, and beauty of his baronial residence, had erected a new and noble hall, whose vaulted roof was supported by lighter and more elegant pillars, and fitted up with that higher degree of ornament, which the Normans had already introduced into architecture.

Cedric paced the apartment, filled with indignant reflections on the past and on the present, while the spiky of his companion served, instead of justice and philosophy, to defend him against everything were the inconveniences of the present moment; and so little did he feel even this last, that he was only from time to time roused to a reply by Cedric's animated and impassioned appeal to him.

"Yes," said Cedric, half speaking to himself, and half addressing himself to Athelstan, "it was in this very hall that

my father feasted with Torquil Waldinger, when he entertained the valiant and indefatigable Harold, then advancing against the Norwegians, who had united themselves to the rebel Tosti. It was in this hall that Harold returned the magnificent messenger to the ambassador of his rebel brother. Oh! have I loved my father's hall as he told the tale. The survey of Tosti was admitted, when this ample room could scarce contain the crowd of noble Danish leaders, who were quelling the blood-red wine around their monarch."

"I hope," said Athelstan, somewhat moved by this part of his friend's discourse, "they will not forget to send us some wine and refectious at noon—we had scarce a breakfast-space allowed to break our fast, and I never have the benefit of my food when I eat immediately after dismounting from horseback, though the kitchen recommended that practice."

Cedric went on with his story without noticing this interjectional observation of his friend.

"The survey of Tosti," he said, "moved up the hall, well-aided by the frowning countenances of all around him, until he made his obsequious bow before the throne of King Harold.

"'What terms,' he said, 'Lord King, hath thy brother Tosti to hope, if he should lay down his arms, and move peace at thy hands?'

"'A brother's love,' cried the generous Harold, 'and the fair cushions of Northumbria!'

"'But should Tosti accept these terms,' continued the envoy, 'what lands shall be assigned to his faithful ally, Harthilda, King of Norway?'

"'Seven feet of English ground,' answered Harold, slowly, 'as, as Harthilda is said to be a giant, perhaps we may allow him twelve inches more.'

"The hall rung with exclamations, and cry and horn was filled to the Norwegians, who should be speedily in possession of his English territory."

"I could have pledged him with all my soul," said Athelstan, "for my tongue serves to my palate."

"The baffled envoy," continued Cedric, pausing with animation his tale, though it interested not the listener, "retreated to carry Tosti and his ally the outrageous answer of his injured brother. It was then that the distant towers of York, and the

bloody streams of the Derwent,\* behold that dreadful conflict, in which, after displaying the most undaunted valour, the King of Norway and Tofti both fell, with ten thousand of their bravest followers. Who would have thought that upon the proud day when this battle was won, the very gale which waved the Saxon banners in triumph was filling the Norman sails, and impelling them to the fatal shores of Saxony?—Who would have thought that Harold, within a few brief days, would himself pass on more of his kingdom than the share which he allotted to his wretch to the Norwegian invader?—Who would have thought that you, noble Athelstane—that you, descended of Harold's blood, and that I, whose father was not the worst defender of the Saxon crown, should be prisoners to a vile Norman, in the very hall in which our ancestors held such high festival?

"It is sad enough," replied Athelstane; "but I trust they will hold us to a moderate ransom.—As my wife it cannot be their purpose to starve us outright; and yet, although it is high noon, I see no preparations for serving dinner. Look up at the window, noble Cedric, and judge by the sunbeams if it is not on the verge of noon."

"It may be so," answered Cedric; "but I cannot look on that stained lattice without its awakening other reflections than those which concern the passing moment, or its privations. When that window was wrought, my noble friend, our happy fathers knew not the art of making glass, or of staining it.—The pride of Welfinger's father brought an artist from Normandy to adorn his hall with this new species of embellishment that broke the golden light of God's blessed day into so many fantastic hues. The foreigner came here poor, beggared, cringing, and subservient, ready to doff his cap to the meanest native of the household. He returned, purposed and proud, to tell his rapacious countrymen of the wealth and the simplicity of the Saxon nobles—a silly, O Athelstane, frothboded of old, as well as France, by those descendants of Hengist and his hardy tribes, who retained the simplicity of their manners. We made these strangers our bosom friends, our confidential servants; we borrowed their artists and their arts, and despised the honest simplicity and hardihood with which our brave ancestors supported themselves, and we became corrupted by Norman arts long ere we fell under Norman arms. For better was our

\* Note E. Battle of Stamford.

heavily diet, eaten in peace and liberty, than the luxurious dieting, the love of which hath delivered us as bondsmen to the foreign conqueror!"

"I should," replied Atholstone, "hold very heavily diet a luxury at present; and it astonishes me, noble Godric, that you can bear so truly in mind the memory of past deeds, when it appaereth you forget the very hour of dinner."

"It is true last," muttered Godric, apart and impatiently, "to speak to him of suchs else but that which concerns his appetite! The soul of Haselwaste hath taken possession of him, and he hath no pleasure save to fill, to swell, and to roll for more.—Alas!" said he, looking at Atholstone with compassion, "that so dull a spirit should be lodged in so goodly a form! Alas! that such an enterprise as the regeneration of England should turn on a hinge so imperfect! Woe! to Rowena, indeed, her noble and more generous and may yet awake the better nature which is torpid within him. Yet how should this be, while Rowena, Atholstone, and I myself, remain the prisoners of this brutal monster, and have been made so perhaps from a sense of the danger which our liberty might bring to the sacred power of his nation?"

While the Baron was plunged in these painful reflections, the door of their prison opened, and gave entrance to a steward, holding his white rod of office. This important person advanced into the chamber with a graceful pace, followed by four attendants, bearing in a table covered with dishes, the sight and smell of which seemed to be an instant compensation to Atholstone for all the inconveniences he had undergone. The persons who attended on the food were masked and cloaked.

"What necessary is this?" said Godric; "think you that we are ignorant whose prisoners we are, when we are in the castle of your master? Tell him," he continued, willing to use this opportunity to open a negotiation for his freedom—"Tell your master, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, that we have no reason he can have for withholding our liberty, excepting his uncharitable desire to enrich himself at our expense. Tell him that we yield to his rapacity, as in similar circumstances we should do to that of a brutal robber. Let him name the reasons at which he rates our liberty, and it shall be paid, providing the extortion is suited to our means."

The steward made no answer, but bowed his head.

"And tell Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said Athelstan, "that I send him my mortal defiance, and challenge him to combat with me on foot or horseback, at any secure place within eight days after our liberation; which, if he be a true knight, he will not, under these circumstances, venture to refuse or to delay."

"I shall deliver to the knight your defiance," answered the squire; "nevertheless I leave you to your foe."

The challenge of Athelstan was delivered with no good grace; for a large morsel, which required the exercise of both jaws at once, added to a natural hesitation, considerably damaged the effect of the bold defiance it contained. Still, however, his speech was hailed by Cadric as an incontestable token of reviving spirit in his companion, whose previous indifference had begun, notwithstanding his respect for Athelstan's descent, to wear out his patience. But he now cordially shook hands with him in token of his approbation, and was somewhat pained when Athelstan observed, "that he would fight a dozen such men as Front-de-Bœuf, if, by so doing, he could hasten his departure from a dungeon where they put so much garlic into their porridge." Notwithstanding this intimation of a relapse into the apathy of scornfulness, Cadric placed himself opposite to Athelstan, and soon showed, that if the distance of his country could banish the recollection of food while the table was uncovered, yet no sooner were the victuals put there, than he proved that the appetite of his Saxon ancestors had descended to him along with their other qualities.

The captives had not long enjoyed their refreshment, however, ere their attention was distracted even from this most serious occupation by the blast of a horn winded before the gate. It was repeated three times, with as much violence as if it had been blown before an enchanted castle by the deceased knight, at whose enormous helm and terrors, harlequin and burlesque, were so roll off like a morning vapour. The Saxons started from the table and hastened to the window. But their curiosity was disappointed; for there outside only looked upon the court of the castle, and the sound came from beyond its precincts. The Saxons, however, seemed of importance, for a considerable degree of bustle instantly took place in the Castle.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

*My daughter—O my daughter—O my daughter!*

*———O my Christian daughter!*

*Justice—the law—the church, and I my daughter!*

MARGARET OF YORK.

Leaving the Baron chieft to return to their banquet as soon as their unquenchable curiosity should permit them to attend to the calls of their half-satiated appetite, we have to look in upon the yet more woe-stricken imprisonment of Ismael of York. The poor Jew had been hastily thrown into a dungeon-rack of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was reached through one or two loop-holes far above the reach of the captive's head. These apertures admitted, even at mid-day, only a dim and uncertain light, which was changed for utter darkness long before the rest of the castle had lost the blessing of day. Chains and shackles, which had been the portion of former captives, from whom active exertions to escape had been apprehended, being rusted and empty on the walls of the prison, and in the rings of one of these sets of fetters there remained two mouldering bones, which seemed to have been once those of the human leg, as if the prisoner had been left, not only to perish there, but to be consumed to a skeleton.

At one end of this ghastly apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some tattered iron bars, half devoured with rust.

The whole appearance of the dungeon might have appalled a stouter heart than that of Ismael, who, nevertheless, was more composed under the imminent pressure of danger, than he had seemed to be while affected by terrors of which the cause was as yet remote and contingent. The lovers of the chase say that the hare feels more agone during the pursuit of the grey-hounds than when she is struggling in their clasp.\* And thus it is probable, that the Jew, by the very frequency of their fear on all occasions, had their minds in some degree prepared for every effect of tyranny which could be practised upon them;

\* *Fine Hunt.*—We by no means warrant the accuracy of this piece of natural history, which we give on the authority of the *Warblers* III.—L. T.

as that no aggression, when it had taken place, could bring with it that surprise which is the most disabling quality of war. Neither was it the first time that Isaac had been placed in circumstances so dangerous. He had, therefore, experience to guide him, as well as hope, that he might again, as formerly, be delivered as a prey from the hands. Above all, he had upon his side the unyielding obstinacy of his nation, and that unshaken resolution, with which Israelites have been frequently known to submit to the uttermost evils which power and violence can inflict upon them, rather than gratify their oppressors by granting their demands.

In this humour of passive resistance, and with his garment collected beneath him to keep his hands from the wet pavement, Isaac sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his blood hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his tattered cloak, and high cap, seen by the wry and haggard light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, had that celebrated painter existed at the period. The Jew remained without altering his position for nearly three hours, at the expiry of which steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn—the hinges creaked as the window opened, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

Front-de-Bœuf, a tall and strong man, whose life had been spent in public war or in private feuds and broils, and who had cultivated at no means of extending his feudal power, had features corresponding to his character, and which strongly expressed the fiercer and more malignant passions of the mind. The scars with which his visage was marked, would, on features of a different cast, have excited the sympathy and veneration due to the marks of honourable valor; but, in the peculiar case of Front-de-Bœuf, they only added to the ferocity of his countenance, and to the dread which his presence inspired. This formidable baron was clad in a leathern doublet, studded close to his body, which was frayed and soiled with the stains of his armour. He had no weapon, excepting a pikestaff at his belt, which served to counterbalance the weight of the bunch of rusty keys that hung at his right side.

The black slaves who attended Front-de-Bœuf were stripped of their gorgeous apparel, and attired in jockins and trousers of coarse linen, their sleeves being tucked up above the elbow, like

those of henchmen when about to exercise their functions in the slaughter-house. Each had in his hand a small pistol; and when they entered the dungeon, they stopped at the door until Front-de-Bœuf himself carefully locked and double-locked it. Having taken this precaution, he advanced slowly up the apartment towards the Jew, upon whom he kept his eye fixed, as if he wished to paralyze him with his glance, as some animals are said to fascinate their prey. It seemed, indeed, as if the cold and malignant eye of Front-de-Bœuf possessed some portion of that supposed power over his unfortunate prisoner. The Jew sat with his mouth agape, and his eyes fixed on the savage faces with such consciousness of terror, that his limbs seemed literally to stick together, and to diminish in size while encountering the fierce Norman's fixed and baleful gaze. The unhappy Isaac was deprived not only of the power of rising to make the obeisance which his terror dictated, but he could not even clasp his cap, or utter any word of supplication; so strongly was he agitated by the conviction that torture and death were impending over him.

On the other hand, the stately form of the Norman appeared to dilate in magnitude, like that of the eagle, which ruffles up its plumage when about to pounce on its defenceless prey. He passed within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, coiled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for one of the slaves to approach. The black satellite came forward accordingly, and, producing from his bosom a large pair of scales and several weights, he held them at the foot of Front-de-Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance at which his companion had already taken his station.

The motions of these men were slow and solemn, as if there impended over their souls some premonition of horror and of cruelty. Front-de-Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive:—

"Must scoured dog of an accursed race," he said, awakening with his deep and solemn voice the solemn echoes of his dungeon walls, "scout thou those scales?"

The unhappy Jew returned a feeble affirmative.

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out," said the silent Dixon, "a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Alshoon!" returned the Jew, finding voice through the very extremity of his danger, "hast thou ever such a demand!—Who ever heard, even in a sainted's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver!—What human sight was ever blessed with the vision of such a mass of treasure!—Not within the walls of York, nor such my house and that of all my tribe, with thee find the title of that huge sum of silver that thou speakest of."

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if silver be weak, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbettering success from such punishment as thy heart has never even conceived."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old and poor and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me—it is a poor deed to crush a worm."

"Old thou mayest be," replied the knight; "none shame to shake fully who have suffered thee to grow grey in weary and knavery—Pardon thee mayest be, for whom had a Jew either heart or hand!—But rich it is well known thou art."

"I swear to you, noble knight," said the Jew, "by all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common"—

"Prepare not thyself," said the Norman, interrupting him, "and let not thine obstinacy seal thy doom, until thou hast seen and well considered the fate that awaits thee. Think not I speak to thee only to excite thy terror, and practice on the base credulities thou hast derived from thy tribe. I swear to thee by that which thou dost ever believe, by the gospel which our Church teaches, and by the boys which are given her to lead and to lose, that my purpose is deep and peremptory. This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners ten thousand times more distinguished than thou hast died within these walls, and their fate hath never been known! But for thee is reserved a long and lingering death, in which torture were luxury."

He again made a signal for the slaves to approach, and spoke to them apart, in their own language; for he also had been in Palestine, where, perhaps, he had learnt his lessons of cruelty. The Saracens produced from their baskets a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel, the other deposited the charcoal in the large rusty grate which we have already mentioned, and cranked the bellows until the fuel came to a red glow.

"Scout them, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal!"—on that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One of those flames shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall smelt thy writhed limbs with all, lest the roast should burn.—Now choose between such a smouldering bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver; for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option."

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty!"

"Trust not to that, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "it were a fatal error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a town sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by flood, and by fire, will blinch from my purpose for the detestation or sarcasm of one single wretched Jew!—or thinkest thou that those swartthy slaves, who have neither law, country, nor conscience, but their master's will—who are the poison, or the stake, or the postard, or the cord, at his slightest wish—thinkest thou that they will have mercy, who do not even understand the language in which it is asked!—Be wise, old man; discharge thyself of a portion of thy superfluous wealth; repay in the hands of a Christian a part of what thou hast acquired by the wrong thou hast practised on those of his religion. Thy coming may save, swell, or cure some thy starved pangs, but neither loath nor medicine can restore thy scorched hide and flesh wert thou once stretched on those bars. Tell down thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such rate thou hast redeemed thee from a dragon, the secrets of which few have returned to tell. I waste no more words with thee—choose between thy dress and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choicest, so shall it be."

"So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of our people assist me," said Isaac, "I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your voracious demand!"

"Take him and strip him, slaves," said the knight, "and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

The assistants, taking their directions more from the baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, once more stopped forward,

\* *Reis F. Turturro on the Rack.*

held hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, waited the hard-hearted Isaac's further signal. The unhappy Jew opened their countenances and that of Front-de-Bœuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting; but that of the Baron exhibited the same cold, half-closed, half-carnivorous smile which had been the prelude to his cruelty; and the savage eyes of the Samozens, rolling gleefully under their dark brows, acquiring a yet more sinister expression by the whiteness of the circle which surrounded the pupil, evinced rather the secret pleasure which they expected from the approaching scene, than any reluctance to be its directors or agents. The Jew then looked at the glowing furnace over which he was presently to be stretched, and, seeing no chance of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way.

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of silver—That is," he added after a moment's pause, "I will pay it with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so untold of a sum.—When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "here it must be delivered—weighed it must be—weighed and told down on this very dangerous floor.—Thinkest thou I will part with thee until thy ransom is secure?"

"And what is to be my surety," said the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?"

"The word of a Norman noble, thou pawnbroking slave," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "the faith of a Norman nobleman, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe."

"I crave pardon, noble lord," said Isaac, timidly, "but wherefore should I rely wholly on the word of one who will treat nothing to mine?"

"Because thou canst not help it, Jew," said the knight, sternly. "Wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, and wert I craving a loan of thy shakels, it would be thine to dictate the time of payment, and the pledge of security. This is my treasure-chamber. Here I have thee at advantage, nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I grant thee liberty."

The Jew groaned deeply.—"Grant me," he said, "at least, with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel. They scorned me as a Jew, yet they piled my dedication, and because they tarried to aid me by the way, a share of

my evil luck come upon them; moreover, they may contribute in some sort to my reason."

"If thou meanest yonder Saxons' death," said Front-de-Bœuf, "their reason will depend upon other terms than thine. Mind thine own conscience, Jew, I warn thee, and meddle not with those of others."

"I am, then," said Isaac, "only to be set at liberty, together with mine wounded friend?"

"Shall I twice recommend it," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to a son of Israel, to meddle with his own conscience, and leave those of others alone?—Since thou hast made thy choice, it remains but that thou payest down thy ransom, and that at a short day."

"Yet hear me," said the Jew—"for the sake of that very wealth which thou wouldst obtain at the expense of thy"—Here he stopped short, afraid of irritating the savage Norman. But Front-de-Bœuf only laughed, and himself filled up the blank at which the Jew had hesitated. "At the expense of my conscience, thou wouldst say, Isaac; speak it out—I tell thee, I am reasonable. I can bear the reproaches of a lion, even when that lion is a Jew. Thou wert not so pitiful, Isaac, when thou didst invoke justice against Jacques Fitz-dottored, for calling thee a vicious blood-sucker, when thy exactions had despoiled his patrimony."

"I swear by the Talmud," said the Jew, "that your valor has been aided in that matter. Fitzdottored drew his pistol upon me in mine own chamber, because I craved him for mine own silver. The terms of payment was due at the Passover."

"I care not what he did," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the question is, when shall I have mine own?—when shall I have the debt, Isaac?"

"Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York," answered Isaac, "with your safe-conduct, noble knight, and as soon as man and horse can return, the treasure"—Here he groaned deeply, but added, after the pause of a few seconds,—"the treasure shall be told down on this very floor."

"Thy daughter?" said Front-de-Bœuf, as if surprised,—  
"By heavens, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I deemed that yonder black-browed girl had been thy companion, and I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old who set us in these matters a wholesome example."

The yell which Isaac raised at this unforging commutation, made the very vault to ring, and astounded the two Saracens so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He availed himself of his enlargement to throw himself on the pavement, and clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said he, "Sir Knight—take ten times more—condemn me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—say, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me on that furnace, but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honour!—As thou art born of woman, spare the honour of a helpless maiden—She is the image of my deceased Rachel, she is the last of six pledges of her love—Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort!—Will you refuse a father to wish that his only living child were laid beside her dead mother, in the tomb of our fathers?"

"I would," said the Norman, somewhat relenting, "that I had known of this before. I thought your race had loved nothing save their money-bags."

"Think not so vilely of us, Jews though we be," said Isaac, eager to improve the moment of apparent sympathy; "the hunted fox, the tortured widow loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children!"

"Be it so," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I will believe it is false, Isaac, for thy very sake—but it aids us not now, I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow; my word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewsesses to boot. Besides, why shouldst thou think evil is to come to the girl, even if she become Bois-Griffith's booty?"

"There will, there must!" exclaimed Isaac, wringing his hands in agony; "when did Templars breathe aught but cruelty to men and dishonour to women?"

"Dog of an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, with squinting eyes, and not sorry, perhaps, to seize a pretext for working himself into a passion, "blaspheme not the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or won beside thy Jewish throat!"

"Richer and viler!" said the Jew, retorting the insults of his oppressor with passion, which, however impotent, he now found it impossible to bridle, "I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety and honour!"



"Art thou in thy senses, Isaac?" said the Norman, sternly—"has thy flesh and blood a claim against heated iron and scorching oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; "do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruel torturers. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy voracious throat—no, not a silver penny will I give thee, *Nazarene*, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited. Take my life if thou wilt, and say, the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian."

"We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf; "for by the blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy accursed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel!—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars."

In spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the Saracens had already torn from him his upper garment, and were proceeding tentatively to deride him, when the sound of a bagpipe, twice repeated without the pause, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after loud voices were heard calling for Sir Eynould Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his foolish occupation, the savage Baron gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and, quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his own deliverance, or to lament over his daughter's captivity, and probable fate, as his personal or parental feelings might prove strongest.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

Now, if the gentle spell of evening woe  
Can so way change you to a tender love,  
I'll woo you, like a soldier, at sword and  
And have you 'point the nature of love, here you.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE apartment to which the Lady Rowena had been introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence, and her being placed there might be considered as a

peculiar mark of respect not offered to the other prisoners. But the wife of Front-de-Bœuf, for whom it had been originally furnished, was long dead, and decay and neglect had impaired the few ornaments with which her taste had adorned it. The tapestry hung down from the walls in many places, and in others was tarnished and faded under the effects of the sun, or tattered and decayed by age. Doubtless, however, as it was, this was the apartment of the castle which had been judged most fitting for the accommodation of the French ladies; and here she was left to meditate upon her fate, until the actors in this nefarious drama had arranged the several parts which each of them was to perform. This had been settled in a council held by Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar, in which, after a long and warm debate concerning the several advantages which each insisted upon deriving from his peculiar share in this malicious enterprise, they had at length determined the fate of their unhappy prisoners.

It was about the hour of noon, therefore, when De Bracy, for whose advantage the expedition had been first planned, appeared to present his views upon the head and prosecution of the Lady Isorena.

The interval had not entirely been bestowed in holding council with his confederates, for De Bracy had found leisure to decorate his person with all the foppery of the times. His green cassock and vizard were now flung aside. His long luxuriant hair was trained to flow in quiet tresses down his richly-furrowed cheek. His beard was closely shaved, his doublet reached to the middle of his leg, and the girdle which secured it, and at the same time supported his ponderous sword, was embroidered and enriched with gold work. We have already noticed the extravagant fashion of the shoes at this period, and the points of Maurice de Bracy's might have challenged the prize of extravagance with the gayest, being turned up and twisted like the horns of a ram. Such was the dress of a gallant of the period; and, in the present instance, that effect was aided by the handsome person and good countenance of the wearer, whose manners partook alike of the grace of a courtier, and the fierceness of a soldier.

He saluted Isorena by doffing his velvet bonnet, garnished with a golden brooch, representing St. Michael trampling down the Prince of Evil. With this, he gently motioned the lady to a seat; and, as she still retained her standing posture, the

knicht ungloved his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena declined, by her gesture, the proffered compliment, and replied, "If I be in the presence of my jailer, Sir Knight—nor will circumstances allow me to think otherwise—in best because his prisoner to remain standing till she turns her down."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in possession of your captive, not your jailer; and it is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you kindly exact from him."

"I know you not, sir," said the lady, drawing herself up with all the pride of affected rank and beauty; "I know you not—and the basest familiarity with which you apply to me the jargon of a trustachot, forms no apology for the violence of a robber."

"To thyself, fair maid," answered De Bracy, in his former tone—"to thine own charms, be sacrificed whatever I have done which passed the respect due to her whom I have chosen queen of my heart, and luster of my eyes."

"I repeat to you, Sir Knight, that I know you not, and that no man wearing chain and spurs ought thus to intrude himself upon the presence of a unprotected lady."

"That I am unknown to you," said De Bracy, "is indeed my misfortune; yet let me hope that De Bracy's name has not been always unknown, when minstrels or heralds have praised deeds of chivalry, whether in the lists or in the battle-field."

"To heralds and to minstrels, then, leave thy praise, Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "more willing for their mouths than for thine own; and tell me which of them shall record in song, or in book of turning, the memorable conquest of this night, a conquest obtained over an old man, delivered by a fair timid blade; and its booty, an unfortunate maiden, transported against her will to the castle of a robber!"

"You are unjust, Lady Rowena," said the knight, biting his lips in some confusion, and speaking in a tone more natural to him than that of affected gallantry, which he had at first adopted; "yourself free from passion, you can allow no excuse for the frenzy of another, although caused by your own beauty."

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "to cease a language so commonly used by stalling minstrels, that it becomes not the mouth of knights or robbers. Certain, you constrain me to

all down, since you enter upon such commonplace terms, of which each vile scoundrel hath a stock that might last from hence to Christmas."

"Proud damned," said De Bracy, incensed at finding his gallant style procured him nothing but contempt—"proud damned, thou shalt be as proudly circumvented. Know, then, that I have supported my pretensions to your hand in the way that best suited thy character. It is matter for thy honour to be wooed with low and ill, than in set terms, and in courtly language."

"Courtesy of tongue," said Rowena, "when it is used to veil dishableness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base dervin. I wonder not that the reticent appears to gill you—more it were for your honour to have retained the dress and language of an outlaw, than to veil the deeds of one under an affectation of gentle language and demeanour."

"You counsel well, lady," said the Norman; "and in the bold language which best justifies bold action, I tell thee, thou shalt never leave this castle, or thou shalt leave it as Marise de Bracy's wife. I am not wont to be baffled in my enterprises, nor needs a Norman noble scrupulously to vindicate his conduct to the Saxon maiden whom he distinguishes by the offer of his hand. Thou art proud, Rowena, and thou art the fitter to be my wife. By what other means couldst thou be raised to high honour and to princely place, saving by my alliance? How else wouldst thou escape from the mean precincts of a country grange, where Saxons herd with the swine which form their wealth, to take thy seat, honoured as thou shouldst be, and shalt be, amid all in England that is distinguished by beauty, or dignified by power?"

"Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "the grange which you mention hath been my shelter from injury; and, trust me, when I leave it—should that day ever arrive—it shall be with one who has not learnt to despise the dwelling and manners in which I have been brought up."

"I guess your meaning, lady," said De Bracy, "though you may think it too obscure for my apprehension. But deem not that Richard Cour-de-Lion will ever resume his throne, for less that Wilfred of Ivanhoe, his cousin, will ever lead thee to his footstool, so to there welcomed as the bride of a favourite. Another sister might feel jealousy while he touched this string:

but my firm purpose cannot be changed by a passion so childish and so hopeless. Know, lady, that this rival is in my power, and that it costs but with me to betray the secret of his being within the castle in Front-de-Bœuf, whose jealousy will be sure find this mine."

"Willst thou?" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front-de-Bœuf is his rival."

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he; "dost thou not know that Willfred of Ivarhoe travelled in the litter of the Jew—a most convenient for the crusader, whose doughty arm was to conquer the Holy Sepulchre?" And he laughed scornfully.

"And if he is here," said Rowena, compelling herself to a tone of indifference, though troubling with an agony of apprehension which she could not suppress, "is what is he the rival of Front-de-Bœuf? or what has he to fear beyond a short imprisonment, and an honorable ransom, according to the use of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "art thou, too, deceived by the common error of thy sex, who think there can be no rivalry but that respecting their own charms? Knowest thou not there is a jealousy of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love; and that this our host, Front-de-Bœuf, will push from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair harvey of Ivarhoe, as readily, eagerly, and unscrupulously, as if he were professed to him by some mine-eyed dame? But walk on my side, lady, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front-de-Bœuf, whom else thou mayest meet for, as in the hands of one who has never shown compassion."

"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena, her firmness giving way under terror for her lover's impending fate.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy; "for when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy, who is it shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her kindness—the son of her guardian—the companion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. I am not romantic fool enough to further the fortune, or avert the fate, of one who is likely to be a successful obstacle between me and my widow. Use thine influence with me in his behalf, and he is safe—refuse to employ it, Willfred dies, and thou thyself art not the nearer to freedom."

"Thy language," answered Rawena, "bath in its indifferent bluntness something which cannot be reconciled with the honour it seems to express. I believe not that thy purpose is so wicked, as thy power so great."

"Flatter thyself, then, with that belief," said De Rency, "until time shall prove it false. Thy lover has wounded in this matter—thy preferred lover. He is a bar historian Front-de-Bœuf and that which Front-de-Bœuf loves better than either ambition or honesty. What will it cost beyond the blow of a poniard, or the thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition for ever? Nay, were Front-de-Bœuf afraid to justify a deed so open, let the hawk but give his patient a wrong draught—let the chamberlain, or the nurse who tends him, but pluck the pillow from his head, and Wilfred, in his present condition, is sped without the effusion of blood. Cebric dies!"

"And Cebric dies," said Rawena, repeating his words; "my noble—my generous grandson! I deserved the evil I have encountered, for forgetting his fate even in that of his son!"

"Cebric's fate also depends upon thy determination," said De Rency; "and I leave thee to form it."

Elitharia, Rawena had sustained her part in this trying scene with undiminished courage; but it was because she had not considered the danger so serious and imminent. Her disposition was naturally that which physiognomists consider as proper to fair complexions, mild, timid, and gentle; but it had been tempered, and, as it were, hardened, by the circumstances of her education. Accustomed to see the will of all, even of Cebric himself (perfectly arbitrary with others), give way before her wishes, she had acquired that sort of courage and self-confidence which arises from the habitual and constant deference of the whole in which we move. She could scarce conceive the possibility of her will being opposed, far less that of its being treated with total disregard.

Her brightness and habit of domination was, therefore, a fictitious character, induced over that which was natural to her, and it deserted her when her eyes were opened to the extent of her own danger as well as that of her lover and her grandson; and when she found her will, the slightest expression of which was wont to command respect and attention, now placed in opposition to that of a man of a strong, nerve, and determined

mind, who possessed the advantage over her, and was resolved to use it, she quailed before him.

After casting her eyes around as if to look for the aid which was nowhere to be found, and after a few broken interjections, she raised her hands to heaven, and burst into a passion of uncontrolled weeping and sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautiful a creature in such extremity without feeling for her, and De Bracy was not unswayed, though he was yet more embarrassed than touched. He had, in truth, gone too far to recede; and yet, in Rowena's present condition, she could not be acted on either by arguments or threats. He paced the apartment to and fro, now vainly rehearsing the terrified incident to compose himself, now hesitating concerning his own line of conduct.

If, thought he, I should be moved by the tears and sorrow of this disconsolate damsel, what should I reap but the loss of those fair hopes for which I have encountered so much risk, and the rebuke of Prince John and his jocular comrades? "And yet," he said to himself, "I feel myself ill framed for the part which I am playing. I cannot look on so fair a face while it is disturbed with agony, or on those eyes when they are drowned in tears. I would she had retained her original lightness of disposition, or that I had a larger share of Front-de-Bœuf's three-tempered hardness of heart!"

Agitated by these thoughts, he could only bid the unfortunate Rowena be comforted, and assure her, that as yet she had no reason for the excess of despair to which she was now giving way. But in this task of consolation De Bracy was interrupted by the horn, "hoarse-voiced blowing far and long," which had at the same time alarmed the other inmates of the castle, and interrupted their several plans of ravine and of license. Of them all, perhaps, De Bracy least regretted the interruption; for his conference with the Lady Rowena had arrived at a point, where he found it equally difficult to prosecute or to resign his enterprise.

And here we cannot but think it necessary to offer some better proof than the incidents of an idle tale, to vindicate the unbecomingly representation of manners which has been just laid before the reader. It is grievous to think that those valiant barons, to whose stand against the waves the Ilkings of England were indebted for their existence, should themselves have

been such dreadful oppressors, and capable of countless cruelties not only to the laity of England but to those of nature and humanity. But, alas! we have only to extract from the industrious Henry one of these numerous passages which he has collected from contemporary historians, to prove that fiction itself can hardly reach the dark reality of the horrors of the period.

The description given by the author of the *Saxon Chronicle* of the crucibles employed in the reign of King Stephen by the great barons and lords of justice who were all Normans, affords a strong proof of the cruelties of which they were capable when their passions were inflamed. "They grievously oppressed the poor people by building castles; and when they were built they filled them with wicked men, or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the natives ever endured. They collected men in great, and suspended others by the feet, or the head, or the thumbs, binding live horses to them. They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dangerous swamps with serpents, snakes, and toads." But it would be cruel to put the reader to the pain of perusing the remainder of this description.\*

As another instance of these bitter fruits of conquest, and perhaps the strongest that can be quoted, we may mention, that the Princess Matilda, though a daughter of the King of Scotland, and afterwards both Queen of England, niece to Edgar Atheling, and mother to the Emperor of Germany, the daughter, the wife, and the mother of monarchs, was obliged, during her early residence for education in England, to assume the veil of a nun, as the only means of escaping the licentious pursuits of the Norman nobles. This course she stated before a great council of the clergy of England, as the sole reason for her having taken the religious habit. The assembled clergy admitted the validity of the plea, and the necessity of the circumstances upon which it was founded; giving thus an indubitable and most remarkable testimony to the existence of that degrading license by which that age was stained. It was a matter of public knowledge, they said, that after the conquest of King William, his Norman followers, styled by so great a

\* Henry's Hist., edit. 1865, vol. vii. p. 245.



victory, acknowledged no law but their own wilful pleasure, and not only despoiled the conquered Saxons of their lands and their goods, but invaded the honour of their wives and of their daughters with the most unbridled license; and hence it was then common for mothers and maidens of noble families to assume the veil, and take shelter in convents, not as called thither by the vocation of God, but solely to preserve their honour from the unbridled wickedness of man.

Such and so brutish were the times, as announced by the public declaration of the assembled clergy, recorded by Eadmer; and we need add nothing more to vindicate the probability of the scenes which we have detailed, and are about to detail, upon the more apostrophical authority of the *Wanderer* MS.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

I'll woo her as the lion wooeth his bride.

RICHMOND.

Whilst the scenes we have described were passing in other parts of the castle, the Jewish Richman visited her fate in a distant and sequestered turret. Either she had been led by two of her degraded retainers, and on being thrust into the little cell, she found herself in the presence of an old abbot, who kept murmuring to himself a Saxon rhyme, as if to lead time to the reviving dance which her spirit was performing upon the floor. The hag raised her head as Richman entered, and scowled at the fair Jewess with the malignant eye which old age and ugliness, when united with evil conditions, are apt to look upon youth and beauty.

"Thou must up and away, old house-elfin!" said one of the men; "our noble master commands it.—Thou must leave this chamber to a fairer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thus is service required. I have known when my hand would have cast the best moustache among ye out of saddle and out of service; and now must I up and away at the command of every green ead as thou."

"Good Dame Urfrid," said the other man, "stand not to reason on it, but up and away. Lord's host! must be listened to with a quick ear. Thou hast had thy day, old dame, but thy run has long been set. Thou art now the very emblem of an old war-horse tamed out on the barren heath—thou hast had thy power in thy time, but now a broken stable is the best of thee—Come, amble off with thee."

"Ill means dog ye both!" said the old woman, "and a bound to your burying-place! May the evil demon Zerkstock tear me limb from limb, if I leave my own cell ere I have spun out the hemp on my distaff!"

"Answer it is our bid, thou, old house-friend," said the man, and retired; leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman, upon whose presence she had been thus unwillingly forced.

"What devil's deed have they now in the wind?" said the old hag, murmuring to herself, yet from time to time casting a sidelong and malignant glance at Rebecca; "but it is easy to guess—Bright eyes, black locks, and a skin like paper, ere the priest stains it with his black rags—Ay, it is easy to guess why they send her to this lone turret, whereas a druid could no more be heard than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the earth.—Thou wilt have evils for thy neighbours, fair one; and their screams will be heard as far, and as much regarded as thine own. Overlandish, too," she said, marking the dress and turban of Rebecca—"What country art thou of? a Saxon? or an Egyptian?—Why dost not answer!—thou must weep, must thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou needest say no more," replied Urfrid; "men know a fox by the tail, and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what I am to expect as the conclusion of the violence which hath dragged me hither! Is it my life they seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down cheerfully."

"Thy life, maiden?" answered the elf; "what would taking thy life pleasure them!—Trust me thy life is in no peril. Such usage shalt thou have as was once thought good enough for a noble Saxon maiden. And shall a Jewess, like thee, repine because she hath no better? Look at me—I was as young and twice as fair as thou, when Front-de-Bœuf, father of this Reginald, and his Normans, stormed this castle. My

father and his seven sons defiled their inheritance from storey to storey, from chamber to chamber—These was not a room, not a step of the stairs, that was not slippery with their blood. They died—they died every man; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their blood was dried, I had become the prey and the scorn of the conquerors!”

“Is there no help!—Are there no means of escape?” said Rebecca.—“Richly, richly would I acquire thine aid.”

“Think not of it,” said the hag; “from hence there is no escape but through the gates of death; and it is late, late,” she added, shaking her grey head, “ere those open to us—Yet it is comfort to think that we leave behind us on earth those who shall be watched as ourselves. Fare-thee-well, Jewess!—Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be the same; for thou hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor pity. Fare-thee-well, I say. My throat is open out—thy task is yet to begin.”

“Stop! stay! for heaven’s sake!” said Rebecca; “stay, though it be to curse and revile me—thy presence is yet some protection.”

“The presence of the mother of God were no protection,” answered the old woman. “There she stands,” pointing to a rude image of the Virgin Mary; “see if she can avert the fate that awaits thee.”

She left the room as she spoke, her features withed into a sort of smothering laugh, which made them even even more hideous than their habitual frown. She locked the door behind her, and Rebecca might have had cause every step for its steepness, as slowly and with difficulty she descended the turret stairs.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Rowena; for what probability was there that either softness or courtesy would be used towards one of her oppressed race, whatever shadow of those might be preserved towards a Queen heiress! Yet had the Jewess this advantage, that she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to encounter the dangers to which she was exposed. Of a strong and cheery character, even from her earliest years, the pomp and wealth which her father displayed within his walls, or which she witnessed in the houses of other wealthy Hebrews, had not been able to blind her to the precarious circumstances under which they were enjoyed. Like Demochus at his secluded banquet, Rebecca perpetually beheld,

would that gorgeous display, the sword which was suspended over the heads of her people by a single hair. These reflections had turned and brought down to a pitch of sounder judgment a temper, which, under other circumstances, might have waxed haughty, supercilious, and obstinate.

From her father's example and injunctions, Rebecca had learnt to bear herself courteously towards all who approached her. She could not indeed imitate his excesses of subservience, because she was a stranger to the meanness of mind, and to the constant state of timid apprehension, by which it was dictated; but she bore herself with a proud humility, as if submitting to the evil circumstances in which she was placed as the daughter of a despised man, while she felt in her mind the consciousness that she was entitled to hold a higher rank from her merit, than the arbitrary despotism of religious prejudice permitted her to aspire to.

Thus prepared to expect adverse circumstances, she had acquired the firmness necessary for acting under them. Her present situation required all her presence of mind, and she commenced it up accordingly.

Her first care was to inspect the apartment; but it afforded few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trap-door, and, unless where the door by which she had entered joined the main building, seemed to be disconnected by the round exterior wall of the turret. The door had no inside bolt or bar. The single window opened upon an embattled space surrounding the turret, which gave Rebecca, at first sight, some hopes of escaping; but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements, being an isolated bartizan, or balcony, secured, as usual, by a parapet with embrasures, at which a few archers might be stationed, for defending the turret, and flanking with their shot the wall of the castle on that side.

There was, therefore, no hope but in passive fortitude, and in that strong reliance on Heaven natural to great and generous characters. Rebecca, however erroneously taught to interpret the promises of Scripture to the chosen people of Heaven, did not err in supposing the present to be their hour of trial, or in trusting that the children of Zion would be one day called in with the filices of the Gentiles. In the meanwhile, all around her showed that their present state was that of punishment and

probation, and that it was their especial duty to suffer without sinning. Thus prepared to consider herself as the victim of misfortune, Rebecca had early reflected upon her own state, and schooled her mind to meet the dangers which she had probably to encounter.

The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret-chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banished to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and shut the door behind him; his cap, pulled down upon his brow, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his muscles in such a manner as to muscle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed, at the thought of which he was himself shuddered, he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, restless as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, understanding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, fire and captivity."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "these pearls are orient, but they yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Rebecca; "take ransom and have mercy!—Gold will purchase you pleasure,—to ransom us, could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly estimate thy utmost wishes; and if thou wilt not wince, thou mayest purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—mayest obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw, in French, finding it difficult probably to sustain, in French, a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; "but know, bright thy of the vale of Bash; that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and

silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon gate. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an assault, which will distil from him all he holds dear, without any assistance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and is no other aid will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—Oh, be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who must guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair Rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become thee, than to deplete thee of those ornaments."

"What wouldst thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—We can have sought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess.—Our union were contrary to the laws alike of the church and the synagogue."

"It were so, indeed," replied the Templar, laughing; "wed with a Jewess? Impossible!—Not if she were the Queen of Sheba. And know, besides, sweet daughter of Zion, that were the most Christian king to offer me his most Christian daughter, with Langueval for a dowry, I could not wed her. It is against my vow to love any maiden otherwise than per amore, as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy Order."

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebecca, "on an occasion like the present?"

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation."

"I believe as my fathers taught," said Rebecca, "and may God forgive my belief if erroneous! But, poe, Sir Knight, what is yours, when you appeal without scruple to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight, and as a man of religion?"

"It is gravely and well preached, O daughter of Sion!" answered the Templar; "but, gentle Ecclesiastic, thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privileges. Man-

riage were an enduring crime on the part of a Templar; but what lesser folly I may practise, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next Preceptory of our Order. Not the worst of menards, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, claimed wider privileges than we poor soldiers of the Temple of Bice have won by our zeal in its defence. The protectors of Solomon's Temple may claim license by the example of Solomon."

"If thou readest the Scripture," said the Jewess, "and the laws of the saints, only to justify filth, even license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this speech—"Hearken," he said, "Beloson; I have hitherto spoken mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations; nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to deliver up voluntarily."

"Stand back," said Beloson—"stand back, and hear me ere thou attempt to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou mayest indeed overpower, for God made women weak, and trusted their defence to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other.—I will ere to the supposition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse me. Each Preceptory—each Chapter of thy Order shall learn, that, like a heretic, thou hast shared with a Jewess. Those who trouble not at thy crime, will hold thee accused for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearst, as to follow a daughter of my people."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rule of his Order condemned in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigue as he now presented, and that, in some instances, even degradation had followed upon it—"thou art sharp-witted," he said; "but loud must be thy voice of complaint, if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, lamentations, appeals to justice, and screams for help, die silent away. One thing only can save thee, Beloson. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that every a Norman lady shall

yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca—"and, sacred Heaven! to what fate!—endure thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain!—dare the best lance of the Templars!—cursed knight!—cursed priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee.—The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this slope of infamy!"

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the balcony, and in an instant after stood on the very verge of the precipice, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Retain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that courtyard ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she took the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by oath, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtue of thine Order. The next Transitory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar, fervently; "I swear to you, by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake father! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain



of me! Many a law, many a commandment, have I broken, but my word never."

"I will, then, trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far;" and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the crenellations, or *merlions*, as they were then called—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Re- main where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Temple!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blushed not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infancy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of animation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"Thou needest no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she; "thanks to him that sent this dizzy tower so high, that night would fall from it and I owe—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar; "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice! I am not naturally that which you have seen me, hard, selfish, and relentless. It was women that taught me cruelty, and on women therefore I have exercised it; but not upon such as thou. Hear me, Rebecca—Never did knight take lance in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Bois-Guilbert. She, the daughter of a petty baron, who boasted for all his domains but a rudeness tower, and an unproductive vineyard, and some few leagues of the barren Landes of Bordeaux, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done, known wider than that of many a lady's that had a county for a dower.—Yes," he continued, pacing up and down the little platform, with an animation in

which he seemed to lose all consciousness of Rebecca's presence—"You, my death, my danger, my blood, made the name of Adelaide de Montmorency known from the court of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I repaid!—When I returned with my dim-lighted honours, parched by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain! Truly did I love her, and bitterly did I revenge me of her broken faith! But my revenge has revolved on myself. Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties—my mansion must know no domestic home—must be soothed by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must survive me, to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. At the foot of my superior I have laid down the right of self-action—the privilege of independence. The Templar, a scurf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes, but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice!"

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "revenge is a feast for the gods! And if they have reserved it, as poets tell us, to themselves, it is because they hold it an enjoyment too precious for the possession of mere mortals.—And ambition! it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself."—He paused a moment, and then added, "Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not," he added, "it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch!—Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse.—The Templar loses, as thou hast said, his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a warrior and a link of a mighty body, before which thrones already tremble,—even as the single drop of rain which mixes with the sea becomes an individual part of that restless ocean which undermines rocks and engulfs

royal armadas. Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the banner of Grand Master. The past soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of Kings—a homestead's flock can do that. Our mailed step shall sweep their thrones—our peasant shall wrench the sceptre from their grips. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Sayest thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Believest thou?"—

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by waging the difference of our creeds; within our secret confessions we hold these narrow tales in derision. Think not we long remain blind to the idealistic folly of our founders, who forewent every delight of life for the pleasure of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the wounds of scourges, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted bolder and wiser views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military force, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as mistake our Order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. That high-souled anonymous something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell!—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touchstone. I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee."

He re-entered the turret-chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarcely more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhappily placed. When she entered the turret-chamber, her first step was to return thanks to the God of

Jacob for the protection which he had afforded her, and to replace its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition—it was that of the wounded Christian, whom fate had placed in the hands of bloodthirsty men, his sacred wounds. Her heart indeed checked her, as it, even in commencing with the Duty in prayer, she mingled in her devotions the recollection of one with whose fate hers could have no alliance—a Nazarene, and an enemy to her faith. But the petition was already breathed; nor could all the narrow prejudices of her sect induce Rebecca to wish it recalled.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

A dam'd conspiracy plots of personality as over I saw in my life!  
But woe's no company.

When the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bussy already there. "Your love-sick," said De Bussy, "both, I suppose, been disturbed, like mine, by this extraordinary occurrence. But you have come later and more reluctantly, and therefore I presume your interview has proved more agreeable than mine."

"Has your suit, then, been unsuccessfully paid to the Queen before?" said the Templar.

"By the bones of Thomas à Becket," answered De Bussy, "the Lady Rowena must have heard that I cannot endure the sight of women's tears."

"Away!" said the Templar; "then a leader of a Free Company, and regard a woman's tears! A few drops sprinkled on the torch of love make the flame blaze the brighter."

"Generosity for the few drops of thy sprinkling," replied De Bussy; "but this damned bath was enough to extinguish a bonfire. Never was such wringing of hands and such overflowing of eyes since the days of Saint Nicholas, of whom Prior Rymar told us. A water-bath hath possessed the fair Queen."

"I wish the Pope had also informed them when Nature was created. Probably during that enlightened period when

"Pax to those that keep their eyes shut."—L. T.

"A legion of fiends have occupied the house of the Jewess," replied the Templar; "for, I think no single one, not even Apollyon himself, could have inspired such indomitable pride and resolution.—But where is Front-de-Bœuf? That lion is wounded more and more dangerously."

"He is negotiating with the Jew, I suppose," replied De Bracy, coolly; "probably the lords of Innis have decreased the blast of the bugle. Thou mayest know, by experience, Sir Brian, that a Jew putting with his treasures on such terms as our friend Front-de-Bœuf is like to offer, will raise a clamour loud enough to be heard over twenty horns and trumpets to boot. But we will make the vanguard call him."

They were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœuf, who had been disturbed in his tyrannical crafty, in the manner with which the ruler is negotiated, and had only started to give some necessary directions.

"Let us see the cause of this cursed clamour," said Front-de-Bœuf—"here is a letter, and, if I mistake not, it is in French."

He looked at it, turning it round and round as if he had had really some hopes of coming at the meaning by inverting the position of the paper, and then handed it to De Bracy.

"It may be magic spells for aught I know," said De Bracy, who possessed his full proportion of the ignorance which characterised the chivalry of the period. "Our chaplain attempted to teach me to write," he said, "but all my letters were turned like spear-heads and sword-blades, and so the old scribe gave up the task."

"Give it me," said the Templar. "We have that of the priestly character, that we have some knowledge to enlighten our valour."

"Let us profit by your most revered knowledge, then," said De Bracy; "what says the scroll?"

"It is a formal letter of defiance," answered the Templar; "but, by our Lady of Bethlehem, if it be not a foolish jest, it is the most extraordinary card that ever was sent across the drawbridge of a baronial castle."

"Jest?" said Front-de-Bœuf, "I would gladly know who dares jest with me in such a matter!—Read it, Sir Brian."

The Templar accordingly read it as follows:—

"I, Wamba, the son of Wilton, Jester to a noble and free-

born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Baron,—and I, Garth, the son of Rowland, the swineherd.”——

“Then art mad,” said Front-de-Bœuf, interrupting the reader.

“By Saint Luke, it is as set down,” answered the Templar. Then, resuming his task, he went on,—“I, Garth, the son of Rowland, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, called for the present, *Le Noir Paveant*, and the stout yeoman, Robert Locksley, called *Clare-the-wand*, Do you, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whomsoever, to wit, that whom you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and free-born dame, the Lady Rowena of Hargottstun-dreote; also upon the person of a noble and free-born man, Athelstane of Corningsburgh; also upon the persons of certain free-born men, their retinue; also upon certain work, their horse harnesses; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: Which noble persons, with their retinue and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, were all in peace with his majesty, and travelling as free subjects upon the king’s highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, namely, Cedric of Rotherwood, Rowena of Hargottstun-dreote, Athelstane of Corningsburgh, with their servants, retinue, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that untouched and unharmed in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you in his keeping.—Signed by us upon the eve of Saint Withold’s day, under the great trying oak in the Hart-hill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, Clerk to God, Our Lady, and Saint Dunstan, in the Chapel of Opreghamstun.”

At the bottom of this document was scrawled, in the first place, a rude sketch of a cow’s head and neck, with a legend

expressing this hieroglyphic to be the sign-manual of Wamba, son of Wilkes. Under this respectable cushion stood a cross, stated to be the mark of Gurth, son of Burwulf. These were written, in rough bold characters, the words, *Le Noir Faisant*. And, to conclude the whole, an arrow, neatly enough drawn, was described as the mark of the yeoman Locksley.

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, showed impatient of their ill-timed jocularity.

"I give you plain warning," he said, "fair sirs, that you had better consult how to bear yourselves under these circumstances, than give way to such unbecoming merriment."

"Front-de-Bœuf has not recovered his temper since his late overthrow," said De Bracy to the Templar; "he is cruel at the very time of a contest, though it comes but from a fool and a villain."

"By Saint Michael," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "I would thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure thyself, De Bracy. These fellows durst not have acted with such inaccessible impudence, had they not been supported by some strong hands. There are enough of outlaws in this forest to render my protesting the deed. I did but tie one fellow, who was taken red-handed and in the act, to the horns of a wild stag, which goaded him to death in five minutes, and I had as many arrows shot at me as there were launched against powder target at Ashby.—Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to see by what force this profane challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered a squire who was in attendance.

"Here is a proper matter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "this course of leading you the use of my castle; that cannot manage your undertaking quietly, but you must bring this sort of harvest about my ears!"

"Oh hermits!" said De Bracy; "of stinging drosses rather; a host of lazy knaves, who take to the wood, and destroy the venison rather than labour for their maintenance."

"Single!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "fork-headed shafts of a cloth-yard in length, and those shot within the breadth of a French crown, are strong enough."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said the Templar. "Let us summon our people, and rally forth upon them. One knight—ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be ashamed to couch lance against them."

"True," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "were they black Turks or Moors, Sir Templar, or the chosen peasants of France, must valiant De Bracy; but these are English yemen, over whom we shall have no advantage, save what we may derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us little in the glades of the forest. Sally, whilst thou! we have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York; so is all your host, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the headful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"

"Not so, Sir Brice," answered Front-de-Bœuf. "These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them."

"Send to thy neighbours," said the Templar; "let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a peer and a swinehead in the baronial castle of England Front-de-Bœuf."

"You jest, Sir Knight," answered the baron, "but to whom should I send!—Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies; and so should I have been, but for this infernal enterprise."

"Then send to York, and recall our people," said De Bracy. "If they shirk the shaking of my standard, or the sight of my Free Companions, I will give them credit for the boldest outlaws ever bent low to grass-weed."

"And who shall bear such a message?" said Front-de-Bœuf; "They will meet every path, and slip the sword out of his hilt. —I have it," he added, after pausing for a moment— "Sir Templar, thou must write as well as read, and if we can but find the writing materials of my chaplain, who died a twelvemonth since in the midst of his Christmas sermons."



"So please ye," said the squire, who was still in attendance, "I think old Urline has them somewhere in keeping, for love of the confessor. He was the last man, I have heard her tell, who ever said ought to her, which man ought in courtesy to address to maid or matron."

"Go, search them out, Reginald," said Front-de-Bœuf; "and then, Sir Templar, thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Eke-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and looked, in the French language, an episode of the following tenor:—

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and brightly armed and confederate, receive no defenders at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the prison calling himself the Black Knight hath indeed a claim to the honours of chivalry, he ought to know that he stands degraded by his present association, and has no right to ask reckoning at the hands of good men of noble blood. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to render their confessions, and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we esteem those who have beset themselves in their robes. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the head-quarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable ash-tree, about three arrow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, and the jovial hermit, waited with impatience as carriers to their summons. Around, and at a distance from these, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose armor done and weather-beaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast

coming in. Those whom they stayed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments, being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring townships, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue. Few of these were armed otherwise than with such rustic weapons as necessity sometimes converts to military purposes. Bow-axes, mythes, flails, and the like, were their chief arms; for the Normans, with the usual policy of conquerors, were jealous of permitting to the vanquished Saxons the possession or the use of swords and spears. These circumstances rendered the assistance of the Saxons far from being so formidable to the besieged, as the strength of the men themselves, their superior numbers, and the animation inspired by a just cause, might otherwise well have made them. It was to the leaders of this motley army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered.

Reference was at first made to the chaplain for an explanation of its contents.

"By the crook of Saint Dunstan," said that worthy ecclesiastic, "which hath brought more sheep within the sheepfold than the crook of e'er another saint in Paradise, I swear that I cannot expound unto you this jargon, which, whether it be French or Arabic, is beyond my power."

He then gave the letter to Gurth, who shook his head gruffly, and passed it to Wamba. The latter looked at each of the four corners of the paper with such a grin of affected intelligence as a monkey is apt to assume upon similar occasions, then cut a caper, and gave the letter to Locksley.

"If the long letters were bows, and the short letters broad arrows, I might know something of the matter," said the lowest peasant; "but as the matter stands, the meaning is as dark, for me, as the stag that's at twelve miles' distance."

"I must be dumb, then," said the Black Knight; and taking the letter from Locksley, he first read it over to himself; and then explained the meaning to Saxons to his confederates.

"Excuse the noble Cedric!" exclaimed Wamba; "by the road there must be mischief, Sir Knight."

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the Knight, "I have explained the words as they are here set down."

"Then, by St. Thomas of Canterbury," replied Garth, "we will have the castle, should we tear it down with our hands!"

"We have nothing else to tear it with," replied Wamba; "but mines are scarce fit to make marmalade of bastions and mortar."

"To let a contrivance to gain them," said Locksley; "they dare not do a deed for which I could exact a fearful penalty."

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee and thy advice!" said the good hermit; "I tell thee, Sir Rightful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very Latin, are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin, I can better kill twenty deer than console one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "I fear greatly, there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the cause, this same character of father confessor!"

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must still be the fool, and put his neck in the noose which wise men shrink from. You must know, my dear master and countryman, that I were raised before I were metley, and was bred to be a friar, until a lark-a-four came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which are attached into the coat of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Colrik, and his companions in adversity."

"Hath he sense enough, think'st thou?" said the Black Knight, addressing Garth.

"I know not," said Garth; "but if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account."

"On with the frock, then, good fellow," quoth the knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is five to one

they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack. They were—away with them."

"And, in the meantime," said Locksley, "we will leave the place so closely, that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence. Be that, my good friend," he continued, addressing Wamba, "then expect against those tyrants, that whatever violence they exercise on the persons of their prisoners, shall be most severely repaid upon their own."

"*Pas sçavoir*," said Wamba, who was now sufficed in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he initiated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

The hottest horn will off be cut,  
The coldest will show fire;  
The friar will often play the fool,  
The fool will play the friar.

Old French.

When the Jester, arrayed in the coat and frack of the hermit, and having his knotted cord twisted around his middle, stood before the portal of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, the warder demanded of him his name and errand.

"*Pas sçavoir*," answered the Jester, "I am a poor brother of the Order of Saint Francis, who come hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now sequestered within this castle."

"Thou art a bold friar," said the warder, "to come hither, where, saving our own draught confessor, a cock of thy feather hath not crossed these twenty years."

"Yet, I pray thee, do mine errand to the lord of the castle," answered the personated friar; "trust me it will find good acceptance with him, and the cock shall crow, that the whole castle shall hear him."

"Gracious," said the warder; "but if I come to shame for leaving my post upon this errand, I will try whether a friar's grey gown be proof against a grey-goose shaft."

With this threat he left his turret, and retired to the hall of

the castle his unweakened intelligence, that a holy fire stood before the gate and surrounded instant skeletons. With no small wonder he received his master's commands to admit the holy man immediately; and, having previously manned the entrance to guard against surprise, he obeyed, without further scruple, the commands which he had received. The hardened self-conceit which had emboldened Wamba to undertake this dangerous office, was scarce sufficient to support him when he found himself in the presence of a man so dreadful, and so much dreaded, as Richard Front-de-Bœuf, and he brought out his par volens, to which he, in a good measure, trusted for supporting his character, with more anxiety and hesitation than had hitherto accompanied it. But Front-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men of all makes tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed father did not give him any cause of suspicion. "Who and whence art thou, priest?" said he.

"Par volens," reiterated the Jester, "I am a poor servant of Saint Francis, who, travelling through this wilderness, have fallen among thieves (as Scripture hath it), quibus visum insidit in latrones, which 'thieves have sent me unto this castle in order to do my ghostly office on two persons condemned by your honourable justice."

"Ay, right," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "and must thou tell me, holy father, the number of those banished?"

"Guliant six," answered the Jester, "seven this day, their name is legion."

"Tell me in plain terms what numbers these are, or, priest, thy clerk and weal will ill protect thee."

"Alas!" said the supposed friar, "our monks craverit, that is to say, I was like to burn with fire; but I conceive they may be—what of poorness—what of conscience, at least five hundred men."

"What?" said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, "master the wags so thick here! it is time to stifle such a mischievous brood." Then taking Front-de-Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

"He is a stranger from a distant convent," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I know him not."

"Then trust him not with thy purposes, in words," answered the Templar. "Let him carry a written order to De Bracy's

company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master's aid. In the meantime, and that the shuffling may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about his task of preparing these Swiss bags for the slaughter-house."

"It shall be so," said Front-de-Bœuf. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct Wanda to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstan were confined.

The impatience of Cedric had been rather enhanced than diminished by his confinement. He walked from one end of the hall to the other, with the attitude of one who addresses to charge an enemy, or to storm the breach of a beleaguered place, sometimes ejaculating to himself, sometimes addressing Athelstan, who steadily and stoically awaited the issue of the adventure, signing, in the meantime, with great composure, the liberal meal which he had made at noon, and not greatly fretting himself about the duration of his captivity, which he considered would, like all earthly evils, find an end in Heaven's good time.

"For rebellion," said the Jester, entering the apartment; "the blessing of Saint Dunstan, Saint Dennis, Saint Guthlac, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye."

"Enter freely," answered Cedric to the supposed friar; "with what intent art thou come hither?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the Jester.

"It is impossible!" replied Cedric, starting. "Furies and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open and gratuitous robbery!"

"Alas!" said the Jester, "to restrain them by their sense of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a halloo of silk thread. Behold them, therefore, noble Cedric, and you, also, gallant Athelstan, what crimes you have committed in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearst thou this, Athelstan?" said Cedric; "we must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since better it is we should die like men, than live like slaves."

"I am ready," answered Athelstan, "to stand the worst of their malice, and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner."

"Let us, then, unto our holy god, father," said Cedric.

"Wait yet a moment, good uncle," said the Jester, in his natural tone; "better wait long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that value!"

"It is that of your trusty sire and Jester," answered Wamba; throwing back his oval. "Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long."

"How meaneest thou, knave?" answered the Baron.

"Even thus," replied Wamba; "take thou this frock and hood, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thee in my stead?" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; "why should I leave thee, my poor knave?"

"Then let them do as they are permitted," said Wamba; "I trust—no disparagement to your birth—that the son of Wilkes may hang in a chain with as much gravity as the chain hanging upon his ancestor the abbotess."

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "for one thing will I grant thy request. And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me."

"No, by Saint Dunstan," answered Wamba; "there were little reason in that. Good right there is, that the son of Wilkes should suffer to save the son of Howard; but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to him."

"Villain," said Cedric, "the fathers of Athelstane were monarchs of England!"

"They might be whomsoever they pleased," replied Wamba; "but my neck stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for their sakes. Wherefore, good my master, either take my profile yourself, or suffer me to leave this dagger as free as I entered."

"Let the old tree wither," continued Cedric, "so the stately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba! It is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins. Thou and I will abide together the vilest rage of our ignominious oppressors, while he, free and safe, shall arouse the avenged spirits of our countrymen to avenge us."

"Not so, father Cedric," said Athelstane, grasping his hand,—"for, when moved to think or act, his deeds and sentiments

were not embracing his high man—"Not so," he continued; "I would rather remain in this hall a week without food save the prisoner's staled loaf, or drink save the prisoner's measure of water, than embrace the opportunity to escape which the slave's untought kindness has purveyed for his master."

"You are called wise man, sir," said the Jester, "and I a crazed fool; but, woe! Colric, and woe! Athelstan, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye, and save ye the trouble of stalling outside any farther. I am Eke John-a-Duck's man, that will let no man mount her but John-a-Duck. I came to save my master, and if he will not consent—hark!—I can but go away home again. Kind service cannot be cheated from head to head like a shillbrook or steel-bail. I'll hang for no man but my own born master."

"Go, then, woe! Colric," said Athelstan, "seizest not this opportunity. Your presence without my encourage friends is our ruin—your remaining here would ruin us all."

"And is there any prospect, then, of rescue from without?" said Colric, looking at the Jester.

"Prospect, indeed!" asked Wamba; "let me tell you, when you fill my dock you are swept in a pirate's covelet. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. My ship's cap was a conque, and my harkie a truncheon. Well, we shall see what good they will make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. Truly, I fear they will lose in value what they may gain in discretion. And as farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gerth and his dog Funge; and let my undresser's hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, Eke a fiddid!—fool!"

The last word came out with a sort of double expression, between jest and earnest. The tears stood in Colric's eyes.

"Thy memory shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth. But that I grant I shall find the means of saving Rowena, and then, Athelstan, and thee, also, my poor Wamba, thou shaldest not overtake me in this matter."

The exchange of men was now accomplished, when a sudden knock struck Colric.

"I have no language," he said, "but my own, and a few



words of their wheezing Nuncius. How shall I bear myself like a wounded brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wanda—"Pax volucrum will conquer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, blow or ban, Pax volucrum carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar as a locomotive to a witch, or a wound to a conjurer. Speak it but thrice, in a deep grave tone,—Pax volucrum!—it is irresistible—Watch and ward, knight and squire, fleet and horse, it acts as a charm upon them all. I think, if they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow, as is much to be doubted they may, I will try its weight upon the flinders of the noosemen."

"If such prove the case," said his master, "my religious orders are soon taken—Pax volucrum. I trust I shall remember the pass-word. Noble Atholstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head—I will save you, or return and die with you. The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be split while mine beats in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Godric's peril can prevent it.—Farewell."

"Farewell, noble Godric," said Atholstane; "remember it is the true part of a friar to accept refreshment, if you are offered any."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wanda; "and remember Pax volucrum."

Thus exhorted, Godric sallied forth upon his expedition; and it was not long ere he had occasion to try the force of that spell which his Jester had recommended as omnipotent. In a low-arched and dusky passage, by which he undauntedly went his way to the hall of the castle, he was interrupted by a female form.

"Pax volucrum!" said the pseudo friar, and was endeavouring to hurry past, when a soft voice replied, "*Et vobis—pace, domine reverendissime, pro misericordia nostra.*"

"I am somewhat deaf," replied Godric, in good Saxon, and at the same time muttered to himself, "a curse on the fool and his Pax volucrum! I have lost my javelin at the first cast."

It was, however, no unusual thing for a priest of those days to be deaf of his Latin ear, and this the person who now addressed Godric knew full well.

"I pray you of dear love, reverend father," she replied in his own language, "that you will deign to visit with your ghostly comfort a wounded prisoner of this castle, and have such compassion upon him and us as thy holy office teaches—Never shall good deed so highly advantage thy consent."

"Daughter," answered Cœlio, much embarrassed, "my time in this castle will not permit me to exercise the duties of mine office—I must presently forth—there is life and death upon my speed."

"Yet, father, let me entreat you by the vow you have taken on you," replied the suppliant, "not to leave the oppressed and endangered without counsel or succour."

"May the fiend fly away with me, and leave me in Africa with the souls of Odin and of Thor!" answered Cœlio impatiently, and would probably have proceeded in the same tone of total departure from his spiritual character, when the colloquy was interrupted by the harsh voice of Urfried, the old cross of the turret.

"How, mistress," said she, to the female speaker, "is this the manner in which you requite the kindness which permitted thee to leave thy prison-wall yonder!—Puttest thou the reverend man to use ungrateful language to free himself from the importunities of a Jewess?"

"A Jewess!" said Cœlio, availing himself of the information to get clear of their interruption,—*"Let me pass, woman! stop me not at your post. I am fresh from my holy office, and would avoid pollution."*

"Come this way, father," said the old hag, "thou art a stranger in this castle, and must not leave it without a guide. Come hither, for I would speak with thee.—And you, daughter of an accursed race, go to the sick man's chamber, and tend him until my return; and woe betide you if you again quit it without my permission!"

Rebecca retreated. Her importunities had prevailed upon Urfried to suffer her to quit the turret, and Urfried had employed her services where she herself would most gladly have paid them, by the bedside of the wounded Irashea. With an understanding awake to their dangerous situation, and prompt to avail herself of each means of safety which occurred, Rebecca had hoped something from the presence of a man of religion, who, she learned from Urfried, had penetrated into this gulfed

castle. She watched the return of the supposed ecclesiastic, with the purpose of addressing him, and interesting him in favour of the prisoners; with what imperfect success the reader has been just acquainted.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Read wrecks! and what come those wrecks,  
 But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin!  
 Thy deeds are perished—these know’st thy fate—  
 But come, thy tale—hark!—hark!

But I have griefs of other kind,  
 Troubles and sorrows more severe;  
 Give me to ease my tortured mind,  
 Lead to my tomb a patient ear;  
 And let me, if I may not find  
 A friend to help—find me to love.

CLAUDE'S HALL OF PAIN.

WARRIE Urried had with clamours and menaces driven Rebecca back to the apartment from which she had retired, she proceeded to conduct the unwilling Cedric into a small apartment, the door of which she hastily secured. Then drawing from a cupboard a stoop of wine and two flagons, she placed them on the table, and said, in a tone rather asserting a fact, than asking a question, "Thou art Saxon, father—Dost it not," she continued, observing that Cedric hastened not to reply; "the sounds of thy native language are sweet to mine ears, though seldom heard save from the tongues of the wretched and degraded souls on whom the proud Normans impose the meanest drudgery of this dwelling. Thou art a Saxon, father—a Saxon, and, save as thou art a servant of God, a freeman.—Those accents are sweet to mine ear."

"Do not Saxon priests visit this castle, then?" replied Cedric; "it were, methinks, their duty to comfort the saddest and oppressed children of the soil."

"They come not—or if they come, they better love to revel at the board of their conquerors," answered Urried, "than to hear the groans of their countrymen—or, at least, report speaks of them—of myself I can say little. This castle, for ten years,

has opened to no priest save the debauched Norman chaplain who partakes the nightly revels at Front-de-Bœuf, and he has been long gone to render an account of his stewardship.—But thou art a Saxon—a Saxon priest, and I have one question to ask of thee."

"I am a Saxon," answered Cedric, "but unworthy, surely, of the name of priest. Let me begone on my way—I swear I will return, or send one of our fathers more worthy to hear your confessions."

"Stay yet a while," said Ulfried; "the accents of the voice which thou hearest now will soon be clothed with the wild earth, and I would not descend to it like the beast I have lived. But wine must give me strength to tell the horrors of my tale." She poured out a cup, and drank it with a slightful avidity, which seemed destined of drinking the last drop in the goblet. "It staggers," she said, looking upwards, as she finished her draught, "but it cannot cheer—Partake it, father, if you would hear my tale without sinking down upon the pavement." Cedric would have avoided pledging her in this odious cordiality, but the sign which she made to him expressed impatience and despair. He complied with her request, and answered her challenge in a large wine-cup; she then proceeded with her story, as if apposed by his complaisance.

"I was not born," she said, "father, the wretch that thou now seest me. I was free, was happy, was honoured, loved, and was believed. I am now a slave, miserable and degraded—the sport of my masters' passions while I had yet beauty—the object of their contempt, scorn, and hatred, since it has passed away.—Dost thou wonder, father, that I should hate mankind, and, above all, the man that has wrought this change in me? Can the writhed decrepit hag before thee, whose wretch must vent itself in impotent curses, forget she was once the daughter of the noble Thane of Turgolstone, before whose throne a thousand vassals trembled?"

"Thou the daughter of Turgel Walfanger?" said Cedric, wondering as he spoke; "thou—thou—the daughter of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and companion in arms?"

"Thy father's friend!" asked Ulfried; "then—Cedric called the Saxon stands before me, for the noble Hildebrand of Rotherwood had but one son, whose name is well known among his countrymen. But if thou art Cedric of Rotherwood, why

this religious dream!—hast thou, too, despaired of seeing thy country, and sought refuge from oppression in the shade of the convent?"

"It matters not who I am," said Cordia; "grieved, unhappy women, with thy tale of horror and guilt!—Guilt there must be,—there is guilt even in thy living to tell it."

"There is—there is," answered the wretched woman, "deep, black, damning guilt—guilt, that lies like a lead on my breast—guilt, that all the penitential fires of hell cannot consume. Yea, in those halls, stained with the noble and pure blood of my father, and my brothers—in those very halls, to have lived the paramour of their murderer, the slave at once and the partaker of his pleasures, was to render every breath which I drew of vital air a crime and a curse."

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Cordia, "And while the friends of thy father—while such true Swiss heart, as it breathed a vapour for his soul, and those of his valiant sons, forgot not in their prayers the murdered Urien—while all mourned and honoured the dead, thou hast lived to mock our hate and execration—lived to unite thyself with the vile tyrant who murdered thy nearest and dearest—who shed the blood of infancy, rather than a male of the noble house of Torquell Wolfenger should survive—with him hast thou lived to unite thyself, and in the bonds of lawless love."

"In lawless bonds, indeed, but not in those of love!" answered the hag; "love will never visit the regions of eternal doom, than those unforgotten vaults.—No, with that at least I cannot reproach myself—lived to Front-de-Bœuf and his race governed my and most deeply, even in the hour of his guilty indentments."

"You hated him, and yet you lived," replied Cordia; "wretch! was there no poison—no knife—no bodkin!—Well was it for thee, since thou didst prize such an existence, that the secrets of a Norman castle are like those of the grave. For had I but dreamed of the daughter of Torquell living in foul communion with the murderer of her father, the sword of a true Swiss had found thee out even in the arms of thy paramour!"

"Wouldst thou indeed have done this justice to the name of Torquell?" said Urien, for we may now lay aside her assumed name of Uriel; "thou art, then, the true Swiss report speaks thee! for even within those assumed walls, where, as thou well

myself, guilt shrouds back in impenetrable mystery, even there has the name of Cœlio been searched—and I, wretched and degraded, have rejoiced to think that there yet breathed an avenger of our unhappy nation.—I also have had my hours of vengeance—I have fomented the guerrilla of our foes, hunted drunken revelry into murderous broil—I have seen their blood flow—I have heard their dying groans!—Look on me, Cœlio,—are there not still left on this foul and faded face some traces of the features of Torquill?

"Ask me not of these, Ulicia," replied Cœlio, in a tone of grief mixed with abhorrence; "these mark here each a reminiscence as crisp from the grave of the dead, when a fiend has saturated the Helian corpse."

"Be it so," answered Ulicia; "yet were those fearful features the mark of a spirit of light when they were able to set at variance the elder Front-de-Bœuf and his son Reginald! The darkness of hell should hide what followed, but revenge must lift the veil, and darkly intimate what it would raise the dead to speak aloud. Long had the smothering fire of discord glowed between the tyrant father and his wretched son—long had I nursed, in secret, the unatoned hatred—It blazed forth in an hour of drunken violence, and at his own board fell my oppressor by the hand of his own son—such are the secrets these veils conceal!—Good woman, ye scorned wretch," she added, looking up towards the roof, "and bury in your fall all who are conscious of the hideous mystery!"

"And then, creature of guilt and misery," said Cœlio, "what became thy lot on the death of thy revenger?"

"Guess it, but ask it not.—Here—here I dwell, till age, premature age, has stamped its ghastly features on my countenance—scorned and humiliated where I was once obeyed, and compelled to bound the revenge which had once such ample scope, to the effects of petty malice of a discontented maid, or the vain or unheeded curses of an impotent hag—condemned to hear from my lonely turret the sounds of revelry in which I once partook, or the shrieks and groans of new victims of oppression."

"Ulicia," said Cœlio, "with a heart which still, I fear, regrets the hot reward of thy wrongs, as much as the deeds by which thou didst acquire that need, how dost thou dare to address thee to one who wears this robe? Consider, unhappy

woman, what could the maimed Edward himself do for thee, were he here in bodily presence? The royal Confessor was endowed by Heaven with power to cleanse the shores of the body, but only God himself can cure the leprosy of the soul."

"Yet, turn not from me, stern prophet of woe!" she exclaimed, "but tell me, if thou canst, in what shall terminate these raw and awful feelings that burst on my solitude—Why do deeds, long since done, rise before me in raw and terrible horrors! What fate is prepared beyond the grave for her, to whom God has assigned on earth a lot of such unspeakable wretchedness? Better had I turn to Wenden, Morlaix, and Zorachoke—to Miria, and to Scoggin, the gods of our yet unchristianized ancestors, than endure the dreadful anticipations which here of late haunted my waking and my sleeping hours!"

"I am no priest," said Cedric, turning with disgust from this miserable picture of guilt, wretchedness, and despair; "I am no priest, though I wear a priest's garment."

"Priest or layman," answered Ulrica, "thou art the first I have seen for twenty years, by whom God was feared or man regarded; and dost thou bid me despair?"

"I bid thee repent," said Cedric. "Seek to prayer and penance, and repent thou find acceptance! But I cannot, I will not, longer abide with thee."

"Stay yet a moment!" said Ulrica; "leave me not now, son of my father's friend, lest the demon who has governed my life should tempt me to avenge myself of thy hard-hearted scorn—Thinkest thou, if Front-de-Bœuf forced Cedric the Saxon in his castle, in such a disguise, that thy life would be a long one?—Already his eye has been upon thee like a falcon on his prey."

"And he is so," said Cedric; "and let him tear me with beak and talon, ere my tongue say one word which my heart doth not warrant. I will die a Saxon—true in word, open in deed—I bid thee avenged!—teach me not, stay me not!—The sight of Front-de-Bœuf himself is less odious to me than thou, degraded and degenerate as thou art."

"Be it so," said Ulrica, no longer interrupting him; "go thy way, and forget, in the weakness of thy superiority, that the wretch before thee is the daughter of thy father's friend—Go thy way—if I am separated from mankind by my sufferings—separated from those whose aid I might most justly expect—not less will I be separated from them in my revenge!—Be

men shall rid me, but the rest of all men shall tingle to hear of the deed which I shall dare to do!—Farewell!—thy scorn has burnt the last tie which seemed yet to unite me to my kind—O thought that my woes might claim the compassion of my people!”

“Utrius,” said Colric, softened by this appeal, “hast thou borne up and endured to live through so much guilt and so much misery, and wilt thou now yield to despair when thine eyes are opened to thy crimes, and when repentance were thy fitter occupation?”

“Colric,” answered Utrius, “thou little knowest the human heart. To act as I have acted, to think as I have thought, requires the maddening love of pleasure, mingled with the keen appetite of revenge, the proud consciousness of power; draughts too intoxicating for the human heart to bear, and yet scarce the power to prevent. Their force has long passed away—Aga has no pleasure—winkles have no influence, revenge itself dies away in impotent curses. These curses remorse, with all its raptures, mixed with vain regrets for the past, and despair for the future!—Then, when all other strong impulses have ceased, we become like the fiends in hell, who may feel remorse, but never repentance.—That thy words have awakened a new soul within me—Well hast thou said, all is possible for those who dare to die!—Then, hast thou seen me the master of revenge, and be assured I will embrace them. It has hitherto shared this wasted hour with other and with rival passions—henceforward it shall possess me wholly, and then thyself shalt say, that, whatever was the life of Utrius, her death will become the daughter of the noble Terquil. There is a force without hesitating this scorned castle—listen to lead them to the attack, and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret on the eastern angle of the donjon, press the Norman hard—they will then have enough to do within, and you may win the wall in spite both of law and weapon.—Farewell, I pray thee—Adieu Utrius even till, and leave me to mine.”

Colric would have inquired further into the purpose which she thus daringly announced, but the stern voice of Front-des-Bois was heard, exclaiming, “Where tarry this loitering priest? By the swelling-shell of Compostelle, I will make a party of him, if he tarry here to hatch treason among my Joncoteis!”



"What a true prophet," said Ulric, "is an evil conscience ! But heed him not—yet send to thy people—Ope your doors midnight, and let them sing their war-song of Riala, if they will ; vengeance shall bear a burden to it."

As she thus spoke, she reached through a private door, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf entered the apartment. Cedric, with some difficulty, compelled himself to make obeisance to the haughty Baron, who returned his courtesy with a slight inclination of the head.

"Thy prisoners, father, have made a long shift—it is the better for them, since it is the last they shall ever make. Hast thou prepared them for death ?"

"I feared them," said Cedric, in such French as he could command, "expecting the worst, from the moment they knew into whose power they had fallen."

"How now, Sir Friar," replied Front-de-Bœuf ; "thy speech, methinks, smacks of a Saxon tongue ?"

"I was bred in the convent of Saint Withold of Barton," answered Cedric.

"Ay?" said the Baron ; "it had been better for thee to have been a Norman, and better for my purpose too ; but need has no choice of housekeepers. That Saint Withold's of Barton is a hostler's nest worth the harrying. The day will soon come that the Frank shall protect the Saxon as little as the mail-coat."

"Oaths will be done," said Cedric, in a voice tremulous with passion, which Front-de-Bœuf interpreted to fear.

"I see," said he, "thou deemest already that our men-at-arms are in thy refectory and thy ale-halls. But do we not rest of thy holy office, and, some what list of others, thou shalt sleep as well in thy cell as a snail within his shell of proof."

"Speak your commands," said Cedric, with suppressed emotion.

"Follow me through this passage, then, that I may discuss thee by the postern."

And as he strode on his way before the suppliant friar, Front-de-Bœuf thus schooled him in the part which he desired he should act.

"Thou seest, Sir Friar, you heard of Saxon spies, who have dared to enter the castle of Tynghelton—Till thou wast—over thou hast a mind of the weakness of this fortalice, or might also that can detain them before it for twenty-four hours.

Maurice bear them this scroll.—But soft—must read, Sir Priest?”

“Not a jot I,” answered Cedric, “save on my breviary; and thus I know the characters, because I have the holy service by heart, printed by Our Lady and Saint Wulstod!”

“The fitter messenger for my purpose.—Carry then this scroll to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin; say it cometh from me, and is written by the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and that I pray him to send it to York with all the speed man and horse can make. Meanwhile, tell him to doubt nothing, he shall find us whole and sound behind our battlement.—Shame on it, that we should be compelled to hide thus by a pack of rascals who are wroth to fly even at the flash of our pennons and the tramp of our horses! I say to thee, priest, contrive some craft of thine art to keep the knights where they are, until our friends bring up their horses. My vengeance is awake, and she is a fiend that slanders not till she has been goaded.”

“By my patron saint,” said Cedric, with deeper energy than became his character, “and by every saint who has lived and died in England, your commands shall be obeyed! Not a Saxon shall stir from behind those walls, if I have art and influence to detain them there.”

“Ha!” said Front-de-Bœuf, “then changed thy tone, Sir Priest, and speakest brief and bold, as if thy heart were in the daughter of the Saxon lord; and yet thou art thyself of kindred to the wine?”

Cedric was no ready practicer of the art of dissimulation, and would at this moment have been much the better of a hint from Wulstod’s more fertile brain. But necessity, according to the ancient proverb, sharpens invention, and he muttered something under his evel concerning the men in question being consecrated soilmen both to church and to kingdom.

“Dependence,” answered Front-de-Bœuf, “thou hast spoken the very truth—I forget that the French can strip a hot object, as well as if they had been born south of yonder salt channel. Was it not he of St. Ives whom they tied to an oak-tree, and compelled to slay a man while they were rifling his wallet and his wallet?—No, by Our Lady!—that jest was played by Gualtier of Mirkstone, one of our own companions-at-arms. But they were Saxons who robbed the chapel at St. Bore of exp. candles, and chalice, were they not?”

"They were gallows men," answered Cedric.

"Ay, and they drank out all the good wine and ale that lay in store for many a secret carousal, when ye pretend ye are but loaded with rights and prizes!—Pshaw, thou art bound to revenge such marlings."

"I am, indeed, bound to vengeance," murmured Cedric; "John Walsall knows my heart."

Front-de-Bœuf, in the meanwhile, led the way to a pasture, where, passing the mount on a single plank, they reached a small baillieu, or exterior defence, which communicated with the open field by a well-fortified sallyport.

"Dagons, then; and if thou wilt do mine errand, and if thou return hither when it is done, thou shalt see Baron Bosc chop as ever was hog's in the shambles of Sheffield. And, hark thee! thou seemest to be a jolly confessor—come hither after the onslaught, and thou shalt have as much Malvoisie as would drench thy whole convent."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

"Something is laid the while," continued the Norman; and, as they parted at the pasture door, he thrust into Cedric's reluctant hand a gold byssant, adding, "Remember, I will lay off both oreil and skin, if thou faltest in thy purpose."

"And full leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, leaving the pasture, and striding forth over the free field with a joyful step. "If, when we meet next, I deserve not better at thine hand!"—Turning then back towards the castle, he threw the piece of gold towards the door, exclaiming at the same time, "Faire Norman, thy money perish with thee!"

Front-de-Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but the action was suspicious—"Archers," he called to the warriors on the outward battlements, "send me an arrow through yon monk's back!—yet stay," he said, as his retainers were loading their bows, "it avails not—we must trust for trust him since we have no better shift. I think he dares not betray me—at the worst I can but trust with those Saxon dogs whom I have safe in hand.—Ho! Giles Jailer, let them bring Cedric of Rotherwood before me, and the other dunc, his companion—him I mean of Coningsburgh—Athelstan there, or what call they him? Their very names are an encouragement to a Norman knight's mouth, and have, as it were, a flavour of honey—Give me a stoop of wine, as jolly Prince John said, that I may wash

away the table,—place it in the armory, and thither lead the prisoners."

His commands were obeyed; and, upon entering that Gothic apartment, hung with many spoils won by his own valour and that of his father, he found a flagon of wine on the massive oaken table, and the two Saracen captives under the guard of four of his dependents. *Front-de-Bœuf* took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners,—for the manner in which *Wamba* drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the Baron's imperfect acquaintance with the features of *Geldric* (who avoided his Norman neighbours, and seldom stirred beyond his own domain), prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said *Front-de-Bœuf*, "how selfish ye poor entertainment at *Tripaldane*!—Are ye yet aware what poor company and entertainment\* worth for scoffing at the entertainment of a Palace of the House of *Angou*?—Have ye forgotten how ye requited the unmerited hospitality of the royal John? By God and Saint Dennis, as ye pay not the richer manors, I will hang ye up by the feet from the iron bars of these windows, till the kites and hawks come here make skeletons of you!—Speak out, ye Saracen dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives!—How say you, you of *Botherwood*?"

"Not a dolt I," answered poor *Wamba*.—"and for the hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy, they say, ever since the higgie was bound first round my head; so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

"Saint Gumerius!" said *Front-de-Bœuf*, "what have we got lost?"

And with the back of his hand he struck *Geldric's* cap from the head of the Foster, and throwing upon his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Oiles—Clement—dogs and varlets!" exclaimed the stern Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said *De Bracy*, who just entered the apartment. "This is *Geldric's* slave, who fought so manful a skirmish with Isaac of York about a question of primogeniture."

"I shall settle it for them both," replied *Front-de-Bœuf*; "they shall hang on the same gallows, unless his master and

\* *Deeply and extravagantly—business and presumption.*

this host of Coldingburgh will pay well for their lives. Their wealth is the least they can surrender; they must also carry off with them the weapons that are lowering the castle, subscribe a surrender of their pretended hominities, and live under us as vassals and vassals; too happy if, in the new world that is about to begin, we leave them the breath of their nostrils.—Go," said he to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Colde-kithen, and I punish your error for once; the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Baron Franklin."

"Ay, but," said Wanda, "your chivalrous cordiality will find there are more fools than franklins among us."

"What means the knave?" said Front-de-Bœuf, looking towards his followers, who, lingering and loath, filtered forth their belief, that if this were not Colde who was there in person, they knew not what was become of him.

"Hearts of Heaven!" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have escaped in the monk's garments!"

"Fools of hell!" cried Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then the bear of Rotherwood whom I adhered to the posters, and dismissed with my own hands!—And then," he said to Wanda, "whose folly could overreach the wisdom of idiots yet more gross than thyself—I will give thee holy orders—I will share thy crown for thee!—Here, let them tear the scalp from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements—Thy task is to jest, must thou jest now?"

"You deal with me better than your word, noble knight," whispered forth poor Wanda, whose habits of gallantry were not to be overcome even by the immediate prospect of death; "if you give me the red cap you propose, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"The poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his vocation.—Front-de-Bœuf, you shall not slay him. Give him to me to make sport for my Five Companions.—How agreest thou, knave? With them take heart of grace, and go to the war with me!"

"Ay, with my master's leave," said Wanda, "for, look you, I must not slip collar" (and he touched that which he wore) "without his permission."

"Oh, a Norman now will soon cut a Saracen collar," said De Bracy.

"Ay, noble sir," said Wanda, "and thence goes the proverb—

Norman are on English soil,  
On English earth a Norman yoke;  
Norman speak in English dialect,  
And English ruled as Normans with;  
Little world, in English power will be more,  
The English's rule of all the four."

"Then dost well, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to stand there listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is gaping for us! Escot thou not we are overwhelmed, and that our proposed mode of communicating with our friends without, has been disconcerted by this same noisily gentleman thou art so kind to brother? What views have we to expect but instant storm?"

"To the battlements then," said De Bracy; "when I list thou ever see me the graver for the thoughts of battle! Call the Templar yonder, and let him fight but half as well for his life as he has done for his Order—Make them to the walls thyself with thy huge body—Let me do my poor endeavour in my own way, and I tell thee the Saxon soldiers may as well attempt to scale the clouds, as the castle of Turgelstone; or, if you will treat with the lordship, why not employ the mediation of this worthy franklin, who seems in such deep contemplation of the wine fugent—Here, Saxon," he continued, addressing Athelstone, and handing the cup to him, "dost thy direct with that cold liquor, and raise up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"What a man of mould may," answered Athelstone, "providing it be what a man of manhood ought.—Dismis me free, with my companions, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And with moreover secure us the retreat of that man of mankind who are swarming around the castle, contrary to God's peace and the King's!" said Front-de-Bœuf.

"In as far as I can," answered Athelstone, "I will withdraw them; and I trust not but that my father Godric will do his best to assist me."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf—"then send they me to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. It is a trifling ransom, Saxon, and thou wilt owe gratitude to the mediation which accepts of it in exchange of your persons. But mark, this extends not to the Jew Isaac."

"Nay to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar, who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Baron's company."

"I were unworthy to be called Christian, if they did," replied Athelstane: "deal with the unbelievers as ye list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy. "It shall never be said I was scared out of a fair price without striking a blow for it."

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "does our treaty refer to this wretched Jew, whom I refuse, that I may make him an example to every knave who turns Jew into earnest."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Athelstane, with the most steady countenance, "is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The slave Wamba has this day saved the life of my father Cedric—I will less mine, ere a hair of his head be injured."

"Thy affianced bride!—the Lady Rowena, the affianced bride of a vessel like thee?" said De Bracy; "Baron, thou dreamest that the dogs of the seven kingdoms are returned again. I tell thee, the Princes of the House of Anjou confer not their words on men of such lineage as thine."

"My lineage, proud Norman," replied Athelstane, "is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a beggarly Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the thieves whom he assassinates under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war and wise in council, who every day feasted in their hall more hundreds than thou canst number individual followers; whose names have been sung by minstrels, and their lives recorded by Wittenametes; whose bones were interred amid the prayers of monks, and over whose tombs ministers have been builded."

"Then hast thou, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, well pleased with the rebuff which his companion had received, "the Baron hath hit thee fairly."

"As fairly as a cogitator can strike," said De Bracy, with apparent consciousness; "for he whose hands are God's should have his tongue at freedom.—But the glossiness of reply, comrades," rejoined he, speaking to Athelstane, "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

To this Athelstane, who had already made a longer speech

than was his custom to do on any topic, however interesting, returned no answer. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a monk, who announced that a monk demanded admittance at the postern gate.

"In the name of Saint Bonnet, the prince of these half-beggars," said Front-de-Bœuf, "have we a real monk this time, or another impostor? Search him, slaves—for as ye suffer a second impostor to be palmed upon you, I will have your eyes torn out, and hot coals put into the sockets."

"Let me endure the extremity of your anger, my lord," said Giles, "if this be not a real shavering. Your squire Joseph knows him well, and will vouch him to be Brother Andrew, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jarvada."

"Acht him," said Front-de-Bœuf; "most likely he brings us news from his jovial master. Surely the devil keeps holiday, and the priests are relieved from duty, that they are strutting thus wildly through the country. Remove these prisoners; and, slaves, think on what I've just heard."

"I chide," said Atholstone, "an unreasonable imprisonment, with due care of my hand and of my couch, as becomes my rank, and as is due to one who is in treaty for ransom. Moreover, I hold him that claims himself the best of you, bound to answer to me with his body for this aggression on my freedom. This defiance hath already been sent to thee by thy squire; thou understand it, and art bound to answer me—There lies my glove."

"I answer not the challenge of my prisoner," said Front-de-Bœuf; "nor shalt thou, Maurice de Bussy.—Giles," he continued, "hang the Franklin's glove upon the tins of powder mounted outside: there shall it remain until he is a free man. Should he then presume to demand it, or to affirm he was unlawfully made my prisoner, by the belt of Saint Christopher, he will speak to one who hath never refused to meet a foe on foot or on horseback, alone or with his wounds at his back!"

The slaves prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk Andrew, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"This is the real Dear witness," said Wincha, as he passed the nervous brother; "the others were but counterfeits."

"Haly mother!" said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping."



"Such then art," replied De Bussy; "and the Christianity, here in the stout Baron Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, whose utter abomination is a Jew; and the good Knight Templar, Eudes de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade is to slay Saracens.—If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other which they bear about them."

"Ye are friends and allies of our revered Father in God, Aymar, Prior of Jorvada," said the monk, without noticing the tone of De Bussy's reply; "ye owe him aid both by knightly skills and holy charity; for what saith the blessed Saint Augustine, in his treatise *De Civitate Dei*?"

"What with the devil?" interrupted Front-de-Bœuf; "or rather what dost thou say, Sir Priest? We have little time to lose here from the holy fathers."

"Saints Merin!" ejaculated Father Andrew, "how prompt to ire are these unbelieved heathen!—But be it known to you, brave knights, that certain murderous scoundrels, casting behind them fear of God, and reverence of his church, and not regarding the bull of the holy see, *Et per, venerabile Sacerdos*!"

"Brother priest," said the Templar, "all this we know or guess at—tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?"

"Surely," said Andrew, "he is in the hands of the men of Balid, infesters of these woods, and contumacious of the holy see." "Durst not mine unaided, and do my prophetic thought of evil."

"Here is a new argument for our swords, sir," said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions; "and so, instead of reaching us any assistance, the Prior of Jorvada requests aid at our hands! a man is well helped of these lazy churchmen when he hath need to do! But speak out, priest, and say at once, what dost thy master expect from us?"

"So please you," said Andrew, "valiant hands having been imposed on my revered superior, contrary to the holy will of heaven which I did already quote, and the men of Balid having rifled his mails and bulwarks, and stripped him of two hundred marks of pure refined gold, they do yet demand of him a large sum besides, ere they will suffer him to depart from their monstrous clasp hands. Wherefore, the revered father in God prays you, as his dear friends, to rescue him, either by paying down the

reason at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion."

"The first good spell the Prior!" said Front-de-Bœuf; "his morning's Jauglet has been a deep one. When did thy master hear of a Norman knight unlocking his prison to relieve a chivalrous, whose legs are ten times as weighty as ours!—And how can we do ought by valor to free him, that are coupled up here by ten times our number, and expect an assault every moment?"

"And that was what I was about to tell you," said the monk, "had your business allowed me time. But, God help us, I am old, and those foul thoughts distract an aged man's brain. Nevertheless it is of verity that they assemble a camp and raise a bank against the walls of this castle."

"To the battlements!" cried De Bracy, "and let us mark what those knaves do without;" and, so saying, he opened a latticed window which led to a sort of balcony, or projecting balcony, and immediately called from those to those in the apartment—"Saint Denis, but the old monk hath brought true tidings!—They bring forward mantlets and pavises," and the archers muster on the cliffs of the wood like a dark cloud before a hail-storm."

Highland Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately watched his leg; and, after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side, where the walls are lowest—Fieffe Rob-Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look thou to the western side—I myself will take post at the battens. Yet, do not confuse your numbers to any one spot, noble friends! we must this day be everywhere, and multiply ourselves were it possible, so as to carry by our presence success and relief wherever the attack is hottest. Our numbers are few, but activity and courage may supply that defect, since we have only to do with menial devils."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose, amidst the bustle and confusion occasioned by the preparations for

\* Mantlets were temporary and movable defenses formed of plates, under cover of which the men were exposed to the attack of hostile plants of all. Pavises were a species of large shields covering the whole person, employed on the most occasions.

defence, "will none of ye hear the message of the revered father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jerusalem?—I besouch thee to hear me, noble Sir Reginald!"

"Go rather thy petitions to Edward!" said the fierce Norman, "for we on earth have no time to listen to them.—He! there, Asselin! see that nothing pitch and roll are ready to pour on the heads of these mutinous traitors—Look that the cross-bowmen lock not bolts." Flung abroad my banner with the old half's head—the knaves shall soon find with whom they have to do this day!"

"That, noble sir," continued the monk, preserving in his endeavours to draw attention, "consider my vows of obedience, and let me discharge myself of my superior's errand."

"Away with this prating dabbler," said Front-de-Bœuf, "look him up in the chapel, to tell his beads till the bell be over. It will be a new thing to the monks in Torquilstone to hear arms and jargon; they have not been so harassed, I trow, since they were cut out of stone."

"Disphame not the holy saints, Sir Reginald," said De Bracy; "we shall have need of their aid to-day before you reach root-dishonour."

"I expect little aid from their hand," said Front-de-Bœuf, "unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering Saint Christopher yunker, sufficient to bear a whole company to the earth."

The Templar had in the meantime been looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers with rather more attention than the brutal Front-de-Bœuf, or his giddy companion.

"By the faith of mine order," he said, "these men approach with more touch of discipline than could have been judged, however they came by it. See ye how dexterously they array themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and show exposing themselves to the shot of our crossbows! I spy neither banner nor position among them, and yet will I gaze upon my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of wars."

"I saye Maw," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's

\* The belt was the arrow probably fixed to the cross-bow, so that of the Templars was called a shaft. Hence the English proverb—"I will either make a shaft or half of it," signifying a determination to make one way or other of the thing spoken of.

cross, and the gleam of his sword. See you tall men in the black mail, who in battle mounting the further tramp of the manful peons.—By Saint Denis, I held him to be the man whom we called *Le Noir Penaud*, who overthrew that, *Front-de-l'Arret*, in the late at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-l'Arret, "that he comes here to give me my revenge. Some killing fellow he must be, who dared not stay to assert his claim to the tower prize which chance had assigned him. I should in vain have sought for him whose knight and soldier seek their fate, and right glad am I he hath here shown himself among you villain journey."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they waited with calm determination the threatened assault.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

This wandering race, arriv'd from other seas,  
Shout yet their intercession with loud cries;  
The sea, the winds, the storms which they beseech,  
Find them appointed with their secret treasure;  
And unperceiv'd herbs, and flowers, and blossoms,  
Display unnumber'd powers, when gather'd by them.

THE JAIL.

Our history must needs retrograde for the space of a few pages, to inform the reader of certain passages material to his understanding the rest of this important narrative. His own intelligence may indeed have easily anticipated that, when Isabella sunk down, and seemed abandoned by all the world, it was the opportunity of Rebecca which prevailed on her father to have the gallant young warrior transported from the boat to the house which for the time she Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

It would not have been difficult to have persuaded Isaac to this step in any other circumstances, for his disposition was

kind and grateful. But he had also the prejudices and scrupulous timidity of his persecuted people, and these were to be conquered.

"Holy Abraham!" he exclaimed, "he is a good youth, and my heart bleeds to see the poor trudge down his dark undervided bosom, and his coatlet of goodly price—but to carry him to our house!—dashed, but then well considered!—he is a Christian, and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, were for the advantage of our commerce."

"Speak not so, my dear father," replied Rebecca; "we may not indeed mix with them in banquet and in jollity; but in wounds and in misery the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother."

"I would I knew what the Rabbi Jacob Ben Tuckia would opine on it," replied Isaac;—"nevertheless, the good youth must not bleed to death. Let Seth and Reuben bear him to Ashby."

"Nay, let them place him in my litter," said Rebecca; "I will escort one of the pilgrims."

"That were to expose thee to the gaze of those dogs of Ishmael and of Edom," whispered Isaac, with a suspicious glance towards the crowd of knights and squires. But Rebecca was already busied in carrying her charitable purpose into effect, and listed not what he said, until Isaac, seeing the door of her mantle, again exclaimed, in a hoarse voice—"Heed of Aaron!—what if the youth perish!—if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?"

"He will not die, my father," said Rebecca, gently extricating herself from the grasp of Isaac—"he will not die, unless we slay him; and if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man."

"Nay," said Isaac, relaxing his hold, "it grieveth me as much to see the drops of his blood, as if they were so many golden shekels from mine own purse; and I well know, that the lawsons of Miriam, daughter of the Rabbi Mosees of Ephraim, whose soul is in Paradise, have made thee skilful in the art of healing, and that thou knowest the craft of herbs and the force of elixirs. Therefore, do as thy mind direct thee—thou art a good daughter, a blessing and a crown, and a song of rejoicing unto me and to my house, and unto the people of my fathers."

The apprehensions of Isaac, however, were not ill-founded; and the generous and grateful benevolence of his daughter exposed her, on her return to Ashby, to the uncalculated gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. The Templar twice passed and repassed there on the road, fixing his bold and ardent look on the beautiful Jewess; and we have already seen the consequences of the admiration which her charms excited, when accident threw her into the power of that unprincipled voluptuary.

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The youngest reader of romances and romantic ballads must recollect how often the females, during the dark ages, as they are called, were initiated into the mysteries of surgery, and how frequently the gallant knight submitted the wounds of his person to her cure, whose eyes had yet more deeply penetrated his heart.

But the Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical science in all its branches, and the women and powerful barons of the time frequently committed themselves to the charge of some experienced sage among this despised people, when wounded or in sickness. The aid of the Jewish physicians was not less eagerly sought after, through a general belief prevailed among the Christians, that the Jewish Rabbins were deeply acquainted with the occult sciences, and particularly with the cabalistical art which had its name and origin in the studies of the sages of Israel. Neither did the Rabbins choose such acquaintance with supernatural arts, which added nothing (for what could add ought?) to the hatred with which the nation was regarded, while it diminished the contempt with which that intolerance was mingled. A Jewish magician might be the subject of equal abhorrence with a Jewish usurer, but he could not be equally despised. It is besides probable, considering the wonderful cures they are said to have performed, that the Jews possessed some secrets of the healing art peculiar to themselves, and which, with the exclusive spirit arising out of their condition, they took great care to conceal from the Christians amongst whom they dwelt.

The beautiful Rebecca had been handsomely brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which her apt and powerful mind had retained, arranged, and enlarged, in the course of

a progress beyond her years, her sex, and even the age in which she lived. Her knowledge of medicine and of the healing art had been acquired under an aged Jewess, the daughter of one of their most celebrated doctors, who loved Rebecca as her own child, and was believed to have communicated to her secrets, which had been left to herself by her aged father at the same time and under the same circumstances. The fate of Miriam had indeed been to fall a sacrifice to the fanaticisms of the times; but her secrets had survived in her apt pupil.

Rebecca, thus endowed with knowledge as with beauty, was universally revered and admired by her own tribe, who almost regarded her as one of those gifted women mentioned in the sacred history. Her father himself, out of reverence for her talents, which involuntarily mingled itself with his unbounded affection, permitted the maiden a greater liberty than was usually indulged to those of her sex by the habits of her people, and was, as we have just seen, frequently guided by her opinion, even in preference to his own.

When Ivanhoe reached the habitation of Isaac, he was still in a state of unconsciousness, owing to the profuse loss of blood which had taken place during his exertions in the lists. Rebecca examined the wound, and having applied to it such ordinary remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if fear could be asserted, of which the great bleeding rendered her little apprehensive, and if the healing balsam of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the ensuing day. Isaac looked a little blank at this announcement. His charity would willingly have stopped short at Ashby, or at most would have left the wounded Christian to be treated in the house where he was residing at present, with an assurance to the Habiter to whom it belonged, that all expenses should be duly discharged. To this, however, Rebecca opposed many reasons, of which we shall only mention two that had peculiar weight with Isaac. The one was, that she would on no account put the *palid* of precious balsam into the hands of another physician even of her own tribe, but that valuable mystery should be discovered; the other, that this wounded knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, was an intimate favourite of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and that, in case the monarch should return, Isaac, who had supplied his brother John with treasure to prosecute his rebellions

purpose, would stand in no small need of a powerful protector who enjoyed Richard's favour.

"Then not speaking but smother, Deacons," said Isaac, giving way to those weighty arguments—"it were an offending of Heaven to betray the secrets of the blessed Miriam; for the good which Heaven giveth, is not easily to be squandered upon others, whether it be talents of gold and shekels of silver, or whether it be the secret mysteries of a wise physician—surely they should be preserved to those to whom Providence hath vouchsafed them. And him whom the Sovereign of England call the Lion's Heart, surely it were better for me to fall into the hands of a strong lion of Idleness than into his, if he shall have got assurance of my dealings with his brother. Wherefore I will lead me to thy counsel, and this youth shall journey with us to York, and our house shall be as a home to him: until his wounds shall be healed. And if he of the Lion Heart shall return to the land, as is now asked abroad, then shall this Wilfred of Iveshoe be unto me as a wall of defence, when the King's displeasure shall turn high against thy father. And if he doth not return, this Wilfred may methinks repay us our charges when he shall gain treasure by the strength of his spear and of his sword, even as he did yesterday and this day also. For the youth is a good youth, and keepeth the day which he appointeth, and resteth that which he loveth, and accompaneth the humble, even the child of my father's house, when it is encompassed by strong thieves and men of blood."

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Iveshoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. He awoke from a broken slumber under the confused impressions which are naturally attendant on the recovery from a state of insensibility. He was unable for some time to recall exactly to memory the circumstances which had preceded his fall in the lists, or to make out any connected chain of the events in which he had been engaged upon the yesterday. A mass of wounds and injury, joined to great weakness and exhaustion, was mingled with the recollection of blows dealt and received, of strokes making upon each other, counterblowing and overthrowing—of shouts and clashing of arms, and all the busy tumult of a confused fight. An effort to draw aside the curtains of his couch was in some degree successful, although rendered difficult by the pain of his wound.



To his great surprise he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume, that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palestine. The impression was increased, when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a worthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, which might, even in more civilized days, have served to relieve it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy. The idea of so young and beautiful a person engaged in attendance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of one of a different sex, was melted away and lost in that of a benefactress being contributing her efficient aid to relieve pain, and to avert the stroke of death. Rebecca's few and brief directions were given in the Hebrew language to the old domestic; and he, who had been frequently her assistant in similar cases, obeyed them without reply.

The accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh they might have sounded when uttered by another, had, coming from the beautiful Rebecca, the romantic and pleasing effect which fancy ascribes to the charms pronounced by some beneficent fairy, intelligible, indeed, to the ear, but, from the sweetness of utterance, and benignity of aspect which accompanied them, touching and affecting to the heart. Without making an attempt at further question, Ivanhoe suffered them in silence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until these were completed, and his kind physician about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed.—“Gentle maiden,” he began, in the Arabian tongue, with which his Eastern travels had rendered him familiar, and which he thought most likely to be understood by the taciturn and often'd domestic who stood before him.—“I pay you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy.”—

But here he was interrupted by his fair physician, a smile, which she could scarce suppress, displaying for an instant a face whose general expression was that of contemplative melancholy. "I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate."

"Noble dame!"—again the Knight of Irueloe began; and again Rebecca hastened to interrupt him.

"Restrain not on me, Sir Knight," she said, "the epithet of noble. It is well you should quickly know that your handmaiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of York to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It will become him, and those of his household, to render to you such careful assistance as your present state necessarily demands."

I know not whether the fair Jewess would have been altogether satisfied with the species of emotion with which her devoted knight had hitherto gazed on the beautiful features, and fair form, and lustrous eyes of the lovely Rebecca; eyes whose brilliancy was shaded, and, as it were, softened by the fringe of her long silken eye-lashes, and which a minstrel would have compared to the evening star during its rays through a tower of jasperine. But Irueloe was too good a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings towards a Jewess. This Rebecca had known, and for this very purpose she had hastened to mention her father's name and lineage; yet—for the fair and wise daughter of Isaac was not without a touch of female weakness—she could not but sigh internally when the glances of respectful admiration, not altogether unmingled with tenderness, with which Irueloe had hitherto regarded his unknown handmaiden, was exchanged at once for a manner cold, composed, and collected, and fraught with no deeper feeling than that which expressed a grateful sense of courtesy received from an unexpected quarter, and from one of an inferior race. It was not that Irueloe's former carriage expressed more than that general devotional homage which youth always pays to beauty; yet it was mortifying that one word should operate as a spell to remove poor Rebecca, who could not be supposed altogether ignorant of her title to such homage, into a degraded class, to whom it could not be honourably rendered.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature imputed no fault to Irueloe for sharing in the universal prejudice of

his age and religion. On the contrary, the fair Jewess, though would she her patient now regarded her as one of a mass of reputation, with whom it was disgraceful to hold any beyond the most necessary intercourse, would not to pay the same patient and devoted attention to his safety and convalescence. She informed him of the assembly they were under of removing to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and to send him in his own house until his health should be restored. Isakos expressed great repugnance to this plan, which he regarded as unwillingness to give further trouble to his benefactors.

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Baron's castle, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his arms?—Was there no convent of Baron's endorsement, where he could be received?—Or could he not be transported as far as Boston, where he was sure to find hospitality with Walthoff the Abbot of Saint Walthof's, to whom he was related?"

"Any, the worst of those harbours," said Rebecca, with a malicious smile, "would unquestionably be more fitting for your residence than the shade of a despised Jew; yet, Sir Knight, unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them; and in our family, in particular, we secrets which have been handed down since the days of Solomon, and of which you have already experienced the advantages. No Nazarene—I mean your forgiveness, Sir Knight—no Christian, least, within the four seas of Britain, could enable you to bear your sorrows within a month."

"And how soon will these enable me to break it?" said Isakos, impatiently.

"Within eight days, if there will be patient and conformable to my directions," replied Rebecca.

"By our Blessed Lady," said Wilfred, "if it be not a sin to name her here, it is no time for me or any true knight to be trifling; and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will pay thee with my unique doll of moans, come by them as I may."

"I will accomplish my promise," said Rebecca, "and thou

shall bear thine answer on the eighth day from hence, if thou wilt grant me but one boon in the stead of the silver thou dost promise me."

"If it be within my power, and such as a true Christian knight may yield to one of thy people," replied Ivanhoe, "I will grant thy boon willingly and thankfully."

"Say," answered Rebecca, "I will but pray of thee to believe beforehand that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without desiring other gains than the blessing of the Great Father, who made both Jew and Gentile."

"It were sin to doubt it, madam," replied Ivanhoe; "and I repose myself on thy skill without further scruple or question, well trusting you will enable me to bear my ordeal on the eighth day. And now, my kind lady, let me inquire of the news abroad. What of the noble Bruce Colville and his household?—what of the lovely lady?"—— He stopped, as if unwilling to speak Rebecca's name in the house of a Jew—"Of her, I mean, who was named Queen of the tournament?"

"And who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity, with judgment which was admired as much as your valor," replied Rebecca.

The blood which Ivanhoe had lost did not prevent a flush from crossing his cheek, feeling that he had inadvertently betrayed his deep interest in Rebecca by the ardent attempt he had made to conceal it.

"It was less of her I would speak," said he, "than of Prince John; and I would fain know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now attends me not?"

"Let me use my authority as a knight," answered Rebecca, "and enable you to keep silence, and avoid agitating reflections, whilst I apprise you of what you desire to know. Prince John hath taken leave of the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights, and chivalry of his party, after collecting such news as they could wing, by his means or fast, from those who are esteemed the wealth of the land. It is said he designs to resume his brother's crown."

"Nay without a blow struck in his defence," said Ivanhoe, rubbing himself upon the neck, "if there were but one true subject in England. I will fight for Richard's title with the best of them—ay, one to two, is his just quarrel?"

"But that you may be able to do so," said Rebecca, looking

his shoulder with her hand, "you must now observe my directions and remain quiet."

"True, mother," said Tristram, "as quiet as those disquieted times will permit—And of Gohrie and his household?"

"His steward came but brief while since," said the Jewess, "posting with haste, to ask my father for certain moneys, the price of wool the growth of Gohrie's flock, and from him I learned that Gohrie and Artholeneus of Coningsburgh had left Prince John's lodging in high displeasure, and were about to set forth on their return homeward."

"What say I of with them to the banquet?" said Wilfred.

"The Lady Florence," said Belovus, answering the question with more precision than it had been asked—"The Lady Florence went not to the Prince's feast, and, as the steward reported to us, she is now on her journey back to Rotherwood, with her guardian Gohrie. And touching your faithful squire Gurth?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the knight, "knowest thou his name!—But then dost," he immediately added, "and well thou sayest, for it was from thy hand, and, as I am now convinced, from thine own generosity of spirit, that he received but yesterday a hundred accolades."

"Speak not of that," said Belovus, blushing deeply; "I am how easy it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would gladly conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Tristram, guardedly, "my honour is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be so then, with," said Belovus, "when eight days have passed away; but think not, and speak not now, of aught that may retard thy recovery."

"Be it so, kind mother," said Tristram; "it were most ungrateful to dispute thy commands. But one word of the fate of poor Gurth, and I have done with questioning thee."

"I grieve to tell thee, Sir Knight," answered the Jewess, "that he is in custody by the order of Gohrie"—And then, observing the distress which her communication gave to Wilfred, she instantly added, "But the steward Oswald said, that if nothing occurred to renew his master's displeasure against him, he was sure that Gohrie would pardon Gurth, a faithful serf, and one who stood high in favour, and who had but committed this error out of the love that he bore to Gohrie's son."

And he said, moreover, that he and his comrades, and especially Wanda the Foster, were resolved to wear Gorth to make his escape by the way, in case Gorth's ire against him could not be mitigated."

"Would to God they may keep their purpose!" said Irushon; "but it seems as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomever hath shown kindness to me. My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou dost find the brother most indebted to him in making his arms to grasp his crown;—my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the throat of her son;—and now my father in his mood may slay this poor houseman, but for his love and loyal service to me.—Then woe, woe, woe, what an (Richard) woe! thou dost know to what; he who, and let me go, are the misfortunes which took my footsteps like slithers, shall involve thee also in their perils."

"Nay," said Edoena, "thy weakness and thy grief, Sir Knight, make thee misdeceive the purposes of Heaven. Thou hast been restored to thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast humbled the pride of thine enemies and those of thy king, when their hour was most highly needed; and for the evil which thou sustained, woe! thou dost find Heaven has raised thee a helper and a physician, even among the most despised of the land!—Therefore, be of good courage, and trust that thou art preserved for some marvel which thine arm shall work before this people. Adieu!—and having taken the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Edoena, compose thyself again to rest, that thou mayest be the more able to endure the journey to the succeeding day."

Irushon was comforted by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions of Edoena. The draught which Edoena administered was of a sedative and narcotic quality, and soothed the patient mind and unshaken slumbers. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lake, and every precaution taken for his travelling with ease. In one circumstance only even the extraction of Edoena was unable to secure sufficient attention to the accommodation of the wounded knight. Hence, like the wretched traveller of

Jernal's tooth smiles, had ever the fear of robbery before his eyes, conscious that he would be alike accounted fair game by the marauding Normans robbers, and by the Breton cut-throats. He therefore journeyed at a great rate, and made short halts, and shorter rests, so that he passed by Colric and Arkelstone, who had several hours the start of him, but who had been delayed by their protracted feasting at the convent of Saint Withulf's. Yet such was the virtue of Miriam's balsam, or such the strength of Irenhoe's constitution, that he did not sustain from the hurried journey that inconvenience which his kind physician had apprehended.

In another point of view, however, the Jew's haste proved somewhat more than good speed. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling, bred several disputes between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. These men were Saxons, and not free by any means from the national love of ease and good living which the Normans signified in laziness and gluttony. Reversing Shylock's position, they had accepted the employment in hopes of feeding upon the wealthy Jew, and were very much displeased when they found themselves disappointed by the rapidity with which he insisted on their proceeding. They concentrated also upon the risk of damage to their horses by these forced marches. Finally, there arose between Isaac and his satellites a deadly feud, concerning the quantity of wine and ale to be allowed for consumption at each meal. And thus it happened, that when the alarm of danger approached, and that which Isaac feared was likely to come upon him, he was deserted by the disaffected rascals on whose protection he had relied, without using the means necessary to secure their attachment.

In this deplorable condition the Jew, with his daughter and her wounded patient, was found by Colric, as has already been noticed, and soon afterwards fell into the power of De Bracy and his confederates. Little notice was at first taken of the horse-lifter, and it might have remained behind but for the curiosity of De Bracy, who looked into it under the impression that it might contain the object of his enterprise, for Rowena had not revealed herself. But De Bracy's astonishment was considerable when he discovered that the litter contained a wounded man, who, considering himself to have fallen into the power of Saxon cut-throats, with whom his name might be a pro-

tactics for himself and his friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The ideas of chivalrous honour, which amidst his wildness and levity, never utterly abandoned De Bracy, prohibited him from doing the knight any injury in his defenceless condition, and equally interdicted his betraying him to Front-de-Bœuf, who would have had no scruples to put to death, under any circumstances, the ideal champion of the fief of Ivanhoe. On the other hand, to liberate a visitor preferred by the Lady Rowena, at the events of the tournament, and indeed Wilfred's previous banishment from his father's house, had made matter of necessity, was a point far above the flight of De Bracy's generosity. A middle course between good and evil was all which he found himself capable of adopting, and he commanded two of his own squires to keep close by the litter, and to suffer no one to approach it. If questioned, they were directed by their master to say, that the empty litter of the Lady Rowena was employed to transport one of their comrades who had been wounded in the battle. On arriving at Torquilstone, while the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were each intent upon their own schemes—the one on the Jew's treasure, and the other on his daughter—De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, still under the name of a wounded comrade, to a distant apartment. This explanation was accordingly returned by these men to Front-de-Bœuf, when he questioned them why they did not make for the battlements upon the alarm.

"A wounded companion!" he replied in great wrath and astonishment. "No wonder that darks and yecomen war so pocompious as even to lay longer before castles, and that chowen and swineherds and delinquen to justice, since men-at-arms have turned sick men's nurses, and Free Companions are grown keepers of dying folk's curtains, when the castle is about to be assailed.—To the battlements, ye lathering villains!" he exclaimed, raising his stentorian voice till the arches around rang again, "to the battlements, or I will splinter your bones with this truncheon!"

The men sulkily replied, "that they desired nothing better than to go to the battlements, providing Front-de-Bœuf would bear them out with their master, who had commanded them to tend the dying man."

"The dying man, knowen!" rejoined the Baron; "I promise



then we shall all be dying men as we stand not in it the more steadily. But I will release the ground upon this out-of company of yours.—Here, Urfrid!—hey—dead of a Saxon which—turret are not?—and me this forbidden follow, since he must needs be tested, whilst those houses use their weapons.—Here be two athletes, comrades, with winiflures and quarrels\*—to the barbers with you, and see you drive each ball through a Saxon head."

The men, who, like most of their description, were fond of enterprise, and detested inaction, went joyfully to the scene of danger as they were commanded, and thus the charge of Frankie was transferred to Urfrid, or Ufrid. But she, whose brain was burning with remembrance of injuries and with hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to devote upon Rebecca the care of her patient.

\* The whist was a cross-bow, the winiflure the machine used in loading that weapon, and the quarrel, so called from its square or diamond-shaped head, was the ball adapted to it.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

Across the watch-tower yonder, valiant soldier,

Look on the field, and say how goes the battle.

ROBESON'S BLADE OF CHALICE.

A moment of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and losing the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our pride or at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Frankie, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Frankie, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her, the

sometimes which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Iveshoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me dear Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound—are dearer to him than the dearest Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Iveshoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of those men who were my captives just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf!—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rebecca and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him?" She hesitated after this brief self-accusation to give Iveshoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest?" said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly comfort—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Iveshoe, made that attempt to bring Godric into the wounded Knight's chamber, which was defeated, as we have already seen, by the interference of Uriford, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Iveshoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be

supplied; for the noise within the castle, awakened by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tumultuous battle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various barbettes and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as those sounds were, and yet more terrible than the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's light-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood died from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—“The quiver rattled—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captain and the shouting!”

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowering with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which those sounds were the introduction. “If I could but drag myself,” he said, “to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but how to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am often nerveless and weaponless!”

“First not thyself, noble knight,” answered Rebecca, “the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle.”

“Then, havest wrought of it,” said Wilfred, impatiently; “this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst soon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!”

“Then with but injury thyself by the attempt, noble knight,” replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she gently added, “I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without.”

“You must not—you shall not!” continued Ivanhoe; “each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft!—”

"It shall be welcome!" answered Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Frankoe, "this is no maiden's pasture—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with powder against bullets, and shew as little of your person as the ladies as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Frankoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Frankoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the multi-tied assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Gabriel had been recently dismissed by Front-desfont. The castle-mast divided this species of bastion from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a saltpont corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besiegers entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the numbering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Frankoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Frankoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to

storm such a mule without person or banner displayed!—Send those who they be that set us leaders!”

“A knight, clad in noble armor, is the most conspicuous,” said the French; “he alone is armed from head to foot, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.”

“What device does he bear on his shield?” replied Trueshot.

“Something resembling a bar of iron, and a pallid painted lion on the black shield!”\*

“A fetterlock and shackbolt sure,” said Trueshot; “I know not who may bear the device, but well I wot it might save his skin yet. Guard thou not our backs!”

“Scout the device itself at this distance,” replied Richard; “but when the sun gleams fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you.”

“Soon there no other leaders!” exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

“None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,” said Richard; “but, doubtless, the other side of the mule is also needed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Rome protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defense made of pluck; the others follow, heaving their lances as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Rome, forgive the creatures thus bent made!”

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill horn, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the mules (a species of kettle-drum), uttered in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assiduous crying, “Saint George for merry England!” and the Normans answering them with cries of “*En avant De Troy!*—*En avant!*—*En avant!*—*Forward!—Forward!*” according to the war-cry of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defense on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the longbow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of

\* Note B. Shesley.

the time, as "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against such embasures and openings in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be expected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-l'Éclat, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and repaid with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their longbows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the slow and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whistling of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must be here like a befriended monk," exclaimed Ivroux, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the arrows beneath!—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the tower."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, as is not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to darken mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivroux; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may well but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he betrays himself; for as the leader is so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul creases!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he bleed from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He bleaches not! he bleaches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barriers of the battlements.—They pull down the palis and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plumed feurs above the throng, like a tower over the fold of the shield.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—*Front-de-Bœuf* leads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tribes—the conflict of two armies moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, when they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! *Front-de-Bœuf* and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—*Thoreau* strikes with the cause of the oppressed and of the empire!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, slowly; then instantly again shouted with joyful exclamation—"Not so—but so!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm.—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses *Front-de-Bœuf* with blow on blow.—The giant sleeps and fetters the ax oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

\* Every English castle and city had, beyond the outer-walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which was often the scene of severe skirmishes, so that most incessantly be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of these valiant hosts of axes which when the dangerous pages of *Front-de-Bœuf* took place at the barriers of besieged places.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their valour here compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the beleagued hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swear like lions, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulder of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given man thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts—Who yield!—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them. Like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false women give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right valiantly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them shatter all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hurled down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were chaff-dust or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it cracks—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outbreak is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—Oh, woe, if ye be valiant men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—four of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell



the fate of the others—Alas ! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, rascals?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint or bleed."

"It is ever for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the network which they have mastered; and it affords them as good a shelter from the Norman's shot, that the garrison only borrow a few bolts as it from interval to interval, as if rather to disgust than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O as I will put my faith in the good knight whose arm hath rent hauberk and bars of iron.—Singapore," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such daring-do!"—a fetterlock, and a shackles on a field-saddle—what may that mean!—must thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I say that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were unsummoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God needs him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant enterprise; when the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-live, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this in-

\* *Daring-do!—desperate courage.*

patient returning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that he healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Behoon," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are seeing deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the battle is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and unmoved—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch!—What remains to you as the price of all the blood you have spilled—of all the sorrow and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which glides our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" scolded Behoon: "Alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a harness over the champion's dirk and maddening tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the layman's pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable! Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymer of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wickedly bartered, to become the lure of those infants which ragged minstrels sing to drunken clerks over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Howard!" replied the knight, impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the cruel and the savage; which saves our life for, for beneath the pluck of our honour, makes us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thus act no Christian, Behoon; and to thee are unknown those high

feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of courage which sanctifies his name. Chivalry!—oh, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "spring from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet makes Jewish no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Macabees, is it beneath the Jewish dame to speak of battle or of war?"

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, unalleviated perhaps by the idea that Tradition considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this heaven," she said, "to imagine that comradice or weakness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have conceived the fantastic delirium of the Nazarene! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Jewish! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The pious Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the valiant Nazarene martyr, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and storm north!"

She then looked towards the coach of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said, "nature exhausted by suffering and the waste of spirits, his wounded frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and impetuous

spirit which seizes them not even in sleep!—When the mouth shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest scuff of this common's scabb, yet able not when the head is lifted up against him!—And my father! oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the ungodly child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's! who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger!—But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavoring to fortify, her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

## CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed;  
He is the panting of no powerful ghost,  
Which, as the lady cries to the sky,  
"Mid morning's sweetest hours and softest dews,  
Is wrapt in laurels by good men's sighs and tears!"  
*And he, peris offereus.*

OLD PLAY.

DURING the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage, and the other to strengthen their means of defence, the Templar and De Bracy held brief council together in the hall of the castle.

"Where is Front-de-Bœuf?" said the latter, who had superintended the defence of the fortress on the other side; "man say he hath been slain."

"He lives," said the Templar coolly, "lives as yet; but had he worn the bull's head of which he bears the name, and ten plates of iron to fence it withal, he must have gone down before

your fatal aim. Yet a few hours, and Front-de-Bœuf is with his father—a powerful knave lopped off Prince John's enterprise."

"And a brave addition to the Kingdom of Satan," said De Bracy; "this comes of reviling saints and angels, and ordering images of holy things and holy men to be hung down on the heads of these rascally peccators."

"On to—then art a Jew," said the Templar; "thy superstition is upon a level with Front-de-Bœuf's want of faith; neither of you can render a reason for your belief or unbelief."

"Immediately, Sir Templar," replied De Bracy, "I pray you to keep better rule with your tongue when I am the theme of it. By the Mother of Heaven, I am a better Christian man than thou and thy fellowship; for the best youth shrewdly out, that the most holy Order of the Temple of Zion careeth not a dew heretic within its bosom, and that Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is of the number."

"Care not for such reports," said the Templar; "but let us think of making good the castle.—How slight these villain yeomen on thy side!"

"Like flocks of cranes," said De Bracy. "They swarmed close up to the walls, headed, as I think, by the knave who won the prize at the academy, for I know his horn and helms. And this is old Fitzurse's boasted policy, encouraging these rascally knaves to rebel against us! Had I not been armed in proof, the villains had marked me down seven times with as little success as if I had been a hawk in season. He left every rivet on my armour with a cloth-yard shaft, that rattled against my ribs with as little compensation as if my bones had been of iron.—But that I wore a shirt of Spanish mail under my plate-mail, I had been fairly speared."

"But you maintained your post?" said the Templar. "We lost the network on our part."

"That is a shrewd loss," said De Bracy; "the knaves will feel cover there to assault the castle more closely, and may, if not well watched, gain some unguarded corner of a tower, or some forgotten window, and so knock us upon us. Our warriors are too few for the defence of every point, and the men complain that they can nowhere show themselves, but they use the mark for as many arrows as a parish-bell on a holiday even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, so we shall receive no more

aid from his buff's head and breast strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we not better make a virtue of necessity, and acquiesce with the rogues by delivering up our prisoners?"

"How!" exclaimed the Templar; "deliver up our prisoners, and stand an object alike of ridicule and execration, as the doughty warriors who dared by a night-attack to possess themselves of the persons of a party of defenceless travellers, yet could not make good a strong castle against a ragged troop of outlaws, led by archbishops, justices, and the very refuse of mankind—Shame on thy counsel, Maurice de Bracy!—The ruins of this castle shall bury both my body and my dreams, ere I consent to such base and dishonourable negotiation."

"Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy, earnestly; "that man never bethought, be he Turk or Templar, who held his at a lighter rate than I do. But I trust there is no dishonour in wishing I had here some two scores of my gallant troop of Free Companies!—Oh, my brave horses! if ye knew but how hard your captains were this day heated, how soon would I set up banners at the head of your stamp of spears! And how short while would those rattle villains stand to endure your encounter!"

"Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, "but let us make what defence we can with the soldiers who remain—They are chiefly Front-de-Bœuf's followers, hated by the English for a thousand acts of insolence and oppression."

"The better," said De Bracy; "the ragged slaves will defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, ere they consent the revenge of the peasants without. Let us up and be doing, then, Brian de Bois-Guilbert; and, live or die, thou shalt see Maurice de Bracy bear himself this day as a gentleman of blood and courage."

"To the walls!" answered the Templar; and they both ascended the battlements to do all that skill could dictate, and resolved, accomplished, in defence of the place. They readily agreed that the point of greatest danger was that opposite to the entrance, of which the warriors had possessed themselves. The castle, indeed, was divided from that bastion by the moat, and it was impossible that the besiegers could assail the postern door, with which the entrance corresponded, without surmounting that obstacle; but it was the opinion both of the Templar and De Bracy, that the besiegers, if governed by the same policy

their leader had already displayed, would endeavor, by a formidable assault, to draw the chief part of the defenders' observation to this point, and take measures to avail themselves of every negligence which might take place in the defense elsewhere. To guard against such an evil, their numbers only permitted the knights to place sentinels from space to space along the walls in communication with each other, who might give the alarm whenever danger was threatened. Meanwhile, they agreed that De Bracy should command the defense at the porters, and the Templar should keep with him a score of men or thereabouts as a body of reserve, ready to hasten to any other point which might be suddenly threatened. The loss of the battlements had also this unfortunate effect, that, notwithstanding the superior height of the castle walls, the besieged could not see from them, with the same freedom as before, the operations of the enemy; the score struggling underwood approached to near the midway of the outwork, that the assailants might introduce into it whatever force they thought proper, not only under cover, but even without the knowledge of the defenders. Utterly uncertain, therefore, upon what point the storm was to burst, De Bracy and his companions were under the necessity of providing against every possible contingency, and their followers, however brave, experienced the anxious disposition of mind incident to men enclosed by enemies, who possessed the power of choosing their time and mode of attack.

Meanwhile, the host of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. He had not the usual resources of bigotry in that superstitious period, most of whom were wont to atone for the crimes they were guilty of by liberality to the church, supplying by this means their barren by the idea of atonement and forgiveness; and although the refuge which sinners thus purchased, was no more like to the peace of mind which follows on sincere repentance, than the tinsel satisfaction procured by opium resembles healthy and natural slumber, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of unquenched remorse. But among the vices of Front-de-Bœuf, a hard and gripping man, avarice was predominant; and he preferred selling church and churchmen at distance, to purchasing them; pardon and absolution at the price of treasure and of sinners. Nor did the Templar, an inhabit of another stamp, justly characterize his associate, when he said

Front-de-Bœuf could assign no cause for his unbelieved and contempt for the established faith; for the Baron would have alleged that the church sold her wares too dear, that the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale was only to be bought like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "with a great sum," and Front-de-Bœuf preferred buying the virtue of the medicine, to paying the expense of the physician.

But the moment had now arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the strange Baron's heart, though hard as a rather millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of fatality. The fever of his body aided the impotence and agony of his mind, and his death-bed exhibited a mixture of the newly awakened feelings of horror, combating with the fixed and insupportable obstinacy of his disposition,—a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in those tremendous regions where there are complete without hope, remorse without repentance, a dreadful sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished!

"Where be those degenerate now," growled the Baron, "who set such prices on their ghostly currency?—where be all those wretched Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf furnished the convent of Saint Anne, robbing his heir of many a fair rood of ransom, and many a fat field and close—where be the greedy hounds now?—belling, I warrant me, at the ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bedside of some valiant knight.—No, the heir of their founder—no, whom their foundation binds them to pray for—no—ungodly villains as they are!—they suffer to the like the bounden dog on yonder common, masters and mistresses.—Tell the Templar to come hither—he is a priest, and may do something.—But no!—as well run first against to the devil as to Robin de Bois-Guilbert, who walks neither of heaven nor of hell.—I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or to bribe the false priest.—But I—I dare not!"

"Live! Begone! Front-de-Bœuf," said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which he dares not!"

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons, who, as the superstition of the times be-



lured, bent the heads of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He staggered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there!—what art thou, that dares to cumber my words in a tone like that of the night-herm?—Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee, then, in thy bodily shape, if thou hast indeed a face!" replied the dying knight; "think not that I will flinch from thee. By the sacred daggers, could I but grapple with those hands that have wound me, as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven or hell should never say that I shrink from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sin, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said the almost unearthly voice, "on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who stirred up the lionheart John to war against his grey-haired father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou dead, prison, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou hast in thy throat!—Not I stirred John to rebellion—nor I alone—there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the valiant nation—better men never laid hands in war!—And would I answer for the fault done by fifty!—False fiend, I defy thee. Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace if thou be mortal—if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt not die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this world has echoed—on the blood that is inguined in its folds!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The bold John—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did, else whither are men considered who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens!—The Saxons perished, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my flaga lord.—Hail be! thou wast there is no crucifix in my coat of plate—art thou dead!—art thou damned?"

"No, foul parasite!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his long-sufferance

flushed with his gaze, and that poured forth by the head of a man!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "as thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and as manifest as the medals will show!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one beside—the temptress, the purveyor of my guilt.—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Baron, wretch Urien, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed.—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature.—Go to her, she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul revenger of the dead—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Urien, stepping before the crush of Front-de-Bœuf; "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to me that thou dost partake it.—Gird not thy loath, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace!—The hand which, like that of thy sponsored successor who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain bull, is now unarmed and powerless as mine own!"

"The murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "detestable wretch-wretch! it is thou thou who art come to smite over the ruins thou hast sowed to lay low!"

"Ay, English Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Urien!—It is the daughter of the murdered Torgil Wolfgang!—It is the sister of his slaughtered sons!—It is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast born my evil seed, and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!"

"Detestable hag!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shall thou never witness—Ha! Gile, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Elmer, and Stephen, seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements heading—she has betrayed us to the Baron!—Ho! Saint Elmer! Clement! Alas! hearted knaves, where have ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant Baron," said the hag, with a

smile of grimly mockery; "summon thy vessels around thee, down thou shalt hie to the escape and the danger—Thou knowest, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither survivor, nor aid, nor challenge at their hands—Listen to these horrid sounds," for the din of the unceasing assault and defence now rang fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; "is that war-cry the Jewell of thy house—The blood-oriental slayer of Front-de-Bœuf's power bottom to the foundation, and before the face he most despised!—The Saxon, English!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls!—Why hast thou here like a worn-out blind, when the Saxons storm thy place of strength?"

"Gods and fends!" exclaimed the wounded knight; "O, for one moment's strength, to drag myself to the walls, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou'st lost," exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; "my followers hear thee hoarse—my walls are strong and high—my courtesies in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hough and Bone!—The war-cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honour, when we kinde the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone from earthy fire to those of that hell which never sent forth an inmate soul so utterly diabolical!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrich, "all the proof reach thee—but no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this fiend's hand. Markest thou the uncondensing and suffocating vapour which already oblieth in white folds through the chamber?—Didst thou think it was but the choking of thy breathing upon—the difficulty of thy unceasing breathing! No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause—Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it!—By heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrich, with frightful

composure; "and a signal shall soon move to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them.—Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf!—May Mista, Shogola, and Kornechook, gale of the ancient Scams—Scams, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes!—But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt. And now, partake, farewell for ever!—May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Mear!—Gilest and Gilea!—I hear here snadded!—To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bala-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy!—It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor squires!—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye prepared and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your recent heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O, for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!" And in the mad frenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now smothered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself—"The red fire flashes through the thick smoke!" he exclaimed; "the demons march against me under the banner of his own element—Foul spirit, avoid!—I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine, that garrison these walls—Thrust them. Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone!—No—the hidden Tomphie—the licentious De Bracy—Ulrica, the fiend working stranger—the man who aided my enterprises—the dog Saxons and coward Jews, who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a godly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rang again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own mad laughter

from returning upon his cut—"who laughed there!—Ulric, was it thou?—Speak, witch, and I forgive thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself would have laughed at such a moment. Avenge!—avenge!"—

But it were impious to trace any further the picture of the blasphemer and perjuror's death-bed.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

————— And you, good woman,

Whom fate's very folds in England, show us here  
The motifs of your pasture—bid us swear  
That you are worth your breeding.

ROSE HUNTER V.

Christa, although not greatly confident in Ulric's message, omitted not to communicate her promise to the Black Knight and Locksley. They were well pleased to find they had a friend within the place, who might, in the moment of need, be able to facilitate their entrance, and readily agreed with the Baron that a storm, under whatever disadvantages, ought to be attempted, as the only means of liberating the prisoners now in the hands of the cruel Front-de-Bœuf.

"The royal blood of Alfred is endangered," said Colrin.

"The honour of a noble lady is in peril," said the Black Knight.

"And, by the Saint Christopher at my bed-side," said the good woman, "were there no other cause than the safety of that poor faithful knave, Wamba, I would jeopard a joint ere a hair of his head were lost."

"And so would I," said the Friar; "what, sire! I trust well that a fool—I mean, if ye are not, sire, a fool—that is free of his guild and master of his craft, and can give as much relish and flavour to a cup of wine as ever a ditch of brack, can—I say, brethren, such a fool shall never want a wine-drunk to pray for or fight for him at a strait, while I can say a mass or flourish a paviour."

And with that he made his heavy halberd to play around his head as a shepherd boy flourishes his little crook.

"True, Holy Clerk," said the Black Knight, "true as if Saint Dunstan himself had said it.—And now, good Locksley, were it not well that noble Cedric should assume the direction of this assault?"

"Not a jot I," returned Cedric; "I have never been wont to study either how to take or how to hold out those strokes of tyrannic power, which the Normans have craved in this growing land. I will fight among the foremost; but my honest neighbours well know I am not a trained soldier in the discipline of wars, or the attack of strongholds."

"Since it stands thus with the noble Cedric," said Locksley, "I am most willing to take on me the direction of the assault; and ye shall hang me up on my own trying-tree, on the defence be permitted to show themselves over the walls without being stuck with as many shafts as there are doors in a garison of houses at Christmas."

"Well said, stout yeoman," answered the Black Knight; "and if I be thought worthy to have a charge in those matters, and can find among these brave men as many as are willing to follow a true English knight, for so I may surely call myself, I am ready, with such skill as my experience has taught me, to lead them to the attack of those walls."

The parts being then distributed to the leaders, they commenced the first assault, of which the reader has already heard the issue.

When the business was carried, the Black Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him, at the same time, to keep such a strict observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force for a sudden rally, and recovering the network which they had lost. This the knight was doubly desirous of avoiding, conscious that the men, whom he led, being hasty and untutored volunteers, imperfectly armed and unaccustomed to discipline, must, upon any sudden attack, fight at great disadvantage with the veteran soldiers of the Norman knights, who were well provided with arms both defensive and offensive; and who, to match the cool and high spirit of the hostagers, had all the confidence which arises from perfect discipline and the habitual use of weapons.

The knight employed the interval in making to be constructed

a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy. This was a work of some time, which the ladies the less regretted, as it gave Ulrica leisure to execute her plan of diversion in their favour, whatever that might be.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the ladies:—"It would not waiting here longer, my friends; the sun is descending to the west—and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, out of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft sailing over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and bid me to leave you safeport in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are not ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the network, draw your bow-strings to your ears, and bid you quell with your shot whatever shall appear to men the rampart.—Noble Odric, wilt thou take the direction of those which assault?"

"Not so, by the soul of Hereward!" said the Saxon; "lead I cannot; but may posterity curse me in my grave, if I follow not with the foremost wherever thou shalt point the way.—The quarrel is mine, and well it becomes me to be in the van of the battle."

"Yet, bethink thee, noble Saxon," said the knight, "thou hast neither hand-bark, nor corslet, nor ought but that light helmet, target, and sword."

"The better," answered Odric; "I shall be the lighter to dash these walls. And,—forgive the boast, Sir Knight,—thou shalt this day see the mailed breast of a Saxon as boldly presented to the battle as ever ye beheld the steel corslet of a Norman."

"In the name of God, then," said the knight, "fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge."

The portal, which led from the inner wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a safeport in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon floated in the water,

extending its length between the castle and moorwall, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men almost to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Gahrie, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to flounder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders, by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the battlements, leaving the counterpoise still attached to the upper part of the portal. The blowmen of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with cross-bow bolts, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated back into the battlement.

The situation of Gahrie and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so, but for the courtesy of the archers in the battlement, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracting the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus affording a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of missiles which must otherwise have overwhelmed them. But their situation was infinitely perilous, and was becoming more so with every moment.

"Shame on ye all!" cried De Bussy to the soldiers around him; "do ye call yourselves cross-bowmen, and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle!—Heave over the coping stones from the battlement, as better may not be—Get pikemen and levies, and down with that huge plume!" pointing to a heavy piece of stone carved-work that projected from the parapet.

At this moment the besiegers caught sight of the red flag upon the eagle of the tower which Ulric had described to Gahrie. The good yeoman Locksley was the first who was aware of it, as he was looking to the moorwall, impatient to see the progress of the assault.

"Saint George!" he cried, "Merry Saint George for England!—To the charge, bold yeomen!—why have ye the good knight and noble Gahrie to storm the place alone!—make it, mad priest, show them must fight for thy roary—make it, brave yeomen!—the castle is ours, we have friends within—See yonder flag, it is the appointed signal—Turquoise is ours!—Think of honour, think of spoil—One effort, and the place is ours!"



With that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction, was loosing a fragment from one of the battlements to precipitate on the heads of Coeur and the Black Knight. A second soldier caught from the hands of the dying man the iron crow, with which he hoisted it and had loosed the stone plume, when, meeting an arrow through his back-plate, he dropped from the battlements into the moat a dead man. The men-at-arms were daunted, for no armour seemed proof against the shot of this tremendous weapon.

"Do you give ground, base knaves!" said De Bracy; "Mount *pour Saint George!*—Give me the lever."

And, snatching it up, he again vented the loosed plume, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the remnant of the drawbridge, which shivered the two fragment standards, but also to have sent the rude fleet of planks over which they had crossed. All saw the danger, and the boldest, even the stout Friar himself, avoided setting foot on the raft. Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy, and thrice did his arrow bound back from the knight's armour of proof.

"Dance on thy Spanish steel-vest!" said Locksley, "had English smith forged it, those arrows had gone through, as so if it had been silk or wool." He then began to call out,—  
"Gentlemen! friends! notice Coeur! bear back, and let the rain fall."

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the knight himself occasioned by his strokes upon the potters would have drowned twenty war-trumpets. The faithful Gerd indeed sprung forward on the plank bridge, to warn Coeur of his impending fate, or to share it with him. But his warning would have come too late; the massive plume already tottered, and De Bracy, who still hovered at his task, would have accomplished it, had not the voice of the Tugboat-voiced dove in his ear.

"All is lost, De Bracy, the castle burns."

"Then art mad to say so!" replied the knight.

"It is all in a light flame on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it."

With the stern confusion which formed the basis of his character, Brian de Bois-Guilbert communicated this warning to

telligence, which was not so easily restrained by his established comrade.

"*Skins of Paradise!*" said De Bracy; "what is to be done? I vow to Saint Nicholas of Limoges a cordillion of pure gold!"

"*Spurn thy vow,*" said the Templar, "and mark me. Lead thy men down, as if to a mill; throw the postern-gate open—There are but two men who occupy the post, fling them into the moat, and push across to the harbour. I will charge from the main gate, and attack the barbarians on the outside; and if we can regain that post, be assured we shall defend ourselves until we are relieved, or at least till they grant us fair quarter."

"It is well thought upon," said De Bracy; "I will play my part—Templar, thou wilt not fail me!"

"Hard and gloves, I will not!" said Schenckelbert. "But haste thee, in the name of God!"

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern-gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown open. But scarce was this done ere the portentous strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward in despite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all their leader's efforts to stop them.

"*Deign!*" said De Bracy, "will ye let two men win our only pass for safety?"

"*He is the devil!*" said a veteran man-at-arms, heading back from the throes of their subtle antagonist.

"And if he be the devil," replied De Bracy, "would you fly from him into the mouth of hell!—the castle burns behind us, rifles!—let despair give you courage, or let me forward, I will cope with this champion myself!"

And well and vigorously did De Bracy that day maintain the fame he had acquired in the field wars of that dreadful period. The vaulted passages to which the postern gave entrance, and in which these two valiant champions were now fighting hand to hand, rung with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous axe. At length the Komara received a blow, which, though its force was partly parried by his shield, for otherwise never more would De Bracy have again moved. Still, dazed and put with such violence on his crest, that he measured his length on the paved floor.

"Yield ye, De Bracy," said the Black Champion, stooping over him, and holding against the base of his helmet the fatal ponder with which the knights despatched their enemies (and which was called the *dogger of mercy*)—"yield thou, Maurice de Bracy, reason or no reason, or thou art but a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy, fiercely, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me—it shall never be said that Maurice de Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, reason or no reason," answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of stern and determined obstinacy for one of deep though silent submission.

"Go to the barbons," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first, let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Willfred of Iwerlee is wounded, and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Willfred of Iwerlee!" exclaimed the Black Knight,—"prisoner, and perish!—The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed—Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "it leads to his apartment.—With thee accept my guidance!" he added, in a submissive tone.

"No. To the barbons, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

During this combat, and the brief conversation which ensued, Cedric, at the head of a body of men, among whom the Friar was conspicuous, had pushed across the bridge, as soon as they saw the postern open, and drove back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some seized quarters, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled towards the court-yard. De Bracy himself arose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He treats me not," he repeated; "but have I deserved his treat?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barbons, gave up his sword to Lockley, whom he met by the way.

As the fire augmented, symptoms of it became soon apparent

in the chamber where Ibrahim was watched and tended by the Jews, Rebecca. He had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant, who had, at his anxious desire, again placed himself at the window to watch and report to him the face of the attack, was for some time prevented from observing either, by the hurrahs of the smouldering and stifling vapour. At length the volume of smoke which rolled into the apartment—the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca; "it burns!—What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ibrahim, "for no human aid can avail us."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca; "we will be saved or perish together—And yet, great God!—my father—my father!—what will be his fate?"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Templar presented himself,—a ghastly figure, for his plated armour was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly shorn away, partly burnt from his casque. "I have found thee," said he to Rebecca; "thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share woe and woe with thee—There is but one path to safety; I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee—up, and instantly follow me!"

"Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee. If thou wert born of woman—if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee—if thy heart be not as hard as thy breastplate—save my aged father—save this wounded knight!"

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his characteristic valour, "a knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame—and who risks how or when a Jew meets with his?"

"Danger warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

\* The author has been told that this passage is indebted from the appearance of Melchior, before the Great Machine, when the city of Babylon is on fire, and he proposes to carry her from the flames. But the fact, if there be any, would be rather too severely punished by the process of searching for the original passage through the labyrinthine volumes of the Great Cyren.

"Then shalt not disease, sickness—once shalt thou fall me,  
but never mortal did so take."

In saying, he rushed on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room in his arms in spite of her cries, and without regarding the screams and defiance which Denham thundered against him. "Hound of the Temple—stain to thine Order—not thou the damned! Tyrant of Bois-Guilbert, it is Denham commands thee!—Villain, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not feared thee, Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

"If thou beest true knight," said Wilfred, "think not of me—pursue thy victim—save the Lady Rowena—look to the noble Colric!"

"Is their turn," answered he of the Patiencek; "but thine is first."

And striking upon Denham, he bore him off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rowena, rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But, in other parts, the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments, retarded the progress of the flames, and gave the rage of men still interrupted, as the smoke more dreadfully ascended held mastery elsewhere; for the knights pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and satisfied in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-des-bois. Most of the garrison retired to the citadel—few of them asked quarter—none received it. The air was filled with groans and clanking of arms—the floors were slippery with the blood of despairing and expiring warriors.

Through this scene of confusion, Colric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gorth, following him closely through the castle, neglected his own safety while he strove to avert the blow that was aimed at his master. The noble Scot was so fortunate as to reach his wife's apartment just as she had abandoned all hopes of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in

agency to her bosom, not in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, to be conducted in safety to the barbons, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by the forces. This accomplished, the loyal Cedric hastened in quest of his friend Athelstan, determined, at every risk to himself, to save that last scion of Saxon royalty. But ere Cedric penetrated as far as the old hall in which he had himself been a prisoner, the inventive guile of Wamba had procured liberation for himself and his companion in adversity.

When the noise of the conflict announced that it was at the hottest, the Jostler began to shout, with the utmost power of his lungs, "Saint George and the Dragon!—Bony Saint George for merry England!—The castle is won!" And these words he rendered yet more fearful, by hanging against each other two or three pieces of rusty armour which lay scattered round the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the oriel, or anteroom, and whose spirits were already in a state of alarm, took fright at Wamba's clamour, and, leaving the door open behind them, ran to tell the Templar that Bowen had entered the old hall. Meanwhile the prisoners found no difficulty in making their escape into the anteroom, and from thence into the court of the castle, which was now the last scene of contest. Here sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison both on horse and foot, who had united their strength to that of this renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of safety and retreat which remained to them. The drawbridge had been lowered by his orders, but the passage was lost; for the archers, who had hitherto only assailed the castle on that side by their missiles, as soon as saw the flames breaking out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged to the entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison, as to secure their own share of booty ere the castle should be burnt down. On the other hand, a party of the badgers who had entered by the postern were now issuing out into the courtyard, and attacking with fury the remnant of the defenders, who were thus assailed on both sides at once.

Animated, however, by despair, and supported by the example of their indomitable leader, the remaining soldiers of the castle fought with the utmost valour; and being well armed, suc-

cooled more than once in driving back the assailants, though much inferior in numbers. Helena, placed on horseback before one of the Templar's Bretonnais slaves, was in the midst of the little party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, showed every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was by her side, and, neglecting his own defence, held before her the boss of his triangular steel-plated shield; and when starting from his position by her, he cried his war-cry, dashed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was in the same instant once more at her bridle rein.

Athelstan, who, as the reader knows, was deathly, but not cowardly, beheld the female form whom the Templar protected thus valiantly, and doubted not that it was Helena whom the knight was carrying off in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of Saint Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-prud knight, and he shall die by my hand!"

"Think what you do!" cried Wamba; "the lusty hand catches frag for lak—by my huckle, powder is none of my Lady Helena—see but her long dark locks!—Nay, as ye will not leave black for white, ye may be leader, but I will be no follower—no horse of mine shall be broken, unless I know for whom.—And you without armour too!—Dostink you, sif bones never kept out steel blade—Nay, then, if wifid will to water, wifid must drink.—Dostink you, most doughty Athelstan!"—he continued, loosening the hold which he had hitherto kept upon the Breton's trunk.

To snatch a pace from the pavement on which it lay back one whose dying grasp had just relinquished it—to rush on the Templar's hand, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, was, for Athelstan's great strength, now animated with martial fury, but the work of a single moment; he was soon within two paces of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest voice.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch—turn, lack of a hand of murdering and hypocritical robbery!"

"Dug!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy Order of the Temple of God!" and

with these words, half-wheeling his steed, he made a desperate lunge towards the Scots, and rising in his stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the horse, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Atholstoun.

Well said Waverley, that often becom' keeps out no steel blade. So touchant was the Templar's weapon, that it short' number, as it had been a willow twig, the tough and plated handle of the mace, which the ill-fated Scots raised to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, brooded him with the earth.

"Ho! Non-must!" exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "thus be it to the malignance of the Temple-knights!" Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Atholstoun, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the ordons who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Scurrons, and some five or six non-at-arms, who had mounted their horses. The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which, according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible De Bruce might have been in possession.

"De Bruce! De Bruce!" he shouted, "art thou there?"

"I am here," replied De Bruce, "but I am a prisoner."

"Can I ransom thee?" cried Bois-Guilbert.

"No," replied De Bruce; "I have ransomed two, ransom or no ransom. I will be true prisoner. Save thyself—there are havens abroad—put the seas between you and England—I dare not say more."

"Well," answered the Templar, "as thou wilt tarry there, remember I have redeemed word and glove. Be the lands where they will, maintain the walls of the Priory of Templestoun will be cover sufficient, and thither will I, like hares to hot hunt."

Having done spoken, he galloped off with his followers.

Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse, still continued to fight desperately with the besiegers, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulfstan, who had first kindled it, appeared on a tower, in the guise of one of the



ancient furie, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore  
 raised on the field of battle by the souls of the yet heathen  
 Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her  
 uncovered head; the insatiable delight of gratified vengeance  
 contracted in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brand-  
 ished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had  
 been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and shroud the thread  
 of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strains of  
 the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene  
 of fire and of slaughter:—

## 1.

What the height stood,  
 Son of the White Dragon !  
 Kindest the torch,  
 Daughter of Hengist !  
 The steel glimmers not for the evening of the banquet,  
 It is dark, level, and sharply pointed ;  
 The torch goes not to the velvet chamber,  
 It shines and glitters blue with sulphur.  
 What the steel, the sword cracks !  
 Lights the torch, Renselaer is yelling !  
 What the steel, arm of the Dragon !  
 Kindest the torch, daughter of Hengist !

## 2.

The black cloud is low over the Saxon's castle ;  
 The eagle screams—he rides on its wings—  
 Narrowest, grey rider of the walls above,  
 The banquet is prepared !  
 The windows of Valhalla look forth,  
 The men of Hengist will send their guests.  
 Shrink your black tresses, windows of Valhalla !  
 And strike your best weapons for joy !  
 Many a laughing day leads to your halls,  
 Many a banquet here.

## 3.

Dark sits the evening upon the Saxon's walls,  
 The black clouds gather round ;  
 Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant !  
 The destroyer of lives shall stain his red coat against them,  
 He, the bright successor of justice,  
 Braved even by his blinding banner,  
 Red, white, and dusky,  
 Over the walls of the valiant !  
 The joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers ;  
 He lives to lick the bleeding blood as it bursts warm from the wound !

## 4.

All must perish !  
 The sword sheath'd in the helmet ;  
 The strong armour is pierced by the lance ;  
 Fire downwards the dwelling of princes,  
 Engines break down the towers of the battls.  
 All must perish !  
 The race of Douglas is gone—  
 The name of Ulric is no more !  
 Blush not then from your shame, sons of the sword !  
 Let your blades drink blood this morn'g ;  
 Fight ye in the banquet of slaughter,  
 By the light of the lightning bolts !  
 Slaving let your swords while your blood is warm,  
 And spare neither for pity nor fear,  
 For vengeance hath bid us here ;  
 Strong into hell shall we go !  
 I also must perish."

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the meeting skies two huge and burning beacons, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blasting roof and rafter ; and the combatants were driven from the courtyard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own walls and arms glowed dusky red. The massive figure of the famous Ulric was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms about with wild ambition, as if she signed corpses of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific yell, the whole host gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tent. An awful pause of horror almost each moment of the armed spectators, who for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, now to sign the arms. The voice of Lockley was then heard, "Shout, ye men !—the den of tyrants is no more !—Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the Trysting-tree in the Hartill Walk ; for there at break of day will we make just partition among our own hands, together with our worthy allies in this great deed of vengeance."

\* *Ms. B. Bibb's Collection.*

# CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

Trust no such state must have its policies;  
 Kingsmen have of late, others have their duties;  
 Even the wild outlaws, in his house-cave,  
 Keep yet some touch of civil discipline;  
 For not alone Adam were his vestment green,  
 But man with man in social union dwell,  
 That have been made to share that union close.

OUR PART.

THE daylight had shined upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glistened with all their pearls of dew. The bird had her flown from the covert of high fern to the more open vale of the greenwood; and no hunter was there to watch or intercept the stately bird, as he passed at the head of the antlered herd.

The outlaws were all assembled around the Trysting-tree in the Hartshill Walk, where they had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the day, some with wine, some with slumber, many with hearing and recounting the events of the day, and computing the heaps of plunder which their success had placed at the disposal of their chief.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, rich armour, and splendid clothing, had been secured by the exertions of the daring outlaws, who could be appalled by no danger when such rewards were in view. Yet so strict were the laws of their society, that no one ventured to appropriate any part of the booty, which was brought into one common mass to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak; not, however, the same to which Locksley had conducted Garth and Wamba in the earlier part of the story, but one which was the centre of a silver amphitheatre, within half a mile of the demolished walls of Torquilstone. Here Locksley arranged his seat—a throne of turf erected under the twisted branches of the huge oak—and the silver followers were gathered around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a seat at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left.

"Pardon my freedom, noble sire," he said, "but in these glazes I am married.—they are my daughters; and these my wild subjects would seek but little of my power, were I, within my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man.—Now, sire, who hath seen our chaplain? where is our mortal Friar? A mass amongst Christians, were best begun a busy morning."—"We are had sent the Clerk of Capanhurst.—"Over gods forbode!" said the wather Chief; "I trust the jolly priest hath but abidden by the wine-pot a thought too late. Who saw him since the castle was taken?"

"I," quoth the Miller, "marked him busy about the door of a cellar, evening by each saint in the calendar he would taste the smack of Front-de-Bœuf's Gascony wine."

"Now, the saints, as many as there be of them," said the Captain, "forbid, but he has drunk too deep of the wine-bags, and perished by the fall of the castle!—Awey, Miller!—take with you care of men, seek the place where you last saw him—throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins—I will have them removed close by stone ere I lose my mortal Friar."

The numbers who listened to execute this duty, considering that an interesting division of spoil was about to take place, showed how much the troop had at least the safety of their spirited father.

"Meanwhile, let us proceed," said Locksley; "for when this bold deed shall be wanted abroad, the hands of De Bracy, of Malvoisin, and other allies of Front-de-Bœuf, will be in motion against us, and it were well for our safety that we retired from the vicinity.—Noble Cedric," he said, turning to the Baron, "that spoil is divided into two portions; do thou make choice of that best suits thee, to recompense thy people who were partakers with us in this adventure."

"Good woman," said Cedric, "my heart is oppressed with sadness. The noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh is no more—the last spirit of the sainted Confessor! Hopes have perished with him which can never return!—A spark hath been quenched by his blood, which no human breath can again relight! My people, were the few who are now with me, do but tarry my presence to transport his bequeathed remains to their last mansion. The Lady Rowena is desirous to return to Rotharwood, and must be escorted by a sufficient force. I should, therefore, ere now have left this place; and I waited

—not to share the booty, for as help me God and Saint With-  
old! as neither I nor any of mine will touch the value of a  
barrel—I waited but to render my thanks to thee, and to thy  
kind people, for the life and honour you have saved.”

“Say, lad,” said the chief Outlaw, “we did but half the  
work at most—take of the spoil what may reward your own  
neighbours and followers.”

“I am rich enough to reward them from mine own wealth,”  
answered Godric.

“And none,” said Wamba, “have been wise enough to reward  
themselves; they do not reach off empty-handed altogether.  
We do not all wear surples.”

“They are welcome,” said Locksley; “our have had none  
but ourselves.”

“But thee, my poor knave,” said Godric, turning about and  
embracing his foster, “how shall I reward thee, who dared  
not to give thy body to chains and death instead of mine?—All  
forsook me when the poor fool was faithful!”

A tear stood in the eye of the tough Thane as he spoke—a  
mark of feeling which even the death of Athelstane had not  
extinguished; but there was something in the half-involuntary at-  
tachment of his sword, that waked his nature more keenly than  
even grief itself.

“Say,” said the Jester, extricating himself from his master’s  
embrace, “if you pay my service with the value of your eye, the  
Jester must wrap for company, and then what becomes of his  
vention?—But, uncle, if you would indeed please me, I pray  
you to pardon my playfellow Gurth, who stole a work from your  
service to bestow it on your son.”

“Pardon him!” exclaimed Godric; “I will both pardon and  
reward him. Kneel down, Gurth.”—The outlawed was in an  
instant at his master’s feet.—“Tanner and Roper” set then no  
longer,” said Godric, touching him with a wand; “Footman  
and Huntsman” are thou in town, and from town, in the forest as  
in the field. A hide of land I give to thee in my strath of  
Widdagham, from me and mine to thee and thine eye and for  
ever; and God’s maddon on his head who this gainsays!”

No longer a serf, but a freeman and a landholder, Gurth  
sprang upon his feet, and twice bounded aloft to almost his own  
height from the ground.

\* Thro’ and hindmost.

+ A herid woman.

"A smith and a file," he cried, "to do away the nail from the neck of a freeman!—Noble master! doubled in my strength by your gift, and daily will I fight for you!—There is a new spell in my breast—I am a man, changed to myself and all around.—Ha, Fungo!" he continued,—for that faithful one, seeing his master thus transported, began to jump upon him, to express his sympathy.—"Knowest thou thy master still?"

"Ay," said Wanda, "Fungo and I will know thee, Gurth, though we must needs abide by the collar; it is only thou art likely to forget both us and thyself."

"I shall forget myself indeed ere I forget thee, true comrade," said Gurth; "and, were freedom fit for thee, Wanda, the master would not let thee want it."

"Nay," said Wanda, "never think I envy thee, brother Gurth; the coal sits by the hall fire when the freemen rest forth to the field of battle—And what with Githelma of Malenbury—Better a fool at a feast than a wise man at a fray."

The tramp of horses was now heard, and the Lady Ewena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their plumes and clashed their brown-bills for joy of her freedom. She herself, richly attired, and mounted on a dark chestnut palfrey, had recovered all the dignity of her manner, and only an unwearying degree of gallantry showed the sufferings she had undergone. Her lovely brow, though sorrowful, bore on it a cast of rising hope for the future, as well as of grateful thankfulness for the past deliverance—She knew that Dunken was safe, and she knew that Athelstan was dead. The former assurance filled her with the most sincere delight; and if she did not absolutely require at the latter, she might be pardoned for feeling the full advantage of being freed from further persecution on the only subject in which she had ever been contradicted by her guardian Godric.

As Ewena bent her step towards Leckley's seat, that bold yeoman, with all his followers, rose to receive her, as if by general instinct of courtesy. The blood rose to her cheeks, as, courteously waving her hand, and looking so low that her beautiful and loose tresses were for an instant mixed with the flowing mane of her palfrey, she expressed in few but apt words her obligations and her gratitude to Leckley and her other deliverers.—"God bless you, brave men," she concluded, "God and Our Lady bless you and requite you for gallantly perilling your-

when in the cause of the oppressed!—If any of you should, however, remember Rowena has food—if you should think, she has many a lust of wine and known ale—and if the Normans drive ye from these walls, Rowena has forests of her own, where her gallant deliverers may range at full freedom, and never ringer ask whose arrow hath struck down the deer."

"Thanks, gentle lady," said Locksley; "thanks from my company and myself. But to have saved you reputation itself. We who walk the greenwood do many a wild deed, and the Lady Rowena's dishonour may be revolved as an atonement."

Again leaving from her palfrey, Rowena turned to depart; but, pausing a moment, while Cedric, who was to attend her, was also taking his leave, she found herself unexpectedly close by the prisoner De Bracy. He stood under a tree in deep meditation, his arms crossed upon his breast, and Rowena was to hope that she might pass him unobserved. He looked up, however, and, when aware of her presence, a deep blush of shame suffused his handsome countenance. He stood a moment mute irresolute; then, stopping forward, took her palfrey by the rein, and bent his knee before her.

"Will the Lady Rowena deign to cast an eye on a captive knight—in a dishonoured soldier?"

"Sir Knight," answered Rowena, "in enterprises such as yours, the real dishonour lies not in failure, but in success."

"Compassion, lady, should soften the heart," answered De Bracy; "let me but know that the Lady Rowena forgives the violence occasioned by an ill-fated passion, and she shall soon learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in nobler ways."

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian."

"That woman," said Wamba, "that she does not forgive him at all."

"But I can never forgive the misery and dishonour your madness has occasioned," continued Rowena.

"Unhaste your hold on the lady's rein," said Cedric, coming up. "By the bright sun above us, but it were shame, I would join thee to the earth with my javelin—but, be well assured, thou shalt smart, Blanche de Bracy, for thy share in this foul deed."

"He threatens subtly who threatens a prisoner," said De Bracy; "but when had a Baron any touch of courtesy?"

Then retiring two steps backward, he presented the lady to move on.

Cedric, ere they departed, expressed his peculiar gratitude to the Black Champion, and earnestly entreated him to accompany him to Rotherwood.

"I know," he said, "that ye armed knights desire to carry your fortunes on the point of your lance, and rack not of lands or goods; but war is a changeful mistress, and a house is sometimes desirable even to the champion whose trade is wandering. There hast earnest one in the halls of Rotherwood, noble knight. Cedric has wealth enough to repair the injuries of fortune, and all he has is his deliverer's—Come, therefore, to Rotherwood, not as a guest, but as a son or brother."

"Cedric has already made me rich," said the Knight,—"he has taught me the value of *Baron's* virtue. To Rotherwood will I come, leave *Baron*, and that speedily; but as now pressing matters of moment detain me from your hall. For adventure, when I come hither, I will ask such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test."

"It is granted ere spoken out," said Cedric, striking his ready hand into the gartered palm of the Black Knight,—"it is granted already, were it to affect half my fortune."

"Gape not thy promise so lightly," said the Knight of the Patterlock; "yet well I hope to gain the boon I shall ask, *Monsieur, adieu.*"

"I have but to say," added the Baron, "that, during the funeral rites of the noble *Abelardus*, I shall be an inhabitant of the halls of his castle of *Cheshamstough*—they will be open to all who choose to partake of the funeral banquet; and, I speak in name of the noble *Edith*, mother of the fallen prince, they will never be shut against him who laboured so hardy, though unsuccessfully, to save *Abelardus* from Norman chains and *Baron's* steel."

"Ay, ay," said *Wamba*, who had resumed his attendance on his master, "were feeding these will be—pity that the noble *Abelardus* cannot banquet at his own funeral.—But he," continued the *Jenny*, lifting up his eyes gravely, "is supping in *Paradise*, and doubtless does honour to the cheer."

"Peace and move on," said Cedric, his anger at this untimely jest being checked by the recollection of *Wamba's* recent services. *Baron* vouchsafed a graceful adieu to him of the Patterlock.



—the Baron bade God speed him, and as they moved through a wide glade of the forest.

They had scarce departed, ere a sudden procession moved from under the greenwood branches, except slowly round the altar amphitheatric, and took the same direction with Berens and her followers. The priests of a neighbouring convent, in expectation of the simple domestic, or rustic, which Catrie had prepared, attended upon the car in which the body of Atholstan was laid, and sang hymns as it was slowly and slowly borne on the shoulders of his vassals to his castle of Cotingburgh, to be there deposited in the grave of Manglet, from whence the deceased derived his long descent. Many of his vassals had assembled at the news of his death, and followed the bier with all the external marks, at least, of devotion and sorrow. Again the outlaws arose, and paid the same rude and spontaneous homage to death, which they had so lately rendered to beauty—the slow chant and mournful step of the priests brought back to their remembrance each of their comrades as had fallen in the yesterday's affray. But such recollections dwell not long with those who lead a life of danger and enterprise, and ere the sound of the death-hymn had died on the wind, the outlaws were again headed in the distribution of their spoil.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to the Black Champion, "without whose good heart and mighty arm our enterprise must altogether have failed, will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatever may best serve to pleasure you, and to remind you of this my Thyring-tree?"

"I accept the offer," said the Knight, "as freely as it is given; and I ask permission to dispose of Sir Maurice de Bracy at my own pleasure."

"He is thine already," said Locksley, "and will be him! ere the tyrant had grazed the highest bough of this oak, with as many of his Free Companions as we could gather, hanging thick as acorns around him.—But he is thy prisoner, and he is mine, though he had slain my father."

"De Bracy," said the Knight, "thou art free—depart. He whose prisoner thou art comes to take more revenge for what is past. But beware of the future, lest a worse thing befall thee.—Maurice de Bracy, I say *adieu*!"

De Bracy bowed low and in silence, and was about to with-

draw, when the yeoman burst at once into a shout of exultation and defiance. The proud Knight hastily stopped, turned back, folded his arms, drew up his form to its full height, and exclaimed, "Forth, ye jolting cur! who open upon a cry which ye followed not when the stag was at bay—Ye busy scound your course as he would disdain your applause. To your broken and cowed, ye cowered thence! and be silent when sight brightly or noble is but spoken within a league of your haunts."

This ill-timed defiance might have provoked for De Bracy a volley of arrows, but for the busy and imperative interferences of the outlaw chief. Meanwhile the knight caught a horse by the rein, for several which had been taken in the stable of Front-de-Bœuf stood unattended around, and were a valuable part of the booty. He threw himself upon the saddle, and galloped off through the wood.

When the hostile excitement by this incident was somewhat composed, the chief Outlaw took from his neck the rich horn and baldric which he had recently gained at the strife of archery near *Jalby*.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Peterlock, "if you disdain not to grace by your acceptance a badge which an English yeoman has once worn, this will I pay you to keep as a memorial of your gallant bearing—and if ye have sight to do, and, as happeneth oft to a gallant knight, ye chance to be hard tested in any forest between Trent and Tyes, wind three notes upon the horn then, *W-a-a-hoo!* and it may well chauce ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and whined once and again the call which he described, until the knight had caught the notes.

"Generosity for the gift, bold yeoman," said the knight; "and better help than thine and thy men's would I never seek, were it at my utmost need." And then in his turn he whined the call till all the greenwood rung.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "beshrew me as thou knowest not as much of woodcraft as of war!—thou hast been a striker of deer in thy day, I warrant.—Comrades,

\* The notes upon the bugles were distinctly called notes, and are distinguished in the old treatises on hunting, not by musical characters, but by written words.

rank these three men—it is the call of the Knight of the Potterlock; and he who hears it, and hesitates not to serve him at his need, I will have him scourged out of our band with his own bowstring."

"Long live our leader!" shouted the yeomen, "and long live the Black Knight of the Potterlock!—May he soon see our service, to prove how readily it will be paid."

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of the spoil, which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. A tenth part of the whole was set apart for the church, and for poor men; a portion was next allotted to a sort of public treasury; a part was assigned to the widows and children of those who had fallen, or to be expended in masses for the souls of such as had left no surviving family. The rest was divided amongst the outlaws, according to their rank and merit; and the judgment of the Chief, on all such doubtful questions so occurred, was delivered with great shrewdness, and received with absolute submission. The Black Knight was not a little surprised to find that men, in a state so lawless, were, nevertheless, among themselves so regularly and equitably governed, and all that he observed added to his opinion of the justice and judgment of their leader.

When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, and while the treasurer, accompanied by four tall yeomen, was transporting that belonging to the state to some place of concealment or of security, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I would," said the leader, "we could hear tidings of our joyous chaplain—he was never wont to be absent when most was to be done, or spoil to be parted; and it is his duty to take care of these the wages of our successful enterprise. It may be the office has helped to cover some of his censured irregularities. Alas I have a holy brother of his a prisoner at no great distance, and I would fain have the Prior to help me to deal with him in due sort—I greatly mislaid the safety of the black priest."

"I was right sorry for that," said the Knight of the Potterlock, "for I stand indebted to him for the joyous hospitality of a merry night in his cell. Let us to the ruins of the castle; it may be we shall there learn some tidings of him."

While they thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen

announced the arrival of him for whom they thirst, as they learned from the stentorian voice of the Prior himself, long before they saw his bulky person.

"Eldes roos, my merry men!" he exclaimed, "room for your golly father and his prisoner—Ory welcome once more,—I come, noble leader, like an eagle, with my prey in my clutch."—And, making his way through the ring, amidst the laughter of all around, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge parchment in one hand, and in the other a halberd, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate house of York, who, bent down by sorrow and tears, was dragged on by the victorious prior, who shouted aloud, "Where is Affen-a-Dole, to challenge me in a halberd, or if it were but a boy!—By Saint Hermangild, the jangling crowder is over out of the way where there is an apt theme for exalting valour!"

"Curial Priest," said the Captain, "thou hast been at a wet nose this morning, as early as it is. In the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain," replied the Clerk of Capemadocum; "to my bow and to my halberd, I should rather say; and yet I have redeemed him by my drinking from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew—have I not redeemed thee from Berthamus?—have I not taught thee thy cross, thy pater, and thine *Ave Maria*?—Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?"

"For the love of God!" ejaculated the poor Jew, "will no one take me out of the keeping of this man—I mean this holy man?"

"How's this, Jew?" said the Prior, with a menacing aspect; "dost thou recount, Jew?—Dostink thee, if thou dost release into thine infidelity, though thou art not so tender as a wedding pig—I would I had one to knock thy head upon—thou art not too tough to be roasted! Be conformable, house, and repeat the words after me. *Ave Maria*!"—

"Nay, we will have no profanation, mad Priest," said Locksley; "let us rather hear where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Prior, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did step into the cellars to see what might be reared there; for though a cup of burnt wine, with spice, be an evening's draught for an emperor, it were

waste, unthought, to let so much good liquor be spilled at once; and I caught up one rusket of sack, and was coming to call more aid among these lay knights, who are ever to seek when a good deed is to be done, when I was advised of a strong door—Aha! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt; and the knave butler, being disturbed in his vacation, hath left the key in the door—In, therefore, I went, and found just aught besides a commingling of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently recovered himself my prisoner, scarce or no scarce. I did but refresh myself after the fatigue of the action with the unbeliever, with one bounding cup of sack, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash after crash, as with wild thunder-clap and levelling, down toppled the masonry of an outer tower (scarcely heaving their heads that built it not the firmer!) and blushed up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another—I gave up thought of life; and deeming it a dishonour to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I heaved up my halberd to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his grey hairs, and judged it better to lay down the partition, and take up my spiritual weapon for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the soul has been saved in good soot; only that, with speaking to him of mysticism through the whole night, and being in a manner flustering (for the few draughts of sack which I sharpened my wit with were not worth marking), my head is well-nigh divided, I trow.—But I was soon exhausted.—Gilbert and Walden know in what state they found me—quite and clean exhausted."

"We are here witness," said Gilbert; "for when we had cleared away the ruin, and by Saint Dunstan's help lighted upon the dragon stair, we found the rusket of sack half-empty, the Jew half-dead, and the Friar more than half—exhausted, as he calls it."

"Ye be knaves! ye lie!" retorted the offended Friar; "it was you and your gormandizing companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught—I am a Pagan, as I kept it not for the Captain's own throat. But what rede it? the Jew is converted, and understands all I have told him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself."

"Jew?" said the Captain, "is this true? hast thou recovered things unbelieved?"

"May I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I know not one word which the reverend prelate spoke to me all this fearful night. Alas! I was so distraught with agony, and fear, and grief, that had our holy father Abraham come to preach to me, he had found but a deaf listener."

"Then dost, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the Prior; "I will remind thee but of one word of our conference—thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"Be holy me the Promise, fair sir," said Isaac, even more alarmed than before, "as no such words ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggared man—I fear me a child—have ruth on me, and let me go!"

"Nay," said the Prior, "if thou dost retract vows made in favour of Holy Church, thou must do penance."

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Clerk's resentment to himself.

"By Saint Thomas of Kent," said he, "as I buckle to my gear, I will teach thee, sir lay brother, to meddle with thine own matters, mingle thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and counsellor."

"I know no such thing," answered the Prior, "and defy thee for a meddling counsellor!"

"Nay, but," said the Knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his quarrelsome host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake (for I say nothing of the temptation of the flagon and the party) thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil?"

"Truly, friend," said the Prior, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I accept of no such presents," said the Knight; "I am content to take thy cuff" as a loan, but I will repay thee with many as deep as ever thy prisoner there exacted in his traffic."

"I will prove that presently," said the Prior.

"Hala!" cried the Captain, "what art thou after, mad Prior! breaking beneath our Trysling tree!"

"No knowing," said the Knight, "it is but a friendly inter-

change of courtesy.—Pshaw, strike on thou darrest, I will stand the blow if thou wilt stand mine."

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron put on thy head," said the clerk; "but have at thee—Down thou goest, as thou wert Goliath of Gath to his chosen infant."

The Prior hared his browy arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the piouser around; for the Clerk's cuff was precluded amongst them, and there were few who, in jest or earnest, had not had occasion to know its rigour."

"Now, Priest," said the Knight, pulling off his gambel, "if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my head—stand fast as a true man."

"Grazie mille dell' agualiteri—I have given my duck to the water," said the Priest; "as thou canst stir me from the spot, deliver, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ransom."

So spoke the holy Priest, assuming, on his part, high defiance. But who may resist his faith? The buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good-will, that the Prior rolled head over heels upon the plate, to the great amusement of all the spectators. But he arose neither angry nor crest-fallen.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. I had scrambled but a loose nose as thou hadst broken my jaw, for the piper plays ill that vents the nether chops. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. And now all unkindness. Let us put the Jew to ransom, since the lordship will not change his apostle, and a Jew he will continue to be."

"The Priest," said Clement, "is not half as confident of the Jew's conversion, since he resolved that buffet on the ear."

"Go to, knave, what protest thou of conversion!—what, to thee no respect!—all masters and no man!—I tell thee, fellow, I was somewhat totty when I received the good knight's blow, or I had kept my ground under it. But so thou glout more of it, thou shalt learn I can give as well as take."

"Peace all!" said the Captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom; thou needst not to be told that thy man are held to be accursed in all Christian communities, and trust me

that we cannot refuse thy presence among us. Think, therefore, of an offer, while I examine a prisoner of another cast."

"Were many of Front-de-Bœuf's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough to be put to ransom," answered the Captain; "a set of hiding fellows there were, whom we dismissed to find them a new master—enough had been done for storage and profit; the bunch of them were not worth a ransom. The prisoner I speak of is better booty—a jolly rascal rising to visit his house, as I may judge by his homely-gear and wailing apparel.—Here cometh the worthy priest, as part of a poet." And, between two yeomen, was brought before the all-run champion of the outlaw Chief our friend Prior Agnes of Jorvaulk.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

—Flower of warren,  
How ill'st with These Ladies!  
Mirrors.—As with a nose baid about doores,  
Condemning men to death and come to melle,  
Rescuing him or prying, overthrowing the other.  
Colchester.

That captive Abbot's features and manners exhibited a whitened mixture of offended pride, and damaged egotism and badly terror.

"Why, how now, my master?" said he, with a voice in which all three emotions were blended. "What order is this among ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a church-man?—Know ye what it is, woe's impostor in arms? Doubt! Ye have plundered my walls—were my cope of various old lace, which might have served a cardinal! Another in my place would have been at his sacraments ere; but I am pliable, and if ye order forth my pathways, release my brethren, and restore my walls, tell down with all speed an hundred crowns to be expended in masses at the high altar of Jorvaulk Abbey, and make your vow to not so venture until next Pentecost, it may be you shall hear little more of this mad Duke."

"Holy Father," said the chief Outlaw, "it pleases me to



think that you have met with such usage from any of my followers, as calls for your fatherly reprehension."

"Usage!" echoed the prior, encouraged by the mild tone of the abbot's leader; "it were usage fit for no house of good men—much less for a Christian—for less for a priest—and least of all for the Prior of the holy community of Jervaulx. Here is a profane and drunken minister, called *Allan-a-Dale*—which signifies—who has mocked me with impudic gambolment—nay, with death itself, as I pay not down four hundred crowns of money, to the host of all the treasures he hath already robbed me of—gold chains and gilded rings to an unknown value; besides what is broken and spoiled among their rude hands, such as my present-hog and silver cringing-tongs."

"It is impossible that *Allan-a-Dale* can have thus treated a man of your bearing," replied the Captain.

"It is true as the gospel of St. Nicholas," said the Prior; "he swore, with many a cruel north-country oath, that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the greenwood."

"Did he so in very deed? Nay, then, reverend father, I think you had better comply with his demands—for *Allan-a-Dale* is the very man to abide by his word when he has so pledged it."

"You do but jest with me," said the astounded Prior, with a forced laugh; "and I love a good jest with all my heart. But, ha! ha! ha! when the mirth has lasted the long-long night, it is time to be grave in the morning."

"And I am as grave as a father confessor," replied the Captain; "you must pay a round ransom, Sir Prior, or your convent is likely to be pulled to a new location; for your place will leave you no more."

"Are ye Christians," said the Prior, "and hold this language to a churchman?"

"Christians! ay, marry are we, and have divinity among us to boot," answered the Captain. "Let our blessed chaplain stand forth, and expound to this reverend father the texts which concern this matter."

The Prior, half-drunk, half-facetious, had knifed a Prior's frock over his green mantle, and now clannish together whatever

\* A commentary is still to have received similar consideration from a certain anonymous-trickster, to whom he complained that a general officer had used some such threat towards him as that in the text.

scraps of learning he had acquired by rote in former days, "Holy father," said he, "*Oras faciat vobis benivolentia vestra.*—You are welcome to the graveyard."

"What profane summary is this?" said the Prior. "Friend, if thou be'st indeed of the church, it were a better deed to show me how I may escape from these men's hands, than to stand ducking and grinning here like a mackerel-dancer."

"Truly, reverend father," said the Prior, "I know but one mode in which thou mayest escape. This is Saint Andrew's day with us, we are taking our tithes."

"But not of the church thou, I trust, my good brother?" said the Prior.

"Of church and lay," said the Prior; "and therefore, Sir Prior, *facite vobis amicos de Mammona iniquitatis*—make yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, for no other friendship is like to serve your turn."

"I love a jolly woodcock at heart," said the Prior, softening his tone; "come, ye must not deal too hard with me—I am well of woodcock, and can wind a horn clear and lustily, and holla till every oak rings again—Come, ye must not deal too hard with me."

"Give him a horn," said the Outlaw; "we will prove the skill he boasts of."

The Prior Aymer winded a blast accordingly. The Captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "thou blowest a merry note, but it may not ransom thee—we cannot afford, as the legend on a good knight's shield hath it, to set thee free for a blast. Moreover, I have found thee—thou art one of those, who, with new French grunts and Tra-li-ma, disturb the ancient English hagle notes.—Prior, that hast flourish on the richest bath added fifty crowns to thy manse, for corrupting the true old manly blasts of vincerio."

"Well, friend," said the Abbot, peevishly, "thou art ill to please with thy woodcock. I pay thee no more conference in this matter of my ransom. At a word—since I must needs, for once, hold a candle to the devil—what ransom art thou to pay for walking on Watling Street, without having fifty rans at my back?"

"Were it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Then art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan is impossible!—Here, Jew, step forth—Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich *Abbay of Jorvaulx*, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him!—Thou knowest the haunts of his converse, I warrant thee."

"Oh, naturally," said Isaac, "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. Oh, it is a rich abbey-stale, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx. Ah, if an outlaw like me had such a house to go to, and such meetings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Hound of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior, "no man knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy house of God is polluted for the feeding of our damned!—"

"And for the storing of your cellars in the best season with the due allowance of Gammon wine," interrupted the Jew; "but that—that is small matters."

"Hear the infidel dog!" said the churchman; "he jangles as if our holy community did come under debts for the wines we have a licence to drink proper sacramental, of *super depollution*. The damned villain blasphemes the holy church, and Christian men listen and rebuke him not!"

"All this helps nothing," said the leader,—"Isaac, pronounce what he may pay, without saying both bible and halib."

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to your honoured valours, and never sit less safe in his stall."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, grudgingly; "I am contented!—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns.—It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the lord; "Salomon had not done it better."

"Then hearst thy doom, Prior," said the leader.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a sum? If I sell the very pax and candlesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself: ye may retain as hostages my two priests."

\* *Shoght*, or *hovever*, signifies *pledges*. Hence our word to *hovever*, because we pledge ourselves to restore what is lost.

"That will be but blind trust," said the Outlaw; "we will retain thee, Prior, and send them to fetch thy ransom. Thou shalt not want a cup of wine and a collar of venison the while; and if thou lovest workcraft, thou shalt see such as your north country never witnessed."

"On, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to carry farrow with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the six hundred marks, out of certain moneys in my house, if so be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me a quitance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the Captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, evergreen sir," said the Jew, "I am a leech and impoverished man; a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain.—"How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"Can he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior—"Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel who were led into Assyrian bondage?—I have seen but little of him myself, but our cellarer and treasurer have dealt largely with him, and report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a church in any Christian land. Marvel it is to all living Christian hearts that such graving silver should be suffered to sit idle in the bowels of the state, and even of the holy church herself, with dead masses and exortions."

"Hold, father," said the Jew, "religiate and manage your choice. I pray of your reverence to remember that I have my moneys upon me. But when churchmen and laymen, princes and priests, knights and peons, come knocking to Isaac's door, they borrow not his shelds with these unred terms. It is thou, Friend Isaac, wilt you please us in this matter, and our day shall be truly kept, so God so' us!—and, Kind Isaac, if ever you served man, show yourself a friend in this need. And when the day comes, and I ask my own, then what hear I but damned Jew, and the curse of Egypt on your tribe, and all that may stir up the rude and unred populace against poor strangers?"

"Yves," said the Captain, "Jew though he is, he hath in

this spoken well. Do thou therefore name his ransom, as he named thine, without further vain terms."

"None, but *live forever*—the interpretation whereof," said the Friar, "will I give at some other time and tide—would place a Christian prince and an unchristian Jew upon the same bench. But since ye require me to put a price upon this child, I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" said the chief Outlaw.

"A sentence!—a sentence!" shouted his associates; "the Christian has shown his good nature, and dealt with us more generously than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bear to the ground an impoverished creature!—I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?"

"Thou wilt have the loss to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless," said Aymon.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you not to know how the child of our house is sustained with the stings of our heart—O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachel! were each leaf on that tree a scowin, and each scowin nine eves, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Saracens!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted scudal, bordered with silver?"

"She did!—she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as formerly with fear. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! must thou tell me nought of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yestern-even. I had sworn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, who I feared might take harm from the arrow."

"Oh!" answered the Jew; "I would to God thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom!—Better the tomb of her father than the dishonourable couch of the heathen and strange Templar. Indeed! Indeed! the glory hath departed from my house."

"Friends," said the Chief, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, notwith his grief touched me.—Deal uprightly with

us, Isaac—will paying this ransom of a thousand crowns leave thee altogether penniless?"

Isaac, recoiled to think of his worldly goods, the love of which, by dint of inveterate habit, contended even with his parental affection, grew pale, staggered, and could not deny there might be some small surplus.

"Well—go to—what though there be," said the Outlaw, "we will not reckon with thee too closely. Without treasure thou mayest as well hope to redeem thy child from the clutches of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as to shoot a stagroyal with a leaden shaft.—We will take thee at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, which hundred crowns shall be mine own possible loss, and not light upon this worldling's generosity; and so we shall avoid the heinous offence of rating a Jew merchant as high as a Christian prince, and thou wilt have six hundred crowns remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver shakels as well as the sparkle of black eyes.—Hasten to make thy crowns drink in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, ere worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our words have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order.—Said I well, my merry master?"

The Jewmen expressed their wrothed acquiescence in their leader's opinion; and Isaac, relieved of one-half of his apprehensions, by learning that his daughter lived, and might possibly be recovered, threw himself at the feet of the generous Outlaw, and, rubbing his beard against his breeches, sought to kiss the hem of his green smock. The Captain drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, bestow thee, man, up with thee! I am English born, and love no such Eastern prostrations.—Kneel to God, and not to a poor sinner, like me."

"Ay, Jew," said Prior Aymer; "kneel to God, as represented in the servant of His altar, and who knows, with thy sincere repentance and due gifts to the statue of Saint Robert, what grace thou mayest acquire for thyself and thy daughter Rebecca! I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and comely countenance.—I beheld her in the lists of Ashby. Also Brian de Bois-Guilbert is one with whom I may do much.—behold thee how thou mayest deserve my good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every head the apostles arise against me—I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

"And what else should be the lot of thy accursed race?" answered the Prior; "for what saith holy writ, verily David's preparation, of aspidochelone set forth in it—they have cast forth the word of the Lord, and there is no wisdom in them; prepare, false malice comes unto us—I will give their women to strangers, that is, to the Templar, as in the present matter; of discourse comes Jacobites about, and their treasures to others—as in the present case to these honest gentlemen."

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands, and to wring into his state of desolation and despair. But the leader of the yeomen led him aside.

"Advise thee well, Isaac," said Locksley, "what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman. He is wise, Isaac, and he is courteous; at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretence of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money-bags—What! know I not the great stone beneath the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?" The Jew grew as pale as death—"But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Hast thou not remembered the sick yeoman when thy fair daughter Rebecca returned from the graves at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money?—Hence as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred acres."

"And thou art he whom we called Isaac Head-the-Dew?" said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the sound of thy voice."

"I am Head-the-Dew," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these."

"But thou art mistaken, good Head-the-Dew, concerning that same vaulted apartment. Be help me Heaven, as there is naught in it but some merchandise which I will gladly part with to you—one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to

make horse, and one hundred other homings, teach, read, and sound,—these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Dicon, as thou wilt keep silence about the rest, my good Dicon."

"Silent as a death-crow," said the Outlaw; "and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. But I may not help it.—The Templars' laws are too strong for my armory in the open field—they would smother us like dust. Had I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must needs proceed by policy. Come, shall I trust for thee with the Prior?"

"In God's name, Dicon, as thou canst, aid me to recover the child of my house!"

"Do not thus interrupt me with thine ill-timed sorries," said the Outlaw, "and I will deal with him in thy behalf."

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, however, as closely as his shadow.

"Prior Aymer," said the Captain, "come apart with me under this tree. How say thou dost love wine, and a lady's smile, better than because thy Order, Sir Priest; but with that I have sought to do. I have heard, too, thou dost love a brace of good dogs and a fast horse, and it may well be that, loving things which are costly to come by, thou hast not a piece of gold. But I have never heard that thou didst love oppression or cruelty.—Now, here is Isaac willing to give thee the means of pleasure and passion in a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if thy intervention with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter."

"In safety and honour, as when taken from me," said the Jew, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Peace, Isaac," said the Outlaw, "or I give up thine interest. What say you to this my purpose, Prior Aymer?"

"The matter," quoth the Prior, "is of a mixed condition; for, if I do a good on the one hand, yet on the other, it goeth to the advantage of a Jew, and is as much to against my conscience. Yet, if the Israelite will advantage the Church by giving me somewhat over to the building of our doctour,\* I will take it on my conscience to aid him in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the doctour," said the Outlaw,—

\* *Doctor, or doctour.*



"Be still, I say, Isaac!—or for a brace of silver medallions to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but good Diccon Dant-the-flew,"—said Isaac, endeavouring to interpose.

"Good Jew—good heart—good earlroom!" said the yeoman, heaving patience; "as thou dost go on to put thy filthy hands in the balance with thy daughter's life and honour, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every raiment thou hast in the world, before three days are out!"

Isaac shrank together, and was silent.

"And what pledge art thou to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the Outlaw, "I swear by Saint Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him for it in such sort, he had better have paid twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Agnes, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing-tablets—though, hold!—rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four hours, and where shall I find one?"

"If your holy scriptures can dispense with using the Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a remedy," said the yeoman; and, bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at a wild-goose which was soaring over their heads, the advance guard of a phalanx of his tribe, which were winging their way to the distant and solitary fens of Holderness. The bird came fluttering down transfixed with the arrow.

"These, Prior," said the Captain, "are quills enough to supply all the wants of Jerome's\* for the next hundred years, as they take not to writing chronicles."

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure dictated an epistle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully sealed up the tablets delivered them to the Jew, saying, "This will be thy safe-conduct to the Priory of Templeton, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with profusion of advantages and courtesy at thine own hand; for trust me well, the good Knight Bois-Guilbert is of their generosity that do sought for sought."

"Well, Prior," said the Outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew acquittance for the five hundred."

\* Note J. Jerome's Allot.

dead crown at which the ransom is fixed—I accept of him for my paymaster; and if I hear that ye boggle at allowing him in his accounts the sum so paid by him, Saint Mary refuse me, as I burn not the abbey over thine head, though I hang ten years the noose!”

With a much worse grace than that wherewith he had penned the letter to Bois-Guilbert, the Prior wrote an acquittance, discharging Isaac of York of five hundred crowns, advanced to him in his need for acquittal of his ransom, and faithfully promising to hold true count with him for that sum.

“And now,” said Prior Agnes, “I will pray you of restitution of my robes and palfreys, and the freedom of the recovered brethren attending upon me, and also of the gyrned rings, jewels, and fair vestures, of which I have been despoiled, having now satisfied you for my ransom as a true prisoner.”

“Touching your brethren, Sir Prior,” said Locksley, “they shall have present freedom, it were unjust to detain them; touching your horses and robes, they shall also be restored, with such spending money as may enable you to reach York, for it were cruel to deprive you of the means of journeying.—But as concerning rings, jewels, chains, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender consciences, and will not yield to a venerable man like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his foundation, by wearing rings, chains, or other vain goods.”

“Think what you do, my master,” said the Prior, “are you put your hand on the Church’s patrimony—Those things are fairer far apace, and I wot not what judgment might arise were they to be handled by laical hands.”

“I will take care of that, reverend Prior,” said the Hermit of Capersham; “for I will wear them myself.”

“Friend, or brother,” said the Prior, in answer to this admission of his doubts, “if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to thine official for the share thou hast taken in this day’s work.”

“Friend Prior,” returned the Hermit, “you are to know that I belong to a little house, where I am my own diocesan, and care as little for the Bishop of York as I do for the Abbot of Jervaulx, the Prior, and all the convent.”

“Thou art utterly irregular,” said the Prior; “one of those disorderly men, who, taking on them the sacred character with-

not due cases, profane the holy rites, and endanger the souls of those who take counsel at their hands; *dequid prope nos condemnatis eis, giving them stones instead of bread, as the Vulgate hath it.*"

"Nay," said the Prior, "as my brain-pan could have been broken by Latin, it had not held so long together.—I say, that making a world of such unlearned priests as these out of their jewels and their glazeries, is a lawful spoiling of the Egyptians."

"Then belet a hedge-priest,"\* said the Prior, in great wrath, "*conveniens est tui.*"

"Then belet thyself more like a thief and a heretic," said the Prior, equally indignant; "I will punish up me such affront before my parishioners, as thou thinkest it not shame to put upon me, although I be a reverend brother in thee. One *que peccatorem*, I will break your bones, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Hold!" cried the Captain, "come the reverend brethren to such terms?—Keep thine awareness of peace, Prior.—Prior, as thou hast not made thy peace perfect with God, provoke the Prior no further.—Hearst, let the reverend father depart in peace, as a removed man."

The parties separated the incensed priests, who continued to raise their voices, vituperating each other in bad Latin, which the Prior followed the more discreetly, and the Heretic with the greater vehemence. The Prior at length recollected himself sufficiently to be aware that he was compromising his dignity by squabbling with such a hedge-priest as the Outlaw's chaplain, and being joined by his stewards, rode off with considerably less pomp, and in a much more apostolical condition, so far as worldly notions were concerned, than he had exhibited before this encounter.

It remained that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at York, requiring him to pay to the bearer the sum of a thousand marks, and to deliver certain merchandises specified in the note.

"My brother Shava," he said, groaning deeply, "hath the key of my merchandise."

"And of the vaulted churches?" whispered Locksley.

"No, no—may Heaven forestal!" said Isaac; "evil is the hour that let any one whomsoever into that secret."

\* Note K. Hedge-priest.

"It is safe with me," said the Outlaw, "so be that this thy sword produce the same result indicated and set down.—But what now, Isaac? art dead? art stupified? hath the payment of a thousand crowns put thy daughter's soul out of thy mind?"

The Jew started to his feet—"So, Isaac, so—I will presently set forth.—Farewell, then, whom I may not call good, and dare not and will not call evil."

Yet ere Isaac departed, the Outlaw Chief bestowed on him this parting advice:—"Be kind of thine office, Isaac, and spare not thy purse for thy daughter's safety. Credit me, that the gold thou shalt spare in her cause will hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat."

Isaac acquiesced with a deep groan, and set forth on his journey accompanied by two tall footmen, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards, through the wood.

The Black Knight, who had seen with no small interest these various proceedings, now took his leave of the Outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much devil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the laws.

"Good frank, Sir Knight," said the yeoman, "will sometimes grow on a wary tree; and evil times are not always productive of evil aims and conduct. Amongst those who are driven into this lawless state, there are, doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its license with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all."

"And to one of these," said the Knight, "I am now, I presume, speaking?"

"Sir Knight," said the Outlaw, "we have each our secret. You are welcome to form your judgment of me, and I may use my conjectures touching you, though neither of our shafts may hit the mark they are shot at. But as I do not pay to be admitted into your mystery, be not offended that I preserve my own."

"I crave pardon, brave Outlaw," said the Knight, "your reproval is just. But it may be we shall meet hereafter with less of excommunication on either side,—Meanwhile we part friends, do we not?"

"There is my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I will call it the hand of a true Englishman, though an Outlaw for the present."

"And there is mine in return," said the Knight; "and I hold it honoured by being clasped with yours. For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears. *Fare-thee-well, gallant Gulliver!*"

Thus parted that fair fellowship; and he of the Fetterlock, mounting upon his strong war-horse, rode off through the forest.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

*King John.—I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And whosoever this knot of mine doth touch,  
He lies before me.—Dost thou understand me?*

*Kennel Cury.*

THOMAS was leave feasting in the Castle of York, to which Prince John had invited three nobles, prelates, and lawyers, by whose assistance he hoped to carry through his ambitious projects upon his brother's throne. William Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at secret work among them, insinuating all to that pitch of courage which was necessary in making an open declaration of their purpose. But their enterprise was delayed by the absence of more than one member of the confederacy. The staidness and daring, though brutal courage of Front-de-Bœuf; the buoyant spirits and bold bearing of De Bracy; the sagacity, martial experience, and renowned valour of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were important to the success of their conspiracy; and, while nursing in secret their unnecessary and unbecoming absence, neither John nor his adviser dared to proceed without them. Hence the Jew also seemed to have vanished, and with him the hope of certain sums of money, making up the subsidy for which Prince John had contracted with that Israelite and his brethren. This deficiency was likely to prove painful in an emergency so critical.

It was on the morning after the fall of Trepolition that a confused report began to spread abroad in the city of York, that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with their confederate Front-de-Bœuf, had been taken or slain. William brought the rumour

to Prince John, assuming that he feared its truth the more that they had set out with a small attendance, for the purpose of committing an assault on the Baron Cedric and his attendants. At another time the Prince would have treated this deed of violence as a good jest; but now that it interfered with and impeded his own plans, he exclaimed against the perpetrators, and spoke of the broken laws, and the infraction of public order and of private property, in a tone which might have become King Alfred.

"The unprincipled assassins!" he said—"were I ever to become monarch of England, I would hang such transgressors over the drawbridges of their own nation."

"But to become monarch of England," said his Abbot-pal confidant, "it is necessary not only that your Grace should endure the transgressions of these unprincipled assassins, but that you should afford them your protection, notwithstanding your dislike and for the love they are in the habit of inflicting. We shall be truly helped if the chivalrous Cedric should have realized your Grace's vision of converting feudal drawbridges into gibbets; and your lord-spirited Cedric search out to whom such an imagination might occur. Your Grace is well aware it will be dangerous to stir without Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar; and yet we have gone too far to recede with safety."

Prince John struck his forehead with impatience, and then began to stride up and down the apartment.

"The villains," he said, "the base treacherous villains, to desert me at this juncture!"

"Nay, my rather the father-godded glibly wenchmen," said Waldemar, "who must be trying with folios when such business was in hand."

"What is to be done?" said the Prince, stopping short before Waldemar.

"I know nothing which can be done," answered his counsellor, "save that which I have already taken order for.—I come not to bewail this evil chance with your Grace, until I had done my best to remedy it."

"Thou art ever my better angel, Waldemar," said the Prince; "and when I have such a counsellor to advise withal, the reign of John will be removed in our minds.—What hast thou recommended?"

"I have ordered Louis Winkelmann, De Bracy's bootmaker, to saddle his trumpet sword to horse, and to display his banner, and to set presently forth towards the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, to do what yet may be done for the succour of our friends."

Prince John's face flushed with the pride of a spoiled child, who has undergone what he considers to be an insult.

"By the face of God!" he said, "Waldemar Fitzurse, much hast thou taken upon thee! and ever misapport thou wert to cross trumpet to blow, or banner to be raised, in a town where ourselves were in presence, without our express command."

"I crave your Grace's pardon," said Fitzurse, internally cursing the life vanity of his patron; "but when time pressed, and even the loss of minutes might be fatal, I judged it best to take this rash burden upon me, in a matter of such importance to your Grace's interest."

"Then art pardoned, Fitzurse," said the Prince, gravely; "thy purpose hath atoned for thy hasty making.—But whom have we here?—De Bracy himself, by the word!—and in strange guise dost he come before us."

It was indeed De Bracy—"bleeding with spurring, grey red with speed." His armour bore all the marks of the late obstinate fray, being broken, defaced, and stained with blood in many places, and covered with clay and dust from the coast to the spot. Undoing his helmet, he placed it on the table, and stood a moment as if to collect himself before he told his news.

"De Bracy," said Prince John, "what means this?—Speak, I charge thee!—Are the Saxons in rebellion?"

"Speak, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, almost in the same moment with his master, "thou wert wont to be a man!—Where is the Templar?—Where Front-de-Bœuf?"

"The Templar is dead," said De Bracy; "Front-de-Bœuf you will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing ruins of his own castle, and I alone am escaped to tell you."

"Cold news," said Waldemar, "to us, though you speak of fire and conflagration."

"The worst news is not yet said," answered De Bracy; and, coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and emphatic tone—"Richard is in England—I have seen and spoken with him."

Prince John turned pale, staggered and caught at the back of an column bench to support himself—much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bosom.

"Then sweet, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, "it cannot be."

"It is as true as truth itself," said De Bracy; "I was his prisoner, and spoke with him."

"With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?" continued Fitzurse.

"With Richard Plantagenet," replied De Bracy, "with Richard Cour-de-Lion—with Richard of England."

"And thou wert his prisoner?" said Walsingham; "he is then at the head of a power?"

"No—only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to these his power is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to assist at the stumping of Torquilstone."

"Ay," said Fitzurse, "such is indeed the fashion of Richard—a true knight-errant he, and will wander in wild adventures, trusting the prowess of his single arm like any Sir Guy or Sir Barch, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered.—What dost thou propose to do, De Bracy?"

"I—I offered Richard the service of my Free Lances, and he refused them—I will lead them to Hull, whither on shipping and embark for Flanders; thanks to the heading times, a man of action will always find employment. And then, Walsingham, wilt thou take lance and shield, and lay down thy policies, and wend along with me, and share the fate which God sends us?"

"I am too old, Maurice, and I have a daughter," answered Walsingham.

"Give her to me, Fitzurse, and I will maintain her as fit her rank, with the help of lance and shield," said De Bracy.

"Not so," answered Fitzurse; "I will take sanctuary in this church of Saint Peter—the Archbishop is my sworn brother."

During this discourse, Prince John had gradually awakened from the stupor into which he had been thrown by the unexpected intelligence, and had been attentive to the conversation which passed between his followers. "They fall off from me," he said to himself, "they hold no more by me than a withered leaf by the bough when a breeze blows on it.—Hail and flourish can I shape no means for myself when I am deserted by these



arrows!"—He passed, and there was an expression of diabolical passion in the constrained laugh with which he at length broke in on their conversation.

"Ha! ha! ha! my good lords, by the light of Our Lady's leave, I hold ye sage men, bold men, ready-witted men; yet ye thence down wealth, honour, pleasure, all that our noble game promised you, at the moment it might be won by one bold cut!"

"I understand you not," said De Bracy. "As soon as Richard's return is known abroad, he will be at the head of an army, and all is then over with us. I would counsel you, my lord, either to fly to France, or take the protection of the Queen Mother."

"I seek no safety for myself," said Prince John laughingly; "that I could secure by a word spoken to my brother. But although you, De Bracy, and you, Waldemar Fitzurse, are so ready to abandon me, I should not greatly delight to see your heads blackening on Clifford's Gate yonder. Thinkest thou, Waldemar, that the wily Archbishop will not suffer thee to be taken from the very horns of the altar, would it make his peace with King Richard? And forgettest thou, De Bracy, that Robert Fitzrobert has betrayed thee and Blith with all his forces, and that the Earl of Here is gathering his followers? If we had reason to fear these lords even before Richard's return, howest thou there is any doubt now which party their leaders will take! Trust me, Fitzrobert alone has strength enough to drive all thy Free Lances into the Hamble."—Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked in each other's face with blank dismay.—"There is but one road to safety," continued the Prince, and his brow grew black as midnight; "this object of our terror journeys alone—he must be met withal."

"Not by me," said De Bracy hastily; "I was his prisoner, and he took me to mercy. I will not harm a feather in his arm."

"Who speaks of harming him?" said Prince John, with a hardened laugh; "the knave will say next that I cannot be should slay him!—No—a prison were better; and whether in Britain or Austria, what matters it?—Things will be but as they were when we commenced our enterprise.—It was founded on the hope that Richard would remain a captive in Germany.—Our uncle Robert lived and died in the castle of Chertle."

"Ay, but," said Waldemar, "your sire Henry sets more firm in his seat than your Grace can. I say the best prison is that which is made by the walls—no dungeons like a church-vault! I have said my say."

"Prison or tomb," said De Bracy, "I wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Villain!" said Prince John, "then wouldst not betray our counsel?"

"Counsel was never betrayed by me," said De Bracy laughingly, "nor must the name of villain be coupled with mine!"

"Peace, Sir Knight!" said Waldemar; "and you, good my lord, forgive the scruples of valiant De Bracy; I trust I shall soon remove them."

"That proves your eloquence, Phœbus," replied the Knight.

"Why, good Sir Maurice," rejoined the wily politician, "stand not aside like a armed steel, without, at least, considering the object of your terror.—This Richard—but a day since, and it would have been thy dearest wish to have met him, hand to hand, in the ranks of battle—a hundred times I have heard thee wish it."

"Ay," said De Bracy, "but that was, as thou sayest, hand to hand, and in the ranks of battle! Thou never hearest me breathe a thought of assaulting him alone, and in a forest."

"Then art no good knight if thou dost scruple at it," said Waldemar. "Was it in battle that Lamollet de Luz and Sir Trieman were removed? or was it not by encountering gigantic knights under the shade of deep and unknown forests?"

"Ay, but I promise you," said De Bracy, "that neither Trieman nor Lamollet would have been match, hand to hand, for Richard Plantagenet, and I think it was not their wont to take the odds against a single man."

"Then art mad, De Bracy—what is it we propose to thee, a hired and retained Captain of Free Companies, whose services are purchased for Prince John's service? Then art apprised of our enemy, and thou dost scruple, though thy patron's fortunes, those of thy comrades, thine own, and the life and honour of every one amongst us, are at stake!"

"I tell you," said De Bracy, calmly, "that he gave me my life. True, he sent me from his presence, and refused my homage—so far I owe him neither favour nor allegiance—but I will not lift hand against him."

"It needs not—and Louis Whitehead and a score of thy  
knave."

"Ye have sufficient reflexes of your own," said De Bracy,  
"not one of mine shall badge on such an errand."

"Art thou so obstinate, De Bracy?" said Prince John; "and  
wilt thou forsake me, after so many protestations of zeal for my  
service?"

"I mean it not," said De Bracy; "I will abide by you to  
night that becomes a knight, whether in the lists or in the  
camp; but this highway practice must not within my vow."

"Come hither, Waldemar," said Prince John. "An unhappy  
Prince am I. My father, King Henry, had faithful servants—  
He had but to say that he was plagued with a fustious priest,  
and the blood of Thomas-a-Beket, saint though he was, stained  
the steps of his own altar.—Tray, Morville, De-la, loyal and  
daring subjects, your names, your spirit, are extant; and  
although Reginald Fitzurse hath left a son, he has fallen off  
from his father's fidelity and courage."

"He has fallen off from neither," said Waldemar Fitzurse;  
"and since it may not better be, I will take on me the conduct  
of this perilous enterprise. Dearly, however, did my father  
purchase the praise of a zealous friend; and yet did his proof  
of loyalty to Henry fall far short of what I can boast to effect;  
for rather would I need a whole calendar of saints, than yet  
appear in rank against Cour-de-Lion.—De Bracy, to those I trust  
trust to keep up the spirits of the doubtful, and to guard Prince  
John's person. If you resolve such news as I trust to send you,  
our enterprise will no longer wear a doubtful aspect.—Fare,"  
he said, "hie to my lodgings, and tell my armourer to be there  
in readiness; and bid Stephen Wetheral, Brad Thorowly, and  
the Three Squares of Eppinghore, come to me instantly; and let  
the scout-master, Hugh Hardon, attend me also.—Adieu, my  
Prince, till better times." Thus speaking, he left the apart-  
ment.

"He goes to make my brother prisoner," said Prince John  
to De Bracy, "with as little touch of compassion as if it but  
concerned the liberty of a French franklin. I trust he will

\* Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tray, Hugh de Morville, and Richard  
De-la, were the gentlemen of Henry the Second's household, who, instigated  
by some passionate expressions of their sovereign, slew the celebrated  
Thomas-a-Beket.

obey our orders, and use our dear Richard's person with all due respect."

De Bracy only answered by a smile.

"By the light of Our Lady's brow," said Prince John, "our orders to him were most precise—though it may be you heard them not, as we stood together in the oriel window—Most clear and positive was our charge that Richard's safety should be saved first, and was in Walsden's hand if he transgressed it!"

"I had better pass to his lodgings," said De Bracy, "and make him fully aware of your Grace's pleasure; for, as it quite escaped my ear, it may not perchance have reached that of Walsden."

"Nay, nay," said Prince John, hesitatingly, "I promise thee he heard me; and besides, I have further occupation for thee. Maudslai, come hither; let me lean on thy shoulder."

They walked a turn through the hall in this familiar posture, and Prince John, with an air of the most confidential intimacy, proceeded to say, "What thinkest thou of this Walsden Fitness, my De Bracy?—He trusts to be our Chancellor. Surely we will pause ere we give an office so high to one who shows evidently how little he reverences our blood, by his so readily undertaking this enterprise against Richard. Thou dost think, I warrant, that thou hast lost somewhat of our regard, by thy boldly declining this engaging task—But no, Maudslai! I rather honour thee for thy virtuous constancy. There are things most necessary to be done, the perpetration of which we rather love our honour; and there may be refusals to serve us, which shall rather credit in our estimation those who deny our request. The arrest of my unfortunate brother forms no such good title to the high office of Chancellor, as thy disavowal and courageous denial establishes in thee to the trustworthiness of High Marshal. Think of this, De Bracy, and begone to thy charge."

"Fickle tyrant!" muttered De Bracy, as he left the presence of the Prince: "evil luck have they who trust thee. Thy Chancellor, indeed!—He who hath the keeping of thy conscience shall have an easy charge, I trow. But High Marshal of England! that," he said, crossing his arm, as if to grasp the hilt of office, and assuming a better stride along the antechamber, "that is indeed a prize worth playing for!"

De Bracy had no sooner left the apartment than Prince John assumed an attendant,

"Did Hugh Barker, our scout-master, come hither, as soon as he shall have spoken with Waldemar Fitzurse?"

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during which John traversed the apartment with anxious and disordered steps.

"Barker," said he, "what did Waldemar desire of thee?"

"Two roesome men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the trail of man and horse."

"And thou hast fitted him?"

"Let your Grace never trust me else," answered the master of the spies. "One is from Herefordshire; he is wont to trace the Tyndale and Twyfordshire thieves as a bloodhound follows the slot of a lost deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his harrowing right oft in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle, copse and highwood, betwixt this and Richmond."

"Thy well," said the Prince.—"Come Waldemar forth with them!"

"Instantly," said Barker.

"With what attendance?" asked John, curiously.

"Broad Thimbleby goes with him, and Wothensal, whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen Steel-heart, and three northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Middlestan's gang—they are called the Spurs of Spyringhore."

"Thy well," said Prince John; then added, after a moment's pause, "Barker, it imports our service that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice de Dracy—as that he shall not observe it, however.—And let us know of his motions from time to time—with whom he converse, what he propoeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Barker bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John—"if he betrays me, as his breeding leads me to fear, I will have his head, were Richard thundering at the gates of York."

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

*Across the tinge of Hyacinth flowers,  
 Strove with the half-showered sun his prey;  
 Lamer the rich, than roam the shivering Jew  
 Of wild Persia's hem.*

ANASTASIA.

Cora had now returned to House of York.—Mounted upon a mule, the gift of the Outlaw, with two tall yemen to act as his guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the Priory of Templestowe, for the purpose of negotiating his daughter's redemption. The Priory was but a day's journey from the desolated castle of Torquilstone, and the Jew had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly, having dismounted his guides at the verge of the forest, and rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began to pass on with such speed as his weakness permitted him to exert. But his strength failed him totally ere he had reached within four miles of the Temple-Court; maddening pains shot along his back and through his limbs, and the excessive anguish which he felt at heart being now augmented by bodily suffering, he was rendered altogether incapable of proceeding further than a small market-town, where dwelt a Jewish Rabbi of his tribe, and next in the medical profession, and to whom Isaac was well known. Nathan Ben Isaac received his suffering countryman with that kindness which the law prescribed, and which the Jews practised to each other. He insisted on his betaking himself to repose, and used such remedies as were then in most repute to check the progress of the fever, which terror, fatigue, ill-nutrition, and sorrow, had brought upon the poor old Jew.

On the morrow, when Isaac proposed to arise and pursue his journey, Nathan remonstrated against his purpose, both as his host and as his physician. It might cost him, he said, his life. But Isaac replied, that more than life and death depended upon his going that morning to Templestowe.

"To Templestowe!" said his host with surprise; again felt his pulse, and then muttered to himself, "His fever is abated, yet seems his mind somewhat alienated and disturbed."

"And why not to Templestowe?" answered his patient. "I

great thee, Nathan, that it is a dwelling of those to whom the despised Children of the Promise are a standing-blank and an abomination; yet thou knowest that pressing affairs of traffic sometimes carry us among these black-haired Saracens soldiers, and that we visit the Prospecories of the Templars, as well as the Commanderies of the Knights Hospitallers, as they are called.\*

"I know it well," said Nathan; "but wotest thou that Louis de Beaumanoir, the chief of their Order, and whom they term Grand Master, is now himself at Templestons?"

"I know it not," said Isaac; "our last letters from our brethren at Paris advised us that he was at that city, beseeching Philip for aid against the Sultan Saladin."

"He hath since come to England, unexpected by his brethren," said Ben Israel; "and he cometh among them with a strong and outstretched arm; to correct and to punish. His countenance is kindled in anger against those who have departed from the vow which they have made, and great is the fear of those sons of Belial. Thou must have heard of his name?"

"It is well known unto me," said Isaac; "the Gentiles deliver this Louis Beaumanoir as a man zealous to slaying for every point of the Saracens law; and our brethren have termed him a fierce destroyer of the Saracens, and a cruel tyrant to the Children of the Promise."

"And truly have they termed him," said Nathan the physician. "Other Templars may be moved from the purpose of their heart by pleasure, or bribed by promises of gold and silver; but Beaumanoir is of a different stamp—hating sensuality, despising treasure, and pressing forward to that which they call the crown of martyrdom—The God of Jacob speedily send it unto him, and unto them all! Specially hath this proud man extended his glove over the children of Judah, as holy David over Heli, hailing the murder of a Jew to be an offering of as sweet savour as the death of a Saracen. Impious and false things has he

\* The establishments of the Knights Templars were called *Prospectories*, and the title of those who presided in the Order was *Prospector*; as the principal Knights of Saint John were termed *Commanders*, and their houses *Commanderies*. But these terms were sometimes, it would seem, used indistinctly.

[Such an establishment formerly existed at Temple Neveux, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near Leeds.]

said even of the virtues of our medicine, as if they were the devices of Satan—The Lord rebuke him!"

"Nevertheless," said Isaac, "I must present myself at Templestowe, though he hath made his face like unto a fiery furnace even there heated."

He then explained to Nathan the pressing cause of his journey. The Rabbi listened with interest, and testified his sympathy after the fashion of his people, reading his clothes, and saying, "Ah, my daughter!—ah, my daughter!—Alas! for the beauty of Zion!—Alas! for the captivity of Israel!"

"Then, sweet," said Isaac, "how it stands with me, and that I may not tarry. Fortunately, the presence of this Lucas Bonamant, being the chief man over there, may turn Brian de Bois-Guilbert from the El which he hath meditated, and that he may deliver to me my beloved daughter Rebecca."

"Go then," said Nathan Ben Israel, "and be wise, for wisdom availed David in the den of lions into which he was cast; and may it go well with thee, even as thine heart wisheth. Yet, if thou must, keep thee from the presence of the Grand Master, for to do that score to our people is his morning and evening delight. It may be if thou couldst speak with Bois-Guilbert in private, thou shalt the better prevail with him; for men say that these accursed Normans are not of one mind in the Presbytery—May their counsels be confounded and brought to shame! But do thou, brother, return to me as if it were to the house of thy father, and bring me word how it has sped with thee; and well do I hope thou wilt bring with thee Rebecca, even the scholar of the wise Miriam, whose name the Gentiles chuckled at if they had been wrought by necromancy."

Isaac accordingly bade his friend farewell, and about an hour's riding brought him before the Presbytery of Templestowe.

This establishment of the Templars was seated amidst fair meadows and pastures, which the donation of the former Preceptor had bestowed upon their Order. It was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by these knights, and which the disturbed state of England rendered peculiarly necessary. Two battlements, clad in black, guarded the drawbridge, and others, in the same and livelier gilded to and fro upon the wall with a funeral pace, resembling spectres more than soldiers. The inferior officers of the Order were thus dressed, ever since



their use of white garments, similar to those of the knights and esquires, had given rise to a combination of certain false brethren in the mountains of Palestine, turning themselves Templars, and bringing great dishonour on the Order. A knight was now and then seen to cross the court in his long white cloak, his head depressed on his breast, and his arms folded. They passed each other, if they chanced to meet, with a slow, solemn, and mute greeting; for such was the rule of their Order, quoting throughout the holy texts, "In many words thou shalt not avail sin," and "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." In a word, the stern ascetic rigour of the Temple discipline, which had been so long exchanged for profligate and licentious indulgence, seemed at once to have revived at Templarville under the severe eye of Lucas Bonemannich.

Lucas passed at the gate, to consider how he might seek entrance in the manner most likely to bespeak favour; for he was well aware, that to his unhappy was the reviving finalism of the Order was not less dangerous than their unprincipled licentiousness; and that his religion would be the object of hate and persecution in the one case, as his wealth would have exposed him in the other to the extortions of unrelenting oppression.

Montano Lucas Bonemannich walked in a small garden belonging to the Preceptory, isolated within the precincts of its exterior fortification, and held out and confidential communication with a brother of his Order, who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long grey beard, and the shaggy grey eyebrows, overhanging eyes, of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. A formidable warrior, his thin and severe features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression; an ascetic life, they were no less marked by the rancidness of abstinence, and the spiritual pride of the self-satisfied devotee. Yet with these severer traits of physiognomy, there was mixed somewhat striking and noble, arising, doubtless, from the great part which his high office called upon him to act among monarchs and princes, and from the habitual exercise of supreme authority over the valiant and high-born knights, who were united by the rules of the Order. His stature was tall, and his gait, undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule

of Saint Bernard himself, being composed of what was then called *barrel cloth*, exactly fitted to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left shoulder the octagonal arms peculiar to the Order, formed of red cloth. No hair or crines decked this garment; but in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by the rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the softest lambkin, dressed with the wool outside, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the use of fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular sceptre, or staff of office, with which Templars are usually represented, having at the upper end a round plate, on which was engraved the cross of the Order, inclosed within a circle or orb, as heralds term it. His companion, who attended on this great personage, had nearly the same dress in all respects, but his extreme deference towards his Superior showed that no other equality subsisted between them. The Preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just so far behind that Roumanetz could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Comrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom alone I can confide my secrets. To thee alone can I tell how oft, since I came to this kingdom, I have desired to be dissolved and to be with the Jack. Not one object in England hath met mine eye which it could rest upon with pleasure, save the tombs of our brethren, beneath the massive roof of our Temple Church in yonder proud capital. Oh, valiant Robert de Ros! did I exclaim internally, as I gazed upon these good soldiers of the cross, where they lie sculptured on their sepulchre,—Oh, worthy William de Marechal! open your marble cells, and take to your repose a worthy brother, who would rather strive with a hundred thousand pagans than witness the decay of our Holy Order!"

"It is but true," answered Comrade Mont-Flasket; "it is but too true; and the irregularities of our brethren in England are even more gross than those in France."

"Because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand Master. "Bear with me, brother, although I should something smart myself. Thus I have led the life I have led, keeping each part of my Order, striving with devils embodied and disembodied, striking down the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, The a good knight and devout priest,

whenever I met with him—even as blessed Saint Bernard hath prescribed to us in the forty-fifth capital of our rule, *Ut non augeat fornicator*.\* But, by the Holy Temple! the man which hath devoured my substance and my life, yea, the very marrow and marrow of my bones; by that very Holy Temple I swear to thee, that next thyself and some few that still retain the ancient severity of our Order, I look upon no brethren whom I can bring my soul to converse under that holy name. What say our statutes, and how do our brethren observe them? They should wear no vain or worldly ornament, no crest upon their helmet, no gold upon stirrup or bridle-bit; yet who now go pranked out so proudly and so gaily as the poor soldiers of the Temple? They are forbidden by our statutes to take any bird by means of another, to shoot beasts with bow or arrow, to halloo to a hawking-horn, or to spur the horse after game. But now, at hawking and hawking, and each life apart of wood and river, who so prompt as the Templars in all these fond vanities? They are forbidden to read, save what their Superior permitted, or listen to what is read, save such holy things as may be recited aloud during the hours of refectory; but lo! their ears are at the command of idle minstrels, and their eyes study empty romances. They were commanded to extirpate tangle and leprosy. Lo! they are charged with studying the accursed cabalistical words of the Jews, and the magic of the *Pythia Soraxena*. Simplicity of diet was prescribed to them, roots, pottage, gruel, eating flesh but thrice a-week, because the accustomed feeding on flesh is a dishonourable corruption of the body; and behold, their tables groan under delicate fare! Their drink was to be water, and now, to drink like a Templar, is the least of such jolly bono computation! This very garden, filled as it is with various herbs and trees sent from the Eastern climes, better becomes the haven of an unbelieving Turk, than the plot which Christian Monks should devote to raise their homely pot-herbs.—And oh, Gonzalo! woe! it were that the relaxation of discipline stopped even here!—Well thou knowest that we were forbidden to receive those devout women, who at the beginning were associated as sisters of our Order, because,

\* In the willpower of the Knights of the Temple, this phrase is repeated in a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were the signal word of the Order; which may account for its being so frequently put in the Grand Master's mouth.

with the forty-sixth chapter, the Ancient Enemy hath, by female society, withdrawn many from the right path to paradise. Nay, in the last capital, being, as it were, the cap-stone which our blessed founder placed on the pure and unadulterated doctrine which he had enjoined, we are prohibited from offering, even to our sisters and our mothers, the kiss of affection—*ut amicum carissimum solummodo oscula*.—I shudder to speak—I shudder to think—of the corruptions which have rushed in upon us even like a flood. The souls of our pure founders, the spirits of Hugh de Payen and Godfrey de Saint Omer, and of the blessed seven who first joined in dedicating their lives to the service of the Temple, are disturbed even in the enjoyment of paradise itself. I have seen them, Canada, in the visions of the night—their united eyes shed tears for the sins and follies of their brethren, and for the foul and shameful luxury in which they wallow. Beware, beware, they say, thou chambered—awake! There is a stain in the fabric of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the stroke of leprosy on the walls of the infected houses of old.\* The soldiers of the Cross, who should show the glance of a woman as the eye of a hawk, are in eyes do, not with the females of their own race only, but with the daughters of the accursed heathen, and more accursed Jew. Beware, beware, then, sleep not; up, and avenge our cause!—Slay the sinners, male and female!—Take to thee the brand of Phineas!—The vision fled, Canada, but as I awoke I could still hear the clank of their mail, and see the waving of their white mantles.—And I will do according to their word, I will purify the fabric of the Temple! and the wicked stones in which the plague is, I will remove and cast out of the building.”

“Yet bethink thee, reverend father,” said Mont-Fitchet, “the stain hath become signified by time and circumstance; let thy reformation be cautious, as it is just and wise.”

“No, Mont-Fitchet,” answered the stern old man—“it must be sharp and sudden—the Order is on the brink of its fate. The society, self-devotion, and piety of our predecessors, made us powerful friends—our presumption, our wealth, our luxury, have rushed up against us triply accented.—We must cast away those riches, which are a temptation to princes—we must lay down that presumption which is an offence to them—we

\* See the 116th chapter of *Lancelott*.

most reform that license of manners, which is a scandal to the whole Christian world! Or—mark my words—the Order of the Temple will be utterly demolished—and the place thereof shall no more be known among the nations."

"Now may God avert such a calamity!" said the Preceptor.

"Amen," said the Grand Master, with solemnity, "but we must deserve His aid. I tell thee, Comrade, that neither the powers in Heaven, nor the powers on earth, will longer endure the wickedness of this generation—My intelligence is now—the ground on which our fabric is reared is already undermined, and each addition we make to the structure of our greatness will only sink it the nearer to the abyss. We must retruce our steps, and show ourselves the faithful Champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling, not alone our blood and our lives—not alone our lusts and our vices—but our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections, and act as men convinced that every pleasure which may be lawful to others, is forbidden to the vowed soldier of the Temple."

At this moment a squire, clothed in a threadbare vestment (for the aspirants after this holy Order were during their novitiate the cast-off garments of the knights), entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission ere he presumed to tell his errand.

"Is it not more speedy," said the Grand Master, "to see this Duncan, clothed in the garments of Christian humility, than appear with covered alms before his Superior, than but two days since, when the final fust was docked in a painted coat, and jangling as port and as proud as any peepshow?—Speak, Duncan, we permit thee—What is thine errand?"

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and reverend father," said the squire, "who prays to speak with brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Then wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master: "in our province a Preceptor is but as a common compass of our Order, who may not walk according to his own will, but to that of his Master—even according to the text, 'In the hearing of the ear he hath obeyed me.'—It imports us especially to know of this Bois-Guilbert's proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.

"Report speaks him brave and valiant," said Comrade.

"And truly is he as spoken of," said the Grand Master; "in our values only we are not degenerated from our predecessors, the heroes of the Cross. But brother Brian came into our Order a ready and disappointed man, stirred, I doubt not, to take our vows and to renounce the world, not in sincerity of soul, but in one whom some touch of light discontent had driven into penitence. Since then, he hath become an active and earnest agitator, a warmwarmer, and a machinator, and a leader amongst those who impugn our authority; not doubting that the rule is given to the Master even by the symbol of the staff and the red—the staff to support the infirmities of the weak—the red to correct the faults of delinquents—Duncan," he continued, "lead the Jew to our presence."

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in a few minutes returned marshalling in Isaac of York. No unaided slave, ushered into the presence of some mighty prince, could approach his judgment-seat with more profound reverence and terror than that with which the Jew drew near to the presence of the Grand Master. When he had approached within the distance of three yards, Deaconsdr made a sign with his staff that he should come no further. The Jew knelt down on the earth, which he kissed in token of reverence; then rising, stood before the Templars, his hands folded on his loins, his head bowed on his breast, in all the submission of Oriental slavery.

"Duncan," said the Grand Master, "retire, and have a guard ready to await our sudden call; and suffer no one to enter the garden until we shall leave it."—The squire bowed and retreated.—"Jew," continued the haughty old man, "mark me. It suits not our condition to hold with thee long communication, nor do we waste words or time upon any one. Wherefore be brief in thy answers to what questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be of truth; for if thy tongue doubles with me, I will have it torn from thy unbelieving jaws."

The Jew was about to reply, but the Grand-Master went on.

"Peace, unbeliever!—not a word in our presence, save in answer to our questions.—What is thy business—with our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. To tell his tale might be interpreted into scandalising the Order; yet, unless he told it, what hope could he have of retrieving his daughter's

chillemant! Bournemouth over his mortal apprehension, and condescended to give him some assurance.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for thy wretched person, Jew, as thou dostest uprightly in this matter. I demand again to know from thee thy business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert!"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew, "as please your reverend valour, to that good knight, from Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvauld."

"Said I not these were evil times, Conrade?" said the Master.

"A Christian Prior sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and can find no more fitting messenger than an unbelonging Jew,—give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, pulled the folds of his Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the Prior's tablets for the greater security, and was about to approach, with head extended and body crouched, to place it within the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "I teach not misbelievers, save with the sword.—Conrade, take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it to me."

Bournemouth, being then possessed of the tablets, inspected the outside carefully, and then proceeded to unroll the parchment which seemed to follow. "Honoured father," said Conrade, interposing, though with much deference, "wilt thou break the seal?"

"And wilt I not?" said Bournemouth, with a frown. "Is it not written in the forty-second capital, *De Litteris Litterarum*, that a Templar shall not receive a letter, no not from his father, without commencing the same to the Grand Master, and reading it in his presence?"

He then perused the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly; then holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly striking it with the other, exclaimed—"Here is goodly stuff for our Christian men to write to another, and both members, and no inconsiderable members, of religious professions! Where," said he solemnly, and looking upward, "wilt thou come with thy sword to purge the thrashing floor?"

Mont-Fitchet took the letter from his Superior, and was about to peruse it. "Read it aloud, Conrade," said the Grand Master,—"*and do thou*" (to him) "*attend to the purport of it, for we will question thee concerning it.*"

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words: "Aymer, by divine grace, Prior of the Cistercian house of Saint Mary's of Fossate, to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a Knight of the holy Order of the Temple, wisheth health, with the benedictions of King Richard and of my Lady Venus. Considering our present condition, dear Brother, we are a captive in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person, and put us to ransom; whereby we have also learned of Front-de-Bœuf's misfortune and that there hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorceress, whose black eyes have bewitched them. We are heartily rejoiced of thy safety; nevertheless, we pay thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor; for we are privately assured that your Great Master, who needs not a loan for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your wealth, and amend your misdoings. Wherefore we pay you heartily to beware, and to be fixed watching, even as the Holy Text hath it, *Invigilate vigilate*. And the wealthy Jew has father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me letters in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to ransom, seeing he will pay you from his bags as much as may find fifty damsels upon easier terms, whereof I trust to have my part when we make merry together, as true brethren, not forgetting the wine-cup. For what with the text, *Plenus latifolius ac densatus*; and again, *Et densatissimè pubescentes* &c.

"Till which merry meeting, we wish you farewell. Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of matins.

"AYMER DE FOSSE, P. S. M. JONVONCENNES.

"Postscriptum. Truly your golden chain hath not long shaken with me, and will now sustain, around the neck of an outlaw door-steward, the weight wherewith he cleft on his bounds."

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master—"Den of thieves! and a fit residence is a den of thieves for such a Prior. No wonder that the hand of God is upon us, and that in the Holy Land we lose place by place, foot by foot, before the infidels, when we have such churchmen as this Aymer.—And what meaneth he, I trow, by this second Witch of Endor?" said he to his confidant, something apart.



Conrade was better acquainted (perhaps by practice) with the jargon of gallantry, than was his Superior; and he expounded the passage which embarrassed the Grand Master, to be a sort of language used by worldly men towards those whom they loved *par amour*; but the explanation did not satisfy the bigoted Braccabone.

"There is more in it than thou dost guess, Conrade; thy stupidity is no match for this deep abyss of wickedness. This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt hear the Jew own it even now." Then turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois-Guilbert!"

"Ay, merciful valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac, "and whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance!"——

"Peace!" said the Grand Master. "Thou thy daughter hath practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence; "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may bless the goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her. Many a one can testify that she hath recovered them by her art, when every other human aid hath proved vain; but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her."

Braccabone turned to Morncliffe with a grin smile. "See, brethren," he said, "the deception of the devouring Enemy! Behold the baits with which he fishes for souls, giving a poor spasm of earthly life in exchange for eternal happiness hereafter. Well said our blessed rule, *semper paratus de verum*.—Up on the line! Down with the deceiver!" said he, shaking aloft his mystic abacus, as if in defiance of the powers of darkness—"Thy daughter worketh the cure, I doubt not," thus he went on to address the Jew, "by words and signs, and perhaps, and other cabalistical mysteries."

"Nay, reverend and brave knight," answered Isaac, "but in chief measure by a balsam of marvellous virtue."

"Where had she that secret?" said Braccabone.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not thou that namest with Miriam, the abomination of whose unchastity have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crowding himself. "Her body

was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and mine Order, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple.—There, Dames, spare this Jew from the gate—shoot him dead if he opposes or turns again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant.”

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and expelled from the Preceptory; all his possessions, and even his officers, unheeded and unprotected. He could do no better than return to the house of the Rabbi, and endeavour, through his means, to learn how his daughter was to be disposed of. He had hitherto feared for her honour, he was now to tremble for her life. Meanwhile, the Grand Master ordered to his presence the Preceptor of Templars.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Say not my art is fraud—all lies by seeming;  
The banner begs with it, and the gay cavalier  
Quies lend and idle, rank and rule, by seeming;  
The daisy scorns it not, and the bold soldier  
Will die with it his service—will defend it,  
All praise it; and he who is content  
With showing what he is, shall have much credit  
In church, or camp, or state—So says the world.

OLD FABLE.

ALBERT MALVOIRE, President, or, in the language of the Order, Preceptor of the establishment of Templars, was brother to that Philip Malvoire who has been already occasionally mentioned in this history, and was, like that baron, in close league with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Awayward dissolute and unprincipled man, of whom the Temple Order included but too many, Albert of Templars might be distinguished; but with this difference from the malicious Bois-Guilbert, that he knew how to throw over his vices and his ambition the veil of hypocrisy, and to assume in his exterior the sanctities which he internally despised. Had not the arrival of the Grand Master been so unexpectedly sudden, he would have seen nothing at Templars which

might have appeared to argue any relaxation of discipline. And, even, although surprised, and to a certain extent detected, Albert Malvoisin listened with much respect and apparent attention to the rebuke of his Superior, and made such hints to reform the particulars he censured,—unmolested, in fine, as well as giving an air of assentive devotion to a Society which had been lately devoted to losses and plagues, that Louis Bonhomme began to entertain a higher opinion of the Preceptor's morals, than the first appearance of the establishment had induced him to adopt.

But these favourable sentiments on the part of the Grand Master were greatly shaken by the intelligence that Albert had resided within a house of religion the Jewish captive, and, as was to be feared, the paramour of a brother of the Order; and when Albert appeared before him, he was regarded with unusual sternness.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy Order of the Temple," said the Grand Master, in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your command, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malvoisin was overwhelmed with confusion; for the unfortunate Rebecca had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read in the looks of Bonhomme's rule to Rido-Guilbert and to himself, whom he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"Why are you mute?" continued the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the Preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master—"speak, and say, knowest thou the capital of our holy rule,—*In consilioque Templi in sacra civitate, qui cum selectissimis mulieribus cohabit, propter abominabilem scelus!*"<sup>a</sup>

"Surely, most reverend father," answered the Preceptor, "I have not risen to this office in the Order, being ignorant of one of its most important prohibitions."

"How comes it, then, I demand of thee once more, that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a paramour, and that paramour

<sup>a</sup> The story which is spoken, is against conjunction with women of light character.

a Jewish sorceress, into this holy place, to the stain and pollution thereof!"

"A Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin; "good angels guard us!"

"Ay, brother, a Jewish sorceress!" said the Grand Master, sternly. "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this Rebecca, the daughter of that wretched weaver house of York, and the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—alms! to be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy Preceptory?"

"Your wisdom, venerated father," answered the Preceptor, "hath rolled away the darkness from my understanding. Mark did I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois-Guilbert seemed so fondly besotted on the charms of this female, when I received into this house merely to place a bar betwixt their growing intimacy, which she might have been suspected at the expense of the fall of our valiant and religious brother."

"Hath nothing, then, as yet passed betwixt them in breach of his vow?" demanded the Grand Master.

"What! under this roof?" said the Preceptor, crossing himself; "Saint Magdalene and the ten thousand virgins forbid!—No! if I have aimed in receiving her here, it was in the wrong thought that I might thus break off our brother's besotted devotion to this Jewess, which seemed to me so wild and unnatural, that I could not but ascribe it to some touch of insanity, more to be cured by pity than reproof. But since your renowned wisdom hath discovered this Jewish queen to be a sorceress, perdition it may account fully for his disordered folly."

"It doth!—it doth!" said Beaumanoir. "See, brother Comrade, the peril of yielding to the first desires and blandishments of Satan! We lock upon women only to gratify the lust of the eye, and to take pleasure in what men call her beauty; and the Ancient Envy, the devouring Lion, obtains power over us, to complete by villainy and spell a work which was begun by illness and folly. It may be that our brother Bois-Guilbert does in this matter deserve rather pity than severe chastisement; rather the support of the staff, than the stroke of the rod; and that our admonitions and prayers may turn him from his folly, and restore him to his brethren."

"It were deep pity," said Comrade Mont-Fitchet, "to lose to the Order one of its best houses, when the Holy Community

most requires the aid of its own. Three hundred Saracens hath this Brian de Bois-Guilbert slain with his own hand."

"The blood of these accursed dogs," said the Grand Master, "shall be a sweet and acceptable offering to the saints and angels whom they despise and blaspheme; and with their aid will we exorcise the spells and charms with which our brother is entrained as in a net. He shall burst the bonds of this Delilah, as Samson burst the two new cords with which the Philistines had bound him, and shall slaughter the infidels, even heaps upon heaps. But concerning this foul witch, who hath throng her enchantments over a brother of the Holy Temple, surely she shall die the death."

"But the laws of England,"—said the Preceptor, who, though delighted that the Grand Master's resentment, thus fortunately averted from himself and Bois-Guilbert, had taken another direction, began now to fear he was carrying it too far.

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumont, "permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. The most petty baron may arrest, try, and condemn a witch found within his own domain. And shall that power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple within a preceptory of his Order?—No—we will judge and condemn. The witch shall be taken out of the land, and the wickedness thereof shall be forgiven. Prepare the Castle hall for the trial of the sorcerer."

Albert Malvoisin bowed and retired,—not to give directions for preparing the hall, but to seek out Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and communicate to him how matters were likely to terminate. It was not long ere he found him, tossing with indignation at a repulse he had never sustained from the fair Jewess. "The unthinking," he said, "the ungrateful, to scorn him who, amidst blood and flames, would have saved her life at the risk of his own! By Heaven, Malvoisin! I should until roof and rafters cracked and crashed around me. I was the butt of a hundred arrows; they rattled on mine armour like hailstones against a battled countess, and the only use I made of my shield was for her protection. This did I endure for her; and now the self-willed girl upbraids me that I did not leave her to perish, and refuses me not only the slightest proof of gratitude, but even the most distant hope that ever she will be brought to

ghost cry. The devil, that possessed her race with obstinacy, has concentrated its full force in her single person!"

"The devil," said the Preceptor, "I think, possessed you both. How oft have I preached to you contrite, if not contrite! Did I not tell you that there were enough willing Christian damsels to be met with, who would think it sin to refuse to beque a knight in due chivalrous merit, and you must needs anchor affection on a wilful, obstinate Jewess! By the mass, I think old Louis Beaumarchais passes right, when he maintains she hath cast a spell over you."

"Louis Beaumarchais!"—said Bois-Guilbert, reproachfully—"Are these your provocations, Malvolais! Hast thou suffered the detour to learn that Rebecca is in the Presbytery!"

"How could I help it!" said the Preceptor. "I neglected nothing that could keep secret your mystery; but it is betrayed, and whether by the devil or no, the devil only can tell. But I have turned the matter as I could; you are safe if you rescue Rebecca. You are pitted—the victim of magical duetion. She is a sorceress, and must suffer as such."

"She shall not, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guilbert.

"By Heaven she must and will!" said Malvolais. "Neither you nor any one else can save her. Louis Beaumarchais hath settled that the death of a Jewess will be a sin-offering sufficient to atone for all the innumerable indignities of the Knights Templars; and then knowest he hath both the power and will to execute so reasonable and pious a purpose."

"Will future ages believe that such stupid bigotry ever existed!" said Bois-Guilbert, striking up and down the apartment.

"What they may believe, I know not," said Malvolais, calmly; "but I know well, that in this our day, clergy and laymen, take thirty-nine to the hundred, will lay down to the Grand Master's sentence."

"I have it," said Bois-Guilbert. "Albion, then art my friend. Thou must contrive at her escape, Malvolais, and I will transport her to some place of greater security and secrecy."

"I cannot, if I would," replied the Preceptor; "the mansion is filled with the attendants of the Grand Master, and others who are devoted to him. And, to be frank with you, brother, I would not embark with you in this matter, even if I could hope to bring my bark to haven. I have risked enough already for your sake. I have no mind to encounter a sentence of

degradation, or even to lose my Fraternity, for the sake of a palated piece of Jewish flesh and blood. And you, if you will be guided by my counsel, will give up this wilful-gone chase, and fly your hawk at some other game. Think, Bois-Guilbert,—the present rank, the future honors, all depend on thy place in the Order. Shouldst thou adhere peremptorily to thy passion for this Rebecca, thou wilt give Beaumarchais the power of compelling thee, and he will not neglect it. He is jealous of the treasure which he holds in his travelling gripe, and he knows thou stanchest thy hold hand towards it. Doubt not he will ruin thee, if thou offendest him a point as fair as thy protection of a Jewish woman. Give him his scope in this matter, for thou canst not control him. When the staff is in his own firm grasp, thou mustst curse the daughters of Jewish, or born them, as may best suit thine own humor."

"Malvoisin," said Bois-Guilbert, "thou art a cold-blooded!"—

"Friend," said the Preceptor, listening to fill up the blank, in which Bois-Guilbert would probably have placed a warm word,— "a cold-blooded friend I am, and therefore more fit to give thee advice. I tell thee once more, that thou canst not save Rebecca. I tell thee once more, thou canst but perish with her. Go like thee to the Grand Master—throw yourself at his feet and tell him!"—

"Not at his feet, by Heaven I but to the doctor's very beard will I lay!"—

"Say to him, then, to his beard," continued Malvoisin, coolly, "that you leave this captive Jewess to destruction; and the more thou dost enlarge on thy passion, the greater will be his haste to end it by the death of the fair enchantress; while thou, taken in flagrant delict by the avowal of a crime contrary to thine oath, must hope no aid of thy brethren, and must exchange all thy brilliant visions of ambition and power, to be perhaps a necessary spear in some of the petty quarrels between Flourens and Burgundy."

"Thou speakest the truth, Malvoisin," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after a moment's reflection. "I will give the heavy light no advantage over me; and for Rebecca, she hath not merited at my hand that I should expose rank and honor for her sake. I will cast her off—yes, I will leave her to her fate, unless!"—

"Qualify not thy wise and necessary resolution," said Mal-

voids; "women are but the toys which amuse our lighter hours—ambition is the serious business of life. Perish a thousand such frail beauties as this Jewess, before thy manly step passes in the brilliant career that has stretched before thee! For the present we part, but must we be seen to hold close conversation—] must order the hall for his judgment-seat."

"What?" said Eola-Guilbert, "no more?"

"Ay," replied the Preceptor, "trial moves rapidly on when the judge has determined the sentence beforehand."

"Behave," said Eola-Guilbert, when he was left alone, "don't set like to cast me down—Why cannot I shun thee to thy fate, as this wretched hypocrite recommends!—One effort will I make to save thee—but beware of ingratitude! for if I am again repulsed, my vengeance shall equal my love. The life and honour of Eola-Guilbert must not be hazarded, where contempt and reproaches are his only reward."

The Preceptor had hardly given the necessary orders, when he was joined by Comrade Morn-Fishet, who acquainted him with the Grand Master's resolution to bring the Jewess to instant trial for sorcery.

"It is surely a dream," said the Preceptor; "we have many Jewish physicians, and we will then not wizards, though they work wonderful cures."

"The Grand Master thinks otherwise," said Morn-Fishet; "and, Albeit, I will be upright with thee—wizard or not, it were better that this miserable damned die, than that Eris do Eola-Guilbert should be lost to the Order, or the Order divided by internal dissension. Thus knownst his high rank, his fast in arms—thou knowest the aid with which many of our brethren aided him—but all this will not avail him with our Grand Master, should he consider Eris as the accomplice, not the victim, of this Jewess. Were the souls of the twelve tribes in her single body, it were better she suffered alone, than that Eola-Guilbert were partner in her destruction."

"I have been working him ever now to shun thee," said Morn-Fishet; "but still, are these grounds enough to condemn this Eris for sorcery!—Will not the Grand Master change his mind when he sees that the proofs are so weak?"

"They must be strengthened, Albeit," replied Morn-Fishet, "they must be strengthened. Dost thou understand me?"

"I do," said the Preceptor; "nor do I scruple to do right



for advancement of the Order—but there is little time to find engines fitting."

"Matrevida, they must be found," said Conrade; "well will it advantage both the Order and thee. This Templestowe is a poor Priory—thou of Malcon-Dies is worth double its value—thou knowest my interest with our old Chief—and thou who can carry this matter through, and thou art Preceptor of Malcon-Dies is the fertile Kant—How sayest thou?"

"There are," replied Matrevida, "among those who came hither with Bala-Gilbert, two fellows whom I well know; servants they were to my brother Philip de Malrevida, and passed from his service to that of Front-de-Bœuf—it may be they know something of the witcheries of this woman."

"Away, seek them out instantly—and hark thee, if a bymat or two will sharpen their memory, let them not be wanting."

"They would swear the mother that bore them a sorcerer for a sorcerer," said the Preceptor.

"Away, then," said Mont-Pischoi; "at noon the affair will proceed. I have not seen our sister in such earnest preparation since he condemned to the stake Hamet Ailag, a convert who relapsed to the Moslem faith."

The ponderous castle-hall had tolled the point of noon, when Rebecca heard a tramping of feet upon the private stair which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circumstance rather gave her joy; for she was more afraid of the solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bala-Gilbert than of any evil that could befall her besides. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Conrade and the Preceptor Matrevida entered, attended by four vassals clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the Preceptor, "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Demand," answered Conrade, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee, that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Grand Master of our holy Order, there to answer for thine offences."

"May the God of Abraham be praised!" said Rebecca, sitting her hands devoutly; "the name of a judge, though as enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a protector. Most

willingly do I follow thee—prerick me only to wrap my veil around my head."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn step, traversed a long gallery, and, by a pair of folding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Grand Master had for the time established his court of justice.

The lower part of this ample apartment was filled with apices and yeomen, who made way, not without some difficulty, for Holman, attended by the Preceptor and Most-Placid, and followed by the guard of halberdiers, to move forward to the east apothecary for her. As she passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head depressed, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold without examining its contents. The assurance that she possessed some friend in this awful assembly gave her courage to look around, and to mark into whose presence she had been conducted. She gazed, accordingly, upon the scene, which we shall endeavor to describe in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

There was the low which bade his victims leave  
 At leisure went with broken hearts to grieve;  
 There was the low, which at the winning side  
 Of Frank and Jonathan with fortune to divide;  
 But sterner still, when high the voice was  
 Of tyrant power she stood, and said that power of God.  
 THE MOUNTAIN LARK.

There informed, seated for the trial of the innocent and unhappy Holman, occupied the dais or elevated part of the upper end of the great hall—a platform, which we have already described as the place of honor, destined to be occupied by the most distinguished inhabitants or guests of an ancient mansion.

On an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the apicatic staff, which bore the symbol of the Order. At his feet was placed a table, occupied by two scribes, chaplains of the Order, whose duty it was to

redness to formal record the proceedings of the day. The black dresses, bare necks, and dense locks of those churchwomen, formed a strong contrast to the warlike appearance of the knights who attended, either as residing in the Priory, or as come thither to attend upon their Grand Master. The Priory, of whom there were four present, occupied seats lower in height, and somewhat drawn back behind that of their superior; and the knights, who enjoyed no such rank in the Order, were placed on benches still lower, and preserving the same distance from the Priory as those from the Grand Master. Seated there, but still upon the dais or elevated portion of the hall, stood the captain of the Order, in white dress of an inferior quality.

The whole assembly wore an aspect of the most profound gravity; and in the faces of the knights might be perceived traces of military daring, united with the solemn carriage becoming men of a religious profession, and which, in the presence of their Grand Master, failed not to sit upon every brow.

The remaining and lower part of the hall was filled with guests, holding portions, and with other attendants whom curiously had drawn thither, to see at once a Grand Master and a Jewish sorcerer. By far the greater part of these inferior persons were, in one rank or other, connected with the Order, and were accordingly distinguished by their black dresses. But persons from the neighbouring country were not removed substitutes; for it was the policy of Desmandeur to render the edifying spectacle of the justice which he administered as public as possible. His large blue eyes seemed to expand as he gazed around the assembly, and his countenance appeared gladdened by the conscious dignity, and temporary merit, of the part which he was about to perform. A psalm, which he himself accompanied with a deep mellow voice, which age had not deprived of its power, commenced the proceedings of the day; and the solemn words, *Psalm sanctus Dominus*, so often sung by the Templars before engaging with earthly adversaries, was judged by Lucas most appropriate to introduce the approaching triumph, for such he deemed it, over the powers of darkness. The deep prolonged notes, raised by a hundred masculine voices accustomed to combine in the choral chant, arose to the vaulted roof of the hall, and rolled on amongst its arches with the pleasing yet solemn sound of the rushing of mighty waters.

When the sound ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly round the circle, and observed that the seat of one of the Priests was vacant. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place, and was now standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the Knights Companions of the Temple, one hand extending his long mantle, so as in some degree to hide his face; while the other held his cross-handled sword, with the point of which, shrank as it was, he was slowly drawing lines upon the adobe floor.

"Unhappy man!" said the Grand Master, after bestowing him with a glance of compassion. "Thou seest, Comrade, how this holy work distresses him. To this man the light look of woman, added by the Prince of the Powers of this world, bring a valiant and worthy Knight!—Seest thou he cannot look upon us; he cannot look upon her; and who knows by what impulse from his homesteer his hand forms those symbolic lines upon the floor?—It may be our life and safety are thus aimed at; but we split at and defy the foul enemy. *Semper Lex per-orator!*"

This was communicated apart to his confidential follower, Comrade Mont-Finchet. The Grand Master then raised his voice, and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, Knights, Priests, and Companions of this Holy Order, my brethren and my children!—you also, well-born and pious Knights, who aspire to wear this holy Cross!—and you also, Christian brethren, of every degree!—So it is known to you, that it is not devoid of power in us which hath constituted the assembling of this congregation; for, however unworthy in our person, yet to us is committed, with this banner, full power to judge and to try all that regards the weal of this our Holy Order. Holy Saint Bernard, in the rule of our knightly and religious profession, hath said, in the fifty-ninth chapter,\* that he would not that brethren be called together in council, were it the will and command of the Master; leaving it first to us, as to those more worthy fathers who have preceded us in this our office, to judge, as well of the occasion as of the time and place in which a chapter of the whole Order, or of any part thereof, may be convened. Also, in all such chapters, it is

\* The reader is again referred to the Rules of the Poor Military Brotherhood of the Temple, which occur in the works of Saint Bernard.—L. T.

our duty to hear the advice of our brethren, and to proceed according to our own pleasure. But when the raging wolf hath made an incursion upon the flock, and carried off one member thereof, it is the duty of the kind shepherds to call his comrades together, that with laws and slings they may quell the invader, according to our well-known rule, that the lion is ever to be beaten down. We have therefore assented to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for evildeeds and for wickedness; whereby she hath maddened the blood, and unsettled the brain, not of a churl, but of a Knight—not of a secular Knight, but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple—not of a Knight Companion, but of a Preceptor of our Order, first in honour as its place. Our brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is well known to ourselves, and to all degrees who now hear us, as a true and valiant champion of the Cross, by whom are many deeds of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land, and the holy places purified from pollution by the blood of those infidels who defiled them. Neither have our brother's sagacity and prudence been less in repute among his brethren than his valour and discipline; in so much, that Knights, both in eastern and western lands, have named De Bois-Guilbert as one who may well be put in nomination as successor to this station, when it shall please Heaven to release us from the toil of bearing it. If we were told that such a man, so honoured, and so honourable, suddenly meeting away sought for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in this lewd company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly blinded and bewitched by his folly, as to bring her even to one of our own Preceptories, what should we say but that the noble knight was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by some wicked spell?—If we could suppose it otherwise, think not such, valour, high equity, or any earthly consideration, should prevent us from visiting him with punishment, that the evil thing might be removed, even according to the text, *deprece malum a rebo*. For various and heinous are the acts of transgression against the rule of our blessed Order in this lamentable history.—*Let*. He hath walked according to his proper will, contrary to capital 33, *Quod nullus pater propriam voluntatem faciat*.—*Id*. He hath held conversation with an excommunicated person, capital 57,

*Uj fester* are participant *non circumstantia*, and therefore hath a portion in *Academus Minuscula*.—3d, *He hath consorted with strange women, contrary to the ritual*, *Uj fester* are consorter *non circumstantia* *malicia*.—4th, *He hath not avoided, nay, he hath, it is to be feared, solicited the kiss of women*; by which, with the last rule of our renowned Order, *Uj fester* are *malicia*, the soldiers of the Cross are brought into a snare. For which heinous and unscripted guilt, *Briss de Bois-Guilbert* should be cut off and cast out from our congregation, were he the right hand and right eye thereof."

He passed. A low murmur went through the assembly. Some of the younger part, who had been inclined to smile at the statute *de sacris festeris*, became now grave enough, and anxiously waited what the Grand Master was about to propose.

"Such," he said, "and so great should indeed be the punishment of a Knight-Templar, who wilfully offended against the rules of his Order in such weighty points. But if, by means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the Knight, produced because he cast his eyes too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then rather to lament than chastise his lachryding; and, depending on him only such persons as may purify him from his iniquity, we are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the scorned instrument, which had so well-nigh occasioned his utter falling away.—Stand forth, therefore, and bear witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, that we may judge of the man and bearing thereof; and judge whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this infidel woman, or if we must go on, with a bleeding heart, to the further proceeding against our brother."

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the facts to which Bois-Guilbert exposed himself in endeavouring to save Baboon from the blazing cards, and his neglect of his personal defence in attending to her safety. The men gave some details with the exaggerations common to vulgar minds which have been strongly excited by any remarkable event, and their natural disposition to the marvellous was greatly increased by the satisfaction which their evidence seemed to afford to the courtiers present for whose information it had been delivered. Thus the dangers which Bois-Guilbert surmounted, in themselves sufficiently great, became portentous in their narrative. The disre-

sion of the Knight to Rebecca's defence was exaggerated beyond the bounds, not only of discretion, but even of the most frantic excess of chivalrous zeal; and his defence to what she said, even although her language was often severe and upbraiding, was pushed so far as to an excess, which, in a man of his haughty temper, seemed almost preposterous.

The Preceptor of Templestowe was then called on to describe the manner in which Robt-Guilbert and the Jewess arrived at the Precceptory. The evidence of Malvoisin was skillfully guarded. But while he apparently studied to spare the feelings of Robt-Guilbert, he threw in, from time to time, such hints as seemed to infer that he believed under some temporary delusion of mind, so deeply did he appear to be convinced of the damned whom he brought along with him. With signs of confidence, the Preceptor avowed his own contrition for having admitted Rebecca and her lover within the walls of the Precceptory—"But my defence," he concluded, "has been made in my confusion to our most revered father the Grand Master; he knows my motives were not evil, though my conduct may have been irregular. Joyfully will I submit to any sentence he shall assign me."

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Almon," said Beaumais; "thy motives were good, since thou didst judge it right to arrest those crying brother in his career of profligate folly. But thy conduct was wrong; as he that would stop a runaway steed, and sitting by the stirrup instead of the bridle, inevitably injury himself, instead of accomplishing his purpose. Thirteen palamontes are assigned by our plain brother for nation, and nine for venpurs; he those services decided by thee. Thrice a-week are Templars permitted the use of flesh; but do thou keep fast for all the seven days. This do for six weeks to come, and thy penance is accomplished."

With a hypocritical look of the deepest submission, the Preceptor of Templestowe bowed to the ground before his Superior, and resumed his seat.

"Were it not well, brethren," said the Grand Master, "that we examine something into the former life and conversation of this woman, specially that we may discover whether she be one fitly to use magical charms and spells, since the truths which we have heard may well induce us to suppose, that in this

unhappy course our young brother has been acted upon by some infernal enticement and delusion!"

Herman of Goodrich's was the fourth Proceptor present; the other three were Comrade, Malvolin, and Bois-Guilbert himself. Herman was an ancient warrior, whose leg was marked with scars inflicted by the sales of the Moslems, and had great rank and consideration among his brethren. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who instantly granted him license of speech. "I would care to know, most Reverend Father, of our valiant brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, what he says to these wondrous accusations, and with what eye he himself now regards his unhappy intercourse with this Jewish rascal?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "then brotest the question which our Brother of Goodrich's denoteth thus shouldst answer. I command thee to reply to him."

Bois-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Avoid thee, Saruman!—Speak, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I conjure thee, by this symbol of our Holy Order."

Bois-Guilbert made no effort to suppress his rising scorn and indignation, the expression of which, he was well aware, would have little availed him. "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he answered, "replies not, most Reverend Father, to such wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which has often fought for Christianity."

"We forgive thee, Brother Brian," said the Grand Master; "though that thou hast brotest thy warlike achievements before us, is a glorifying of thine own deeds, and cometh of the Envy, who tempteth us to exalt our own worth. But thou hast our pardon, judging thou speakest less of thine own magnification than from the impulse of him whom, by Heaven's leave, we will quell and drive forth from our assembly." A glance of disdain flashed from the dark frown upon of Bois-Guilbert, but he made no reply.—"And now," pursued the Grand Master, "since our brother of Goodrich's question has been thus imperfectly answered, permit us our guest, brethren, and with our patron's assistance, we will search to the bottom this mystery of iniquity.—Let those who have sight to witness of



the life and consumption of this Jewish woman, stand forth before us." There was a bench in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied, there was in the crowd a hybridised man, whom the prisoner had restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous blessing.

The poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged forward to the bar, terrified by the penal consequences which he might have incurred by the guilt of having been cured of the palsy by a Jewish daniel. Fortutely cured he certainly was not, for he supported himself forward on crutches to give evidence. Most unwilling was his testimony, and given with many tears; but he admitted that two years since, when residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with a sore disease, while labouring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his vocation of a joiner; that he had been unable to stir from his bed until the remedies applied by Hithcock's directions, and especially a warming and opey-smelling balsam, had in some degree restored him to the use of his limbs. Moreover, he said, she had given him a pot of that precious ointment, and furnished him with a piece of money withal, to return to the house of his father, near to Tangierstrove. "And may it please your gracious Reverence," said the man, "I cannot think the daniel meant harm by me, though she hath the ill hap to be a Jewess; for even when I used her remedy, I said the Father and the Christ, and it never operated a whit less kindly."

"Fools, slaves," said the Grand Master, "and beggars! It well suits brutes like thee to be tampering and tinkering with hellish cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons of mischief. I tell thee, the devil can impose diseases for the very purpose of removing them, in order to bring into credit some diabolical fashion of cure. Hast thou that argument of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, humbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a sure proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Deemingly, after opening himself, took the box into his hand, and, kneeling in midst of the Eastern tongue, read with awe the motto on the lid,—*The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered*. "Strange power of Salomon," said he, "which can convert Scripture into blas-

plenty, mingling poison with our necessary food!—Is there so high here who can tell us the ingredients of this mystic unguent?"

Two medicines, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a heretic, appeared, and avowed they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they assumed of myrrh and saffron, which they took to be Oriental herbs. But with the true professional hatred to a successful practitioner of their art, they indicated that, since the medicine was beyond their own knowledge, it must necessarily have been compounded from an unknown and magical pharmacopoeia; since they themselves, though no conjurers, fully understood every branch of their art, so far as it might be assisted with the good faith of a Christian. When this method research was ended, the Sage present desired humbly to have back the medicines which he had found so salutary; but the Grand Master frowned severely at the request. "What is thy name, fellow?" said he to the monk.

"Higg, the son of Soel," answered the monk.

"Then Higg, son of Soel," said the Grand Master, "I tell thee it is better to be belittled, than to accept the benefit of unbelieved medicines; that thou depart alive and walk; better to shroud infants of their treasure by the strong hand than to accept of these benevolent gifts, or do them service for wages. Go thou, and do as I have said."

"Alack," said the monk, "as it shall not displease your Reverence, the lesson comes too late for me, for I am but a married man; but I will tell my two brethren, who serve the rich Rabbi Nathan Ben Samuel, that your mastership says it is more lawful to rob him than to render him faithful service."

"Out with the pesting villains!" said Testaments, who was not prepared to relate this practical application of his general maxim.

Higg, the son of Soel, withdrew into the crowd, but, interested in the fate of his brotherless, lingered until he should learn her doom, even at the risk of again encountering the frown of that severe judge, the terror of which withered his very heart within him.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to unveil herself. Opening her eyes for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity—"That it was not the wont of the daughters of her people to uncover their faces when

alone in an assembly of strangers." The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumarchais, in whose mind the suppression of such feeling of humanity which could interfere with his imagined duty, was a virtue of itself repeated his commands that his victim should be unveiled. The guards were about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master and said, "Nay, but for the love of your own daughter—Alas," she said, reflecting herself, "ye have no daughter!—yet for the remembrance of your mother—for the love of your sisters, and of female decency, let me not be thus handled in your presence; it suits not a maiden to be directed by such rude grooves. I will obey you," she added, with an expression of patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost melted the heart of Beaumarchais himself; "ye are alone among your people, and at your command I will show the features of an ill-fated maiden."

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which beauty contended with dignity. Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of surprise, and the younger knights told each other with their eyes, in silent correspondence, that Triss's best apology was in the power of her real charms, rather than of her imaginary witchcraft. But Higg, the son of Beaul, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his benefactress. "Let me go forth," he said to the wardens at the door of the hall,—*"let me go forth!"*—*"Ye look at her again will kill me, for I have had a share in murdering her."*

"Peace, poor man," said Rebecca, when she heard his exclamation; "thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth—thou wilt not aid me by thy complaints or lamentations. Peace, I pray thee—go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the command of the wardens, who were apprehensive lest his clamorous grief should draw upon them reprehension, and upon himself punishment; but he promised to be silent, and was permitted to remain. The two men-at-arms, with whom Albert Malvasta had not failed to communicate upon the import of their testimony, were now called forward. Though both were hardened and inflexible villains, the sight of the captive maiden, as well as her smiling beauty, at first appeared to stagger them; but an expres-

live glances from the Prosecutor of Turquesima restored them to their dugged composure; and they delivered, with a precision which would have assuaged suspicions to more impartial judges, circumstances either altogether foolish or trivial, and natural in themselves, but rendered pregnant with suspicion by the suggested manner in which they were told, and the strange commentary which the witnesses added to the facts. The circumstances of their evidence would have been, in modern days, divided into two classes—those which were immaterial, and those which were actually and physically impossible. But both were, in those ignorant and superstitious times, easily credited as proofs of guilt.—The first class set forth, that Rebecca was bound to matter to herself in an unknown tongue—that the songs she sang by the way of a strangely sweet sound, which made the ears of the ladies tingle, and his heart throb—that she spoke at times to herself, and seemed to look upward for a reply—that her garments were of a strange and exotic hue, unlike those of women of good repute—that she had rings impressed with cabalistical devices, and that strange characters were branded on her veil.

All these circumstances, so natural and so trivial, were gravely listened to as proofs, or, at least, as affording strong suspicion, that Rebecca had unholy correspondences with spiritual powers.

But there was less spiritual testimony, which the credulity of the assembly, or of the greater part, greedily swallowed, however incredible. One of the soldiers had seen her work a cure upon a wounded man, brought with them to the castle of Turquesima. She did, he said, make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he himself God he understood not, when the iron head of a square musket bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was checked, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the witness in managing a musket, or mending the hurtling stones. This legend was probably founded upon the fact, that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Inachee when in the castle of Turquesima. But it was the more difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as, in order to produce real evidence in support of his verbal testimony, he drew from his pouch the very bolt-head, which, according to his story, had

been miraculously extracted from the wound ; and as the iron weighed a full ounce it completely confirmed the tale, however miraculous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighbouring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert, when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, this fellow stated that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a white-wild ass, under which appearance she flitted three times round the castle of Torquilstone ; then again settle on the turret, and was soon scarce the female form.

Less than one half of this weighty evidence would have been sufficient to convict any old woman, poor and ugly, even though she had not been a Jewess. United with that fatal circumstance, the body of proof was too weighty for Rebecca's youth, though combined with the most exquisite beauty.

The Grand Master had collected the suffrages, and now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with a voice tremulous with emotion, "would, I am sure, be as useless as I should hold it mean. To state that to relieve the sick and wounded of another religion, cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also unavailing ; to plead that many things which these men (whom may Heaven punish !) have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me but little, since you believe in their possibility ; and still less would it advantage me to explain, that the peculiarities of my dress, language, and manners, are those of my people.—I had well-nigh said of my country, but alas ! we have no country. Nor will I even vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the detestable and scurrilous which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim.—O! be judge between him and me ! but rather would I submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may decree against me, than listen to the wail which that race of Belial has urged upon me—friendless, defenceless, and his prisoner. But he is of your own faith, and his lightest utterances would weigh down the most solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to himself the charge brought against me—but

to himself—Yea, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false! as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly!”

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

“Speak,” she said, “if thou art a man—if thou art a Christian, speak!—I conjure thee, by the habit which thou dost wear, by the name thou dost inherit—by the knighthood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?”

“Answer her, brother,” said the Grand Master, “if the Emory with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power.”

In fact, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by confounding passions, which almost convulsed his features, and it was with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca,—  
“The scroll!—the scroll!”

“Ay,” said Beaumanoir, “this is indeed testimony: The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his silence.”

But Rebecca put another interpretation on the words extracted as it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eye upon the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, *Demond a Champion!* The murmuring commentary which ran through the assembly at the strange reply of Bois-Guilbert, gave Rebecca leisure to examine, and instantly to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

“Rebecca, thou must derive no benefit from the evidence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we well perceive, the Emory is yet too powerful. Hast thou aught else to say?”

“There is yet one chance of life left to me,” said Rebecca, “even by your own laws here. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while he affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion.”

“And who, Rebecca,” replied the Grand Master, “will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?”

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca—"it cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage."

She took her unsheathed glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.

——— There I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of martial daring.

ROBERT II.

EVER LOUIS BOURMANNOIR himself was affected by the mind and appearance of Rebecca. He was not originally a cruel, or even a severe man; but with passions by nature cold, and with a high, though mistaken, sense of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by the ascetic life which he pursued, the supreme power which he enjoyed, and the supposed necessity of sacrificing fidelity and endearing love, which he conceived peculiarly incumbent on him. His features relaxed in their usual severity as he gazed upon the beautiful creature before him, alone, unfettered, and debasing herself with so much spirit and courage. He crossed himself twice, as doubting whence arose the unexpected softening of a heart, which on such occasions used to resemble in hardness the steel of his sword. At length he spoke.

"Damed," he said, "if the pity I feel for thee arise from any practice thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of perdition. Repent, my daughter—confess thy wickedness—turn thee from thine evil path—embrace this holy emblem, and all shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In some atonement of the strictest order, shalt thou have time for proper and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be reported of. This do and live—what

has the law of Moses done for thee, that thou shouldst die for it?"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca; "it was delivered to Chambers and is stored upon the mountains of Sinai, in cloud and in fire. This, if ye are Christians, ye believe—it is, you say, modified: but no my teachers have not taught me."

"Let our champion," said Beaumarchais, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel!"

"Pardon the interruption," said Rebecca, meekly; "I am a maiden, modified to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will.—Let me pay your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumarchais. "This is indeed," he continued, as he looked at the filmy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage for a purpose as deadly!—Secret thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Gird thy innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the Presbyters around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

"Brethren," said Beaumarchais, "you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of the trial by combat; but though a Jewess and an infidel, she is also a stranger and defenceless, and God forbid that she should ask the benefit of our mild laws, and that it should be refused to her. Moreover, we are knights and soldiers as well as men of religion, and shame it were to us, upon any pretence, to refuse proffered combat. Thus, therefore, stands the case. Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, is, by many frequent and suspicious circumstances, defamed of serious practices on the person of a noble knight of our holy Order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, reverend brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the gage of battle,



running him, at the same time, to be our champion on the field?"

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the Preceptor of Goodriches, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"But if," said the Grand Master, "our brother Brian be under the influence of a charm or a spell—we speak but for the sake of precaution, for to the arm of none of our holy Order would we more willingly concede this or a more weighty cause."

"Reverend father," answered the Preceptor of Goodriches, "no spell can affect the champion who comes forward to fight for the judgment of God."

"Then accept right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Albert Malveins, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert.—It is our charge to thee, brother," he continued, addressing himself to Bois-Guilbert, "that thou do thy battle manfully, nothing doubting that the good cause shall triumph.—And do thou, Rebecca, attend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger who is also of another faith, to find one who will do battle, waging life and honour for her cause, against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master; "the field must be fought in our own presence, and dire weighty causes will us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my trust in Him, to whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole age."

"Then hast spoken well, daughter," said the Grand Master; "but will know we who can away himself like an angel of light. It remains but to name a fitting place of combat, and, if it so hap, also of execution.—Where is the Preceptor of this house?"

Albert Malveins, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very earnestly, but in a low voice.

"How!" said the Grand Master, "will he not resolve the gap?"

"He will—he doth, most Reverend Father," said Malveins, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "And for the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be the Isle of Saint George."

belonging to this Preceptory, and used by us for military exercises."

"It is well," said the Grand Master.—"Rebecca, in three days shalt thou produce thy champion; and if thou failest to do so, or if thy champion shall be discomfited by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud, that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains, who acted as clerk to the chapter, immediately expressed the order in a huge volume, which contained the proceedings of the Templar Knights when solemnly assembled on such occasions; and when he had finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master, which, when translated from the Norman French in which it was created, was expressed as follows:—

"Rebecca, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, being attainted of sorcery, seduction, and other damnable practices, practised on a Knight of the most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny the same; and swith, that the testimony delivered against her this day is false, wicked, and dishonest; and that by lawful oaths\* of her body as being unable to combat in her own behalf, she doth offer, by a champion instead thereof, to avouch her case, he performing his loyal duty in all knightly sort, with such arms as to gage of battle do fully appertain, and that at her peril and cost. And therewith she proffered her gage. And the gage having been delivered to the noble Lord and Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, of the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, he was appointed to do this battle, in behalf of his Order and himself, as injured and impaired by the practices of the appellant. Wherefore the most revered Father and puissant Lord, Louis Marquis of Beaumarche, did allow of the said challenge, and of the said oaths of the appellant's body, and assigned the third day for the said combat, the place being the enclosure called the lists of Saint George, near to the Preceptory of Templestowe. And the Grand Master appoints the appellant to appear there by her champion, on pain of doom, as a person convicted of sorcery or seduction; and also the defendant so to appear, under the penalty of being held and adjudged

\* *Excois agathas oaths*, and here refers to the appellant's privilege of appearing by her champion, in case of her own person on account of her sex.

recourse in case of default; and the noble Lord and most revered Father should appoint the battle to be done in his own presence, and according to all that is commendable and profitable in such a case. And may God aid the just cause!"

"Amen!" said the Grand Master; and the word was echoed by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to heaven, and, folding her hands, remained for a minute without change of attitude. She then modestly reminded the Grand Master, that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of making her condition known to them, and procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her behalf.

"It is just and lawful," said the Grand Master; "choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber."

"Is there," said Rebecca, "any one here, who, either for love of a good cause, or for simple hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent; for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master, to avow any interest in the calamitated prisoner, lest he should be suspected of leaning towards Richard. Not even the prospect of reward, the less any feelings of sympathy alone, could surmount this apprehension.

Rebecca stood for a few moments in intolerable anxiety, and then exclaimed, "Is it really thus?—And, in English land, am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal?"

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I am but a maligned man, but that I am at all stir or move was owing to her charitable assistance.—I will do thine errand," he added, addressing Rebecca, "as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs stout enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. He can turn the captivity of Judah, even by the weakest instrument. To execute his message the small is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this word.—I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge

that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell ! Life and death are in thy hands."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew. Many of the crowd would have demanded him from touching a document so sacred; but Hagg was resolute in the service of his benefactress. She had saved his body, he said, and he was confident she did not mean to peril his soul.

"I will get you," he said, "my neighbour Nathan's good capel," and I will be at York within as brief space as you and heant may."

But as it happened, he had no occasion to go so far, for within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Proceptory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York. The other was the Rabbi Ben Samuel; and both had approached as near to the Proceptory as they dared, on hearing that the Grand Master had summoned a chapter for the trial of a sorcerer.

"Brother Ben Samuel," said Isaac, "my soul is disquieted, and I wot not why. This charge of sorcery is right often used for checking evil practices in our people."

"Be of good comfort, brother," said the physician; "thou must deal with the Sorcerers as one possessing the madness of unrighteousness, and must therefore purchase immunity at their hands—it takes the savage minds of these ingrogy Jews, even as the sight of the mighty Solomon was said to compound the evil spell.—But what poor wretch comes hither upon his crutches, dozing, as I think, some speech of me?—Friend," continued the physician, addressing Hagg, the son of Saul, "I release thee not the aid of mine art, but I relieve not with me asper those who beg for alms upon the highway. Out upon thee!—Hast thou the palsy in thy legs? then let thy hands work for thy livelihood; for, altho' thou be't unfit for a speedy post, as for a careful shepherd, or for the warfare, or for the service of a hasty master, yet thou be' compehens—Hie now, brother!" said he, interrupting his language to look towards Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Hagg offered, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his saddle like a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible.

The Rabbi now dismounted in great alarm, and hastily

"Oyad, i. e. home; is a more limited sense, work-house.

applied the medicine which his art suggested for the recovery of his companion. He had even taken from his pocket a cupping apparatus, and was about to proceed to phlebotomy, when the object of his anxious solicitude suddenly revived; but it was to dash his cup from his hand, and to throw dust on his grey hairs. The physician was at first inclined to ascribe this sudden and violent emotion to the effects of insanity; and, adhering to his original purpose, began once again to handle his instruments. But Isaac soon convinced him of his error.

"Child of my sorrow," he said, "well shouldst thou be called Benoni, instead of Rebecca! Why should thy death bring down my grey hairs to the grave, till, in the bitterness of my heart, I curse God and die?"

"Brother," said the Rabbi, in great surprise, "art thou a father in Israel, and dost thou utter words like unto these!—I trust that the child of thy house yet liveth!"

"She liveth," answered Isaac; "but it is an Daniel, who was called Belshazzar, even when within the den of the lions. She is captive unto those men of Belial, and they will work their cruelty upon her, sparing neither for her youth nor her comely features. Oh! she was as a garden of pines, palmer to my grey locks; and she must wither in a night, like the grass of Jonah!—Child of my love!—child of my old age!—oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet seek the sword," said the Rabbi; "peradventure it may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou rise, brother," answered Isaac, "for mine eyes are as a fountain of water."

The physician rose, but in their native language, the following words:—

"To Isaac, the son of Adamah, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not—even for the crime of which—death. My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with sword and spear, according to the custom of the Samaritans, and that within the lists of Tappanotz, on the third day from this time, peradventure our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath come to help her. But if this may not be, let the virgins of

our people mourn for me as for one cast off, and for the hart that is stricken by the hunter, and for the flower which is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Wherefore, look now what thou dost, and whether there be any reason. One Nazarene warrior might indeed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father; for he hath favour among the strong men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And say unto him, even unto him, even unto Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if Rebecca die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal. And if it be the will of God that thou shalt be deprived of thy daughter, do not thou tarry, old man, in this land of bloodshed and cruelty; but betake thyself to Chelms, where thy brother liveth in safety, under the shadow of the throne, even of the throne of Eustace the Saracen; for less cruel are the cruelties of the Moors unto the race of Jacob, than the cruelties of the Nazarenes of England."

Isaac listened with tolerable composure while Ben Samuel read the letter, and then again resumed the gestures and exclamations of Oriental sorrow, tearing his garments, besprinkling his head with dust, and ejaculating, "My daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone!"

"Yet," said the Rabbi, "take courage, for this grief availeth nothing. Gird up thy loins, and seek out this Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he will help thee with counsel or with strength; for the youth hath favour in the eyes of Richard, called of the Nazarenes *Cœur-de-Lion*, and the tidings that he hath returned are constant in the land. It may be that he may obtain his letter, and his signal, commanding those men of blood, who take their name from the Temple to the dishonour thereof, that they proceed not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a good youth, and hath compassion for the exile of Jacob. But he cannot bear his armour, and what other Christian shall do battle for the oppressed of Zion?"

"Nay, but," said the Rabbi, "thou speakest as one that knoweth not the Gentiles. With gold shall thou buy their

valour, even as with gold they buyest thine own safety. Be of good courage, and do thou set forward to find out this Wilfred of Iremston. I will also up and be doing, for great sin it were to leave thee in thy calamity. I will bid me to the city of York, where many warriors and strong men are assembled, and doubt not I will find among them some one who will do battle for thy daughter; for gold is their god, and for riches will they pass their lives as well as their heads.—Thou wilt still, my brother, with promise as I may make unto them in thy name!"

"Assuredly, brother," said Isaac, "and Heaven be praised that raised me up a comforter in my misery. Hasten, grant them not their full demand at once, for thou shalt find it the quality of this accursed people that they will ask pounds, and peradventure accept of ounces.—Nevertheless, be it as thou wilt, for I am distressed in this thing, and what would my gold avail me if the child of my love should perish?"

"Farewell," said the physician, "and may it be to thee as the heart desireth."

They embraced accordingly, and departed on their several roads. The crippled patient remained for some time looking after them.

"These dog-Jews!" said he; "to take no more notice of a free guild-brother, than if I were a bond slave or a Turk, or a circumcised Hebrew like themselves! They might have hung me a manna or two, however. I was not obliged to bring their unhallored scraps, and run the risk of being bewitched, as more folks than one told me. And what care I for the bit of gold that the witch gave me, if I am to come to harm from the pestil next Easter: at confusion, and be obliged to give him twice as much to make it up with him, and be called the Jew's flying pest all my life, as it may hap, into the bargain! I think I was bewitched in earnest when I was beside the girl!—But it was always so with Jew or Gentile, whosoever came near her—none could stay when she had an errand to go—and still, whenever I think of her, I would give shop and tools to save her life."

## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

O maid, wondering and cold as thou art,  
My bosom is proud as thine own.

SEYMOUR.

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's private-chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening paper recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn we have ventured thus to translate into English.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the desert's lonely  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Illum'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choired hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd low,  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their joys,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No psalms now our feet united,  
No more Israel wanders lone ;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen ;  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thine a cloudy screen  
To temper the doubtful ray.  
And oh, when sleeps on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thine, beseeching, close to watch,  
A burning and a shining light !

Our harp we left by Babes's stream,  
The tyrant's just, the Gentile's shame ;  
No more round our altar burn,  
And wake our timbrel, trump, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, the throb of grief,  
The flesh of man, I will not prize ;  
A costly heart, on humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifices.



When the sounds of Rebecca's devotional hymn had died away in silence, the low knock at the door was again renewed. "Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend; and if a foe, I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."

"I am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the apartment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of this interview shall make me."

Alarmed at the sight of this man, whose licentious passions she considered as the root of her misfortunes, Rebecca drew backward with a cautious and alarmed, yet not a timorous demeanour, into the furthest corner of the apartment, as if determined to retreat as far as she could, but to stand her ground when retreat became no longer possible. She drew herself into an attitude not of defiance, but of resolution, as one that would avoid provoking assault, yet was ready to repel it, being offered, to the utmost of her power.

"You have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said the Templar; "or if I want to qualify my speech, you have at least now no reason to fear me."

"I fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, although her short-drawn breath seemed to belie the boldness of her accents; "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"You have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, gravely; "my former hostile attempts you have not now to dread. Within your cell are guards, over whom I have no authority. They are designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet would not suffer you to be troubled by any man, even by me, were my fancy—for fancy it is—to urge me so far."

"May heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; "death is the least of my apprehensions in this den of evil."

"Ay," replied the Templar, "the idea of death is easily revived by the comparisons related, when the road to it is sudden and open. A thrust with a lance, a stroke with a sword, were to me little—To you, a spring from a daisy-blossom, a stroke with a sharp point, has no terrors, compared with what other thinks disgrace. Mark me—I say this—perhaps mine own sentiments of honour are not less fantastic, Rebecca, than thine are; but we know alike how to die for them."

"Unhappy man," said the Jewess; "and art thou condemned to expose thy life for principles, of which thy sober judgment does not acknowledge the solidity? Surely this is a

parting with your treasure for that which is not bread—but does not so of me. Thy resolution may fascinate on the wild and changeable billows of human opinion, but mine is anchored on the Rock of Ages."

"Silence, maiden," murmured the Templar; "such discourses are waste but little. Thou art condemned to die not a sudden and easy death, such as military disease, and despair wideness, but a slow, wretched, protracted course of tortures, suited to what the diabolical bigotry of those men calls thy crime."

"And to whom—if such my fate—to whom do I owe this?" said Rebecca; "surely only to him, who, for a most selfish and brutal cause, dragged me hither, and who now, for some unknown purpose of his own, strives to aggravate the wretched fate to which he exposed me."

"Think not," said the Templar, "that I have so exposed thee; I would have buckled thee against such danger with my own bosom, as freely as ever I exposed it to the shafts which had otherwise reached thy life."

"Had thy purpose been the honorable protection of the innocent," said Rebecca, "I had thanked thee for thy care—as it is, thou hast claimed merit for it so often, that I tell thee life is worth nothing to me, preserved at the price which thou wouldst exact for it."

"True with thine upbraidings, Rebecca," said the Templar; "I have my own cause of grief, and brack not that thy reproaches should add to it."

"What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?" said the Jewess; "speak it briefly.—If thou hast ought to do, save to witness the misery thou hast caused, let me know it; and then, if so it please you, leave me to myself—the step between time and eternity is short but terrible, and I have few moments to prepare for it."

"I perceive, Rebecca," said John-Orlbert, "that thou dost continue to burden me with the charge of distresses, which most thin would I have prevented."

"Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "I would avoid reproaches—but what is more certain than that I owe my death to thine unrelenting passion?"

"You err—you err,"—said the Templar, hastily, "if you impute what I could neither foresee nor prevent to my purpose or agency.—Could I guess the unexpected arrival of you detest-

when some flashes of heroic valour, and the praises yielded by fools to the stupid self-commendations of an ascetic, have raised for the present above his own merits, above common sense, above me, and above the hundreds of our Order, who think and feel as men free from such silly and fantastic prejudices as are the grounds of his opinions and actions?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, "you set a judge upon me, innocent—most innocent—as you knew me to be—you concurred in my condemnation, and, if I might understand, are yourself to appear in arms to assert my guilt, and assure my punishment."

"Thy patience, maiden," replied the Templar.—"No race knows so well as thine own tribes how to submit to the time, and as to turn their back as to make advantage even of an adverse wind."

"Lamented be the hour," said Rebecca, "that has taught such art to the house of Israel! but adversity bends the heart as the breeze the stubborn steed, and those who are no longer their own governors, and the dominions of their own free independent state, must needs believe strangers. It is our curse, Sir Knight, deserved, doubtless, by our own misdeeds and those of our fathers; but you—you who boast your freedom as your birthright, how much deeper is your disgrace when you stoop to scathe the prejudices of others, and that against your own conviction?"

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, leaving the apartment with impatience, "but I came not hither to harshly reprehend with you.—Know that Bois-Guilbert yields not to created man, although circumstances may for a time induce him to alter his plan. His will is the mountain stream, which may indeed be turned for a little space aside by the rock, but fails not to find its course to the ocean. That sword which warned thee to demand a champion, from whom couldst thou think it came, if not from Bois-Guilbert? in whom else couldst thou have excited such interest?"

"A brief respite from instant death," said Rebecca, "which will little avail me—was this all thou couldst do for me, on whose head thou hast heaped sorrow, and whom thou hast brought near even to the verge of the tomb?"

"No, maiden," said Bois-Guilbert, "this was not all that I purposed. Had it not been for the assumed interference of you frenzied dotard, and the fool of Gualdrick, who, being a

Templar, affects to think and judge according to the ordinary rules of humanity, the office of the Champion Defender had devolved, not on a Preceptor, but on a Companion of the Order. Then I myself—such was my purpose—had, on the sounding of the trumpet, appeared in the lists as thy champion, disguised indeed in the fashion of a roving knight, who seeks adventures to prove his shield and spear; and then, let Beaumarchais have chosen not one, but two or three of the brethren here assembled, I had not doubted to cast them out of the saddle with my single lance. Thus, Rebecca, should three innocents have been avenged, and to thine own gratitude would I have trusted for the reward of my victory."

"This, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "is but idle boasting—a brag of what you would have done had you not found it convenient to do otherwise. You received my glove, and my champion, if a creature so desolate can find one, must encounter your lance in the lists—yet you would assume the air of my friend and protector!"

"Thy friend and protector," said the Templar, gravely, "I will yet be—but mark at what risk, or rather at what certainty, of dishonor; and then blame me not if I make my stipulations, before I offer up all that I have hitherto held dear, to save the life of a Jewish maiden."

"Speak," said Rebecca; "I understand thee not."

"Well, then," said Bois-Guilbert, "I will speak as freely as ever did during passion to his ghostly father, when placed in the tricky confessional—Rebecca, if I appear not in those lists I lose time and rank—lose that which is the breath of my nostrils, the esteem, I mean, in which I am held by my brethren, and the hopes I have of ascending to that mighty authority, which is now wielded by the bigoted dotard Louis de Beaumarchais, but of which I should make a far different use. Such is my certain doom, except I appear in arms against thy cause. Accused to be of Goodriches, who baited this trap for me! and greatly accused Albert de Mirevaine, who withheld me from the resolution I had formed, of hurling back the glove at the face of the superstitious and superannuated fool, who listened to a charge so absurd, and against a creature so high in mind, and so lovely in form as thou art!"

"And what now avails me of flattery?" snarled Rebecca.  
"Thou hast made thy choice between coming to be slain, the

Mood of an innocent woman, or of endangering three earthly state and earthly hopes—What avails it to reckon together!—thy choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer towards her; "my choice is not made—my, mark, it is thine to make the election. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms; and if I do so, championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the stroke and dagger, for there lives not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal terms, or on terms of vantage, save Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his minion of Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his coronet, and Richard is in a foreign prison. If I appear, then thou diest, even although thy charms should instigate some hot-headed youth to enter the lists in thy defence."

"And what avails repenting this so often!" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must learn to look at thy face on every side."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I appear not, then am I a degraded and dishonoured knight, accused of witchcraft and of communion with infidels—the illustrious name, which has grown yet more so under my wearing, becomes a blessing and a reproach. I lose fame, I lose honour, I lose the prospect of such greatness as scarce desperate attain to—I sacrifice mighty ambition, I destroy schemes built as high as the mountains with which heathens say their heaven was once nearly scaled—and yet, Rebecca," he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness will I sacrifice, this fame will I renounce, this power will I forgo, even now when it is half within my grasp, if thou wilt say, Bois-Guilbert, I receive thee for my lover."

"Think not of such boldness, Sir Knight," answered Rebecca, "but listen to the Regent, the Queen Mother, and to Prince John—they cannot, in honour to the English crown, allow of the proceedings of your Grand Master. So shall you give me protection without sacrifice on your part, or the pretext of requiring any reparation from me."

"With these I deal not," he continued, holding the train of

her rule—"It is thou only I address; and what can counter-balance thy sin? Behold thou, were I a fiend, yet death is a worse, and it is death who is my rival."

"I weigh not these evils," said Rebecca, afraid to provoke the wild knight, yet equally determined neither to endure his passion, nor even feign to endure it. "Be a man, be a Christian! If, indeed, thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without asking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter."

"Ha, damned!" said the proud Templar, springing up, "thou shalt not thus impose on me—if I renounce present fame, and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca," he said, again softening his tone; "England,—Europe,—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, is my friend—a friend free as myself from the dotting scruples which foster our free-born reason—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we condemn.—I will form new paths to greatness," he continued, again traversing the room with hasty strides—"Europe shall hear the loud step of him she has driven from her sun!—Not the millions whom her cruelties send to slaughter, can do so much to defend Palestine—not the armies of the thousands and ten thousands of Saracens can hew their way so deep into that land for which nations are striving, as the strength and policy of me and those hostless, who, in despite of yonder old bigot, will adhere to me in good and evil. Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valour will gain for you, and I will exchange my long-haired helmet for a sceptre!"

"A dream," said Rebecca; "an empty vision of the night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not. Enough that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share; nor hold I as light of country or religious faith, as is esteem him who is willing to barter these, and cast away the bonds of the Order of which he is a sworn member, in order to gratify an unworthy passion for the daughter of another people.—Put not a price on my deliverance, Sir Knight—will not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not

for a selfish advantage—Go to the throne of England; Richard will listen to my appeal from those cruel men."

"Never, Rebecca!" said the Templar, sternly. "If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it—Ambition shall remain mine, if thou refuse my love; I will not be foiled on all hands.—Steep my crest to Richard!—ask a loan of that heart of pride!—Never, Rebecca, will I place the Order of the Temple at his feet in my person. I may forsake the Order, I never will degrade or betray it."

"Now God be gracious to me," said Rebecca, "for the success of man is well-nigh hopeless!"

"It is indeed," said the Templar; "thou, proud as thou art, thou hast in me found thy match. If I enter the lists with my spear in rest, think not my human consideration shall prevent my putting forth my strength; and think then upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the worst of criminals—to be consumed upon a blazing pile—dispersed to the elements of which our strange forms are so mystically composed—not a relic left of that graceful frame, from which we could say this kneed and moved!—Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain this prospect—thou wilt yield to my suit."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered the Jewess, "thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by a woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of danger, and impatient of pain—yet when we enter those fatal lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong assurance within me, that my courage shall mount higher than thine. Farewell—I waste no more words on thee; the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must be otherwise spent—she must seek the Comforter, who may hide his face from his people, but who ever opens his ear to the cry of those who seek him in sincerity and in truth."

"We part then thus?" said the Templar after a short pause; "would to Heaven we had never met, or that thou hadst been noble in birth and Christian in faith!—Fare, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of those own degraded nation;

my hand surmounted with ingots and shakels, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down before each petty table, and my look only terrible to the shivering and bankrupt debtor—this would I wish, Rebecca, to be near to thee in life, and to escape the fearful shame I must have in thy death."

"Thou hast spoken the Jew," said Rebecca, "as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Heaven is he has driven him from his country, but industry has opened to him the only road to power and to influence which opposition has left unbarred. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those, by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations, were then a people of miners and weavers!—And know, proud knight, we number names amongst us to which your boasted northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names that ascend far back to those high times when the Divine Presence shook the merry-seat between the cherubim, and which derive their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful Yahu, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Voice—Such were the princes of the House of Jacob."

Rebecca's colour rose, as she boasted the ancient glories of her race, but faded as she added with a sigh, "Such were the princes of Judah, now such no more!—They are trampled down like the shorn grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways. Yet there are those among them who claim not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac the son of Abraham! Farewell! I envy not thy blood-won honours—I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice."

"There is a spell on me, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guilbert. "I almost think you benighted skeleton spoke truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee has something in it more than is natural.—Fair creature!" he said, approaching near her, but with great respect,— "so young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with shame and agony. Who would not weep for thee!—The tear, that has been a stranger to these eyelids for twenty years, motions them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatality, that harries us along, like goodly vessels driving



before the storm, which are dashed against each other, and so perish. Forgive me, then, and let us part, at least, as friends part. I have assailed thy resolution in vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamantine decrees of fate."

"Then," said Rebecca, "do men throw on fate the blame of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee, Bob-Guilbert, though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden of the daggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossoms."

"Yes," said the Templar, "I am, Rebecca, as thou hast spoken me, untought, untamed;—and proud, that, amidst a shroud of empty souls and crafty lights, I have attained the pre-eminent fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle from my youth upward, high in my views, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such must I remain—proud, inflexible, and unchanging; and of this the world shall have proof.—But thou forgive me, Rebecca?"

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner."

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment.

The Preceptor Albert waited impatiently in an adjacent chamber the return of Bob-Guilbert.

"Thou hast tarried long," he said; "I have been as if stretched on red-hot iron with very impatience. What if the Grand Master or his spy Conrado, had come hither? I had paid dear for my complaisance.—But what ails thee, brother?—Thy step totters, thy brow is as black as night. Art thou well, Bob-Guilbert?"

"Ay," answered the Templar, "as well as the wretch who is doomed to die within an hour.—Nay, by the rood, not half so well—for there be those in such state, who can lay down life like a cast-off garment. By Heaven, Malveida, yonder girl hath well-nigh unmanned me. I am half resolved to go to the Grand Master, shew the Order to his very teeth, and refuse to eat the brutality which his tyranny has imposed on me."

"Thou art mad," answered Malveida; "thou madest thee indeed utterly vain thyself, but must not even find a chance thereby to save the life of this Jewess, which seems so precious in thine eyes. Bonumachio will come another of the Order to defend his judgment in thy place, and the second will as

secretly perish as if thou hadst taken the duty imposed on thee."

"The false—I will myself take arms in her behalf," answered the Templar, haughtily; "and should I do so, I think, Malveins, that thou knowest not one of the Order, who will keep his sword before the point of my lance."

"Ay, but thou forgettest," said the wily adviser, "thou wilt have neither leisure nor opportunity to execute this mad project. Go to Louis Beaumarchais, and say thou hast resumed thy vow of obedience, and see how long the despotic old man will leave thee in personal freedom. The words shall scarce have left thy lips, ere thou wilt either be an hunted foot under ground, in the dungeons of the Preceptory, to abide trial as a recalcitrant knight; or, if his opinion holds concerning thy possession, thou wilt be enjoying sinew, darkness, and chains, in some distant convent cell, strewed with conscience, and drenched with holy water, to equal the foul feast which hath obtained dominion over thee. Thou wast to the late, Brian, or thou art a lost and dishonoured man."

"I will break forth and fly," said Bois-Guilbert—"fly to some distant land, to which folly and fanaticism have not yet found their way. No drop of the blood of this most excellent creature shall be spilled by my sanction."

"Thou must not fly," said the Preceptor; "thy savings have excited suspicion, and thou wilt not be permitted to leave the Preceptory. Go and make the essay—present thyself before the gate, and command the bridge to be lowered, and mark what sorrow thou shalt receive.—Thou art surprised and offended; but is it not the better for thee? Wert thou to fly, what would come but the reversal of thy arms, the dishonour of thine ancestry, the degradation of thy rank!—Think on it. Where shall thine old companions in some hide their heads when Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the best name of the Templars, is proclaimed recalcitrant, and the blazon of the assembled people! What grief will be at the Court of France! With what joy will the haughty Richard hear the news, that the knight that set him hard in Palestine, and well-nigh darkened his renown, has lost fame and honour for a Jewish girl, whom he could not even save by so costly a sacrifice!"

"Malveins," said the knight, "I thank thee—thou hast touched the string at which my heart most readily thrills!—

Come of it what may, no man shall ever be added to the name of Bois-Guilbert. Would to God Richard, or any of his warring minions of England, would appear in those lists! But they will be empty—as one will risk to break a lance for the innocent, the before."

"The better for thee, if it prove so," said the Preceptor; "if no champion appears, it is not by thy means that this valiant knight shall die, but by the doom of the Grand Master, with whom rests all the blame, and who will count that blame the praise and commendation."

"True," said Bois-Guilbert; "if no champion appears, I am but a part of the payment, sitting indeed on horseback, in the lists, but having no part in what is to follow."

"Name whatever," said Malvoisin; "no more than the armed image of Saint George when it makes part of a procession."

"Well, I will resume my resolution," replied the haughty Templar. "She has inspired me—aroused me—arried me—and wherever should I offer up for her whatever of estimation I have in the opinion of others? Malvoisin, I will appear in the lists."

He left the apartment hastily as he uttered those words, and the Preceptor followed, to watch and confirm him in his resolution; for in Bois-Guilbert's case he had himself a strong interest, expecting much advantage from his being one day at the head of the Order, not to mention the performance of which Mont-Pischi had given him hopes, on condition he would forward the condemnation of the unfortunate Rebecca. Yet although, in combating his friend's better feelings, he possessed all the advantage which a wily, composed, selfish disposition has over a man agitated by strong and contending passions, it required all Malvoisin's art to keep Bois-Guilbert steady to the purpose he had persuaded on him to adopt. He was obliged to watch him closely to prevent his renouncing his purpose of flight, to intercept his communication with the Grand Master, lest he should come to an open rupture with his Superior, and to renew, from time to time, the various arguments by which he endeavoured to show, that, in appearing as champion on this occasion, Bois-Guilbert, without either accelerating or ensuring the fate of Rebecca, would follow the only course by which he could save himself from degradation and disgrace.

## CHAPTER FORTIETH.

Shadow scene I.—Richard's himself again.

ROMANCE III.

When the Black Knight—for it became necessary to resume the train of his adventures—left the Tyngtree of the generous Outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighbouring religious house, of small extent and revenue, called the Priory of Saint Bartholomew, to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed when the castle was taken, under the guidance of the faithful Gurth and the magnanimous Wamba. It is unnecessary at present to mention what took place in the interim between Wilfred and his deliverer; suffice it to say, that after long and grave communication, messengers were despatched by the Prior in several directions, and that on the succeeding morning the Black Knight was about to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the poor Wamba, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Ivanhoe, "at Orlingburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father Cedric holds the funeral feast for his noble relation. I would see your Baron kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. There also wilt meet us; and it shall be my task to reconcile thee to thy father."

So saying, he took an affectionate farewell of Ivanhoe, who expressed an anxious desire to attend upon his deliverer. But the Black Knight would not listen to the proposal.

"Rest this day; thou wilt have scarce strength enough to tread on the next. I will have no guide with me but honest Wamba, who can play priest or fool as I shall be mood in the humour."

"And I," said Wamba, "will attend you with all my heart. I would fain see the feasting at the funeral of Athelstane; for, if it be not dull and frequent, he will rise from the dead to salute cook, sewer, and cupbearer; and that were a sight worth seeing. Always, Sir Knight, I will trust your valour with making my excuse to my master Cedric, in case mine own will should fail."

"And how should my poor valour succeed, Sir Jester, when thy light wit fails!—resolve me that."

"Woe, Sir Knight," replied the Jester, "may do much. He is a quick, apprehensive knave, who sees his neighbour's blind side, and knows how to keep the long-gage when his passions are blowing high. But valour is a sturdy fellow that makes all gifts. He creeps against both wind and tide, and makes way notwithstanding; and, therefore, good Sir Knight, while I take advantage of the fair weather in our noble master's temper, I will expect you to beatir yourself when it grows rough."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is your pleasure so to be distinguished," said Ivanhoe, "I fear too you have chosen a salacious and a treacherous fool to be your guide. But he knows every path and alley in the woods as well as our a hunter who frequents them; and the poor knave, as thou hast partly seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the Knight, "as he have the gift of showing my road, I shall not grumble with him that he desire to make it pleasant.—Fare thee well, kind Wilfred—I charge thee not to attempt to travel till to-morrow at earliest."

So saying, he extended his hand to Ivanhoe, who pressed it to his lips, took leave of the Prior, mounted his horse, and departed, with Wamba for his companion. Ivanhoe followed them with his eyes, until they were lost in the shades of the surrounding forest, and then returned into the convent.

But shortly after midnignt-song, he requested to see the Prior. The old man came in haste, and inquired anxiously after the state of his health.

"It is better," he said, "than my fondest hope could have anticipated; either my wound has been slighter than the effects of blood let me to suppose, or this balmy bath wrought a wonderful cure upon it. I feel already as if I could bear my sword; and so much the better, for thoughts pass in my mind which render me unwilling to remain here longer in inactivity."

"Now the salute forbid," said the Prior, "that the son of the Baron Cedric should have our convent as his wounds were healed! It were shame to our profession were we to suffer it."

"Nor would I desire to leave your hospitable roof, venerable father," said Ivanhoe, "did I not feel myself able to endure the journey, and compelled to undertake it."

"And what can have urged you to so sudden a departure?" said the Prior.

"Have you never, holy father," answered the Knight, "told

an apprehension of approaching evil, for which you in vain attempted to assign a cause!—Have you never found your road darkened, like the sunny landscape, by the sudden cloud, which engulfs a coming tempest?—And thinkest thou not that such impulses are deserving of attention, as being the hints of our guardian spirits, that danger is impending?

"I may not deny," said the Prior, smacking himself, "that such things have been, and have been of Heaven; but then, such communications have had a visibly useful scope and tendency. But thou, wounded as thou art, what could it thee shouldst follow the steps of him whom thou couldst not aid, were he to be assaulted?"

"Prior," said Ivanhoe, "thou dost mistake—I am stout enough to exchange bullets with any one who will challenge me to such a traffic.—But were it otherwise, may I not aid him were he in danger, by other means than by force of arms? It is but too well known that the Saxons love not the Norman race, and who knows what may be the here, if he break in upon them, when their hearts are irritated by the death of Athelstane, and their hands heated by the success in which they will indulge themselves? I hold his entrance among them at such a moment most perilous, and I am resolved to share or avert the danger; which, that I may the better do, I would crave of thee the use of some palfrey whose pace may be softer than that of my destrier."

"Surely," said the worthy abbot, "you shall have mine own making present, and I would it called as easy for your sake as that of the Abbot of Saint Albans. Yet this will I say for Malkin, for so I call her, that unless you were to borrow a ride on the juggler's stool that paces a humpback amongst the eggs, you could not go a journey on a creature so gentle and smooth-paced. I have composed many a hauberk on her back, to the edification of my brethren of the convent, and many poor Christian souls."

"I pray you, reverend father," said Ivanhoe, "let Malkin be got ready instantly, and bid Gurth attend me with mine arms."

"Nay but, fair sir," said the Prior, "I pray you to remember that Malkin hath as little skill in arms as her master, and that I warrant not her enduring the sight or weight of your full

\* Justice—war-horse.

peacefully. Oh, Malkin, I promise you, is a beast of judgment, and will contend against an undue weight—I did but borrow the Francher Trepanner from the priest of Saint Rena, and I promise you she would not stir from the gate until I had exchanged the huge volume for my little library."

"Trust me, holy father," said Frankoe, "I will not distress her with too much weight; and if she calls a combat with me it is odds but she has the worst."

This reply was made while Gurth was bidding on the Knight's back a pair of huge gilded spurs, capable of convincing any native horse that his best safety lay in being conformable to the will of his rider.

The deep and sharp words with which Frankoe's back were now armed, began to make the worthy Prior repeat of his courtesy, and ejaculate,—*"Nay but, fair sir, now I bethink me, my Malkin shaldest not the spur—Better it were that you tarry for the mare of our maniple down at the Grange, which may be had in little more than an hour, and cannot but be trustable, in respect that she draweth much of our winter firewood and catch no corn."*

"I thank you, reverend father, but will abide by your first offer, as I see Malkin is already led forth to the gate. Gurth shall carry mine armour; and, for the rest, rely on it, that as I will not overload Malkin's back, she shall not overcome my patience. And now, farewell!"

Frankoe now descended the stairs more hastily and easily than his wound permitted, and threw himself upon the pavement, eager to escape the importunity of the Prior, who stuck as closely to his side as his age and fatness would permit, now slaying the praises of Malkin, now recommending caution to the Knight in managing her.

"She is at the most dangerous period for mauls as well as maids," said the old man, laughing at his own jest, "being barely in her fifteenth year."

Frankoe, who had other webs to weave than to stand conversing a palfrey's pace with its owner, lent but a deaf ear to the Prior's grave advice and flowery jests, and having kept on his mare, and commended his affairs (for such Gurth now called himself) to keep close by his side, he followed the track of the Black Knight into the forest, while the Prior stood at the gate of the convent looking after him and ejaculating,—*"Sed et*

May I have prompt and fiery be these men of war! I would I had not trusted Malin to his keeping, for, crippled as I am with the cold shivers, I am useless if ought but good befalls her. And yet," said he, recollecting himself, "as I would not spare my own old and disabled limbs in the good cause of Old England, as Malin must often run her hazard on the same venture; and it may be they will think our poor house worthy of some magnificent garden—or, it may be, they will send the old Prior a paving rag. And if they do none of these, as great men will forget little man's service, truly I shall hold me well repaid in having done that which is right. And it is now well-nigh the fitting time to summon the brethren to breakfast in the refectory—Ah! I doubt they obey that call more cheerily than the bells for primes and matins."

So the Prior of Saint Botolph's hobbled back again into the refectory, to preside over the stock-fish and ale, which was just serving out for the friars' breakfast. Puffy and important, he sat him down at the table, and many a dark word he threw out, of benefits to be expected to the convent, and high deeds of service done by himself, which, at another season, would have attracted observation. But as the stock-fish was highly salted, and the ale reasonably powerful, the jaws of the brethren were too seriously employed to admit of their making much use of their ears; nor do we read of any of the fraternity who was tempted to speculate upon the mysterious hints of their Superior, except Father Digory, who was severely afflicted by the toothache, so that he could only eat on one side of his jaws.

In the meantime, the Black Champion and his guide were passing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest; the good Knight whilst humming to himself the lay of some unnumbered troubadour, sometimes encouraging by questions the prating disposition of his attendant, so that their dialogue formed a wildered mixture of song and jest, of which we would fain give our readers some idea. You are then to imagine this Knight, such as we have already described him, strong of person, tall, broad-shouldered, and large of bone, mounted on his mighty black charger, which seemed made on purpose to bear his weight, so easily he paced forward under it, having the rim of his helmet raised, in order to admit freedom of breath, yet keeping the bowyer, or under part, closed, so that his features could be but imperfectly distinguished. But his



rudely constructed clock-house could be plainly seen, and the large and bright blue eyes, that flashed from under the dark shade of the raised visor; and the whole gesture and look of the champion expressed calmness, quiet, and fearless confidence—a mind which was kept to apprehend danger, and prompt to defy it when most imminent—yet with whom danger was a familiar thought, as with one whose trade was war and adventure.

The Jester wore his usual fantastic habit, but late accidents had led him to adopt a good cutting fashion, instead of his wicker sword, with a tape to catch it; of both which weapons he had, notwithstanding his profession, shown himself a skilful master during the storming of Torguistone. Indeed, the inflexibility of Windsor's brain consisted chiefly in a kind of impatient irritability, which suffered him not long to remain quiet in any posture, or adhere to any certain train of ideas, although he was for a few minutes alert enough in performing any immediate task, or in apprehending any immediate topic. On horseback, therefore, he was perpetually swinging himself backwards and forwards, now on the horse's ear, then anon on the very rump of the animal,—now hanging both his legs on one side, and now sitting with his face to the tail, rearing, cowering, and making a thousand odd postures, until his palfrey took his frisks so much to heart, as fairly to lay him at his length on the green grass—an incident which greatly amused the knight, but compelled his companion to ride more steadily thereafter.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this jocular pair were engaged in singing a riddle, as it was called, in which the clown bore a wicker border to the better instructed Knight of the Potterdock. And thus ran the ditty:—

Anna-Maria, live, up is the sun,  
Anna-Maria, live, more is begun,  
While we are darning, live, while singing fun,  
Up is the morning, live, Anna-Maria.  
Anna-Maria, live, up is the moon,  
The hunter is waiting while we sit on his lawn,  
The wife rings merry from rock and from tree,  
'Tis time to cross thee, live, Anna-Maria.

YARNA.

O Tybalt, live Tybalt, awake me not yet,  
Around my soft pillow while others dream fit,

For what are the joys that in waking we prove,  
Compared with those visions, O Tybalt, my love!  
Let the birds in the rise of the mist startle start,  
Let the larks blow out his loud horn on the hill,  
Folks would, as 'twere pleasure, to double I prove,—  
But think not I dream of thee, Tybalt, my love.

"A dainty song," said Wamba, when they had finished their carol, "and I swear by my halberd, a pretty novel!—I used to sing it with Gurth, once my playfellow, and now, by the grace of God and his master, no less than a freeman; and we were none by the whilst for being so entranced by the melody, that we lay in bed two hours after sunrise, singing the ditty betwixt sleeping and waking—my house woe at thinking of the time ever since. Nevertheless, I have played the part of Anna-Marie, to please you, fair sir."

The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

#### KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,

How were they the remainder :

To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,

And where was the widow might say them nay ?

The first was a knight, and from Tyndale he came,

How were they the remainder :

And his father, God save us, was man of great fame,

And where was the widow might say him nay ?

Of his father the lord, of his uncle the squire,

He wanted to marry and to remainder :

She bade him go back by his sword and bow,

For she was the widow would say him nay.

#### WAMBA.

The next that came forth, served by blood and by name,

Hardly sang the remainder :

He's a gentleman, God rest, and his charge was of Wales,

And where was the widow might say him nay ?

He David up Morgan up Griffith up Hugh

As Taylor up Blane, quoth his remainder :

She said that was widdow for so many was her love,

And she bade the Wabban, mend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of East,

Justly singing his remainder :

He spoke to the widow of being and rest,

And where was the widow could say him nay ?

DETH.

So the knight and the ladies were both left in the aisle,  
 There for to sing their requiem;  
 For a peasant of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
 There never was a wicker could say him woe.

"I would, Wamba," said the Knight, "that our host of the Trysling-tree, or the jolly Friar, his chaplain, heard this thy story in praise of our blaw' yoomen."

"So would not I," said Wamba—"but for the horn that hangs at your habbrie."

"Ay," said the Knight,—"this is a pledge of Locksley's goodwill, though I am not like to need it. Three months on this eagle's bill, I am assured, being round, at our need, a jolly band of younger honest yoomen."

"I would say, Heaven forbid," said the Jester, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peacefully."

"Why, what meant thou?" said the Knight; "thinkest thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for green trees here are as well as stone walls. But must thou measure me this, Sir Knight?—When is thy wine pitcher and thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why never I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for as simple an outlaw! Thou hast but empty thy pitcher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy money at home ere thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterslack.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wamba; "it may relieve a poor man's mind to take off his mail when he hath a long journey to make; and, certes, it may do good to the rider's soul to ease him of that which is the root of all evil; therefore will I give no hard names to those who do such services. Only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it may save them some trouble."

"We are bound to pray for them, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost ascribe them."

"Pray for them with all my heart," said Wamba; "but in the town, not in the greenwood, like the Abbot of Saint Bee, whom they caused to lay down with an old hollow oak-tree for his stall."

"Say as thou list, Wamba," replied the Knight, "these yeomen did thy master Cedric piously service at Turgolstone."

"Ay, truly," answered Wamba; "but that was in the fashion of their trade with Heaven."

"Their trade, Wamba; how mean you by that?" replied his companion.

"Marry then," said the Jester, "They make up a balanced account with Heaven, as our old collector used to call his ciphering, as fair as Isaac the Jew keeps with his debtors, and like him, give out a very little, and take large credit for doing so; reckoning, doubtless, on their own behalf, the seven-fold mercy which the blessed text hath promised to charitable loans."

"Give me an example of your meaning, Wamba,—I know nothing of ciphers or rates of usury," answered the Knight.

"Why," said Wamba, "as your valour be so dull, you will please to learn, that three honest fellows balance a good deed with one not quite so laudable; as a crown given to a begging friar with an hundred byants taken from a fat abbot, or a wench kissed in the greenwood with the relief of a poor widow."

"Which of these was the good deed, which was the felony?" interrupted the Knight.

"A good gibe! a good gibe!" said Wamba; "keeping witty company sharpens the apprehension. You said nothing so well, Sir Knight, I will be sworn, when you held drunken revels with the bluff Herolt.—But to go on. The merry-men of the forest set off the building of a cottage with the burning of a castle—the thrashing of a sheaf against the robbing of a church—the setting free a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff; or, to come nearer to our point, the deliverance of a Saxon franklin against the burning alive of a Norman baron. Gentle thieves they are, in short, and courteous robbers; but it is ever the luckiest to meet with them when they are at the worst."

"How so, Wamba?" said the Knight.

"Why, then they have some compunction, and are for making up matters with Heaven. But when they have struck

an even balance, Heaven help those with whom they meet upon the account! The travellers who first met them after their good service at Torquilstone would have a woful dying. And yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the Knight's side, "there be companies who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither heard nor witness, I trow?" said the Knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Roderich's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you, that, in time of civil war, a battilion of these is worth a band of valiant at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone. So that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our state of peace.—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Fit the villain to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, hardly two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "against a score of such rascals as these, whom one good knight could drive before him as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight untied the clasp of the haldie, and delivered his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the horn round his own neck.

"Tut-tut-tut," said he, whistling the notes; "ay, I know my garnet as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight, "retrace me the hugh."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Nay, but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this crookedeth thy reason.—Beware ye tamper not with my patience."

"Upe me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Justice, keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, "or Folly

will show a clean pair of heels, and leave Valour to find out his way through the wood as best he may."

"Nay, thou hast left me there," said the Knight; "and, sooth to say, I have little time to jangle with thee. Keep the horse as thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"Thou wilt not harm me, then?" said Wanda.

"I tell thee no, thou knowest!"

"Ay, but pledge me your knightly word for it," continued Wanda, as he approached with great caution.

"My knightly word I pledge; only come on with thy foolish self."

"Nay, then, Valour and Polly are once more born companions," said the Jester, coming up frankly to the Knight's side; "but, in truth, I love not such buffets as that you bestowed on the budy Poin, when his halibone rolled on the green like a king of the shropshire. And now that Polly wears the helm, let Valour rouse himself, and shake his mane; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are on the look-out for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glances of a morrice from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is a choice chapel for the Clerks of Saint Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I think thou hast in the right cut."

And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the unexpected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor. The other two were averted by the gorget, and by the shield which hung around his neck.

"Thanks, trusty armorer," said the Knight.—"Wanda, let us deal with them,"—and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the aperture of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of incomprehensible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my masters?"—The man

made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation; "have no truce here!"

His opponents, desperate as they were, bore back from an arm which carried death in every blow, and it seemed as if the terms of his single strength was about to gain the battle against such odds, when a knight, in blue armour, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other combatants, sprang forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider, but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment, Wamba wheeled the hugh, for the while had passed so speedily, that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the warriors hear back once more, and Wamba, though as imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, felon cowards!" exclaimed he to the blue harness, who seemed to lead the combatants, "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a Jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose last refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, lowered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Patterlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men completely armed, and began to be fatigued by the violent exertions necessary to defend himself on so many points at once the same moment, when a grey-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his combatants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed

by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt bold soldier, than of a person of exalted rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies.—Open the vicer of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the assassins who, bruised by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armourer as well as your enemy—I have disarmed you, and now I will unloose you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he pulled the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Peterlock, grained locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse?" he said, in astonishment, "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive Knight, looking up to him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou knowest not to what ambition and revenge can lead every child of Adam."

"Revenge?" answered the Black Knight; "I never wronged thee—On no thou hast sought to revenge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose alliance thou didst scorn—was that no injury to a Norman, whose blood is noble as thine own?"

"Thy daughter?" replied the Black Knight; "a proper cause of envy, and followed up to a bloody issue!—Stand back, my master, I would speak to him alone.—And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth—confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow,



and remained an instant gazing on the face of the huddled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Walsingham," said the King.

"No that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurs, "unless it were needless."

"Take it, then, washed," said Richard; "the lion preys not on prostrate carcases.—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine infancy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Arjou as connected with thy lineage. If thou art found on English ground after the space I have allotted thee, thou diest—or if thou breathest ought that can offend the honour of my house, by Saint George! not the altar itself shall be a sanctuary. I will hang thee out to feed the ravens, from the very pinnacle of thine own castle.—Let this knight have a steel, Locksley, for I see your poems have taught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the peasant, "I would send a shaft after the shuffling villain that should spare him the labour of a long journey."

"Thou behest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character of Cour-de-Lion, the peasants at once knelt down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiances, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Kne, my friends," said Richard, in a gentler tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-nature had already conquered the blush of hasty resentment, and whose features retained as mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the dark writhing from exertion.—"Arise," he said, "my friends!—Your misadventures, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Tumpelstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, brave Locksley!"—

"Call me no longer Locksley, my King, but know me under the name, which, I fear, some have blown too widely not to

have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.”

“King of Outlaws, and Prince of good Willers!” said the King, “who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine! But he mistook, knew Outlaw, that so deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage.”

“True says the proverb,” said Wamba, interpolating his word, but with some abatement of his usual petulance,—

“When the cat is away,  
The mice will play.”

“What, Wamba, art thou there?” said Richard; “I have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight.”

“I take flight!” said Wamba; “when do you ever find Polly separated from Valour! There lies the trophy of my sword, that good grey gelding, whom I heartily wish upon his legs again, conditioning his master lay there houghed in his place. It is true, I gave a little ground at first, for a meddling jacket does not brack lance-heads, as a steel doublet will. But if I fought not at sword’s point, you will grant me that I sound the onset.”

“And to good purpose, honest Wamba,” replied the King. “Thy good service shall not be forgotten.”

“Gaspior! Gaspior!”—cried out, in a subservient tone, a voice near the King’s side—“my Latin will carry me no further—but I confess my deadly treason, and pray leave to have execution before I am led to execution!”

Richard looked around, and beheld the jovial Friar on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarter-staff, which had not been idle during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. His countenance was gathered so as he thought might best express the most profound contrition, his eyes being turned up, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, as Wamba expressed it, like the tawls at the mouth of a pike. Yet this sincere affectation of extreme penitence was whimsically belied by a ludicrous mien which lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

“For what art thou cast down, and Priar?” said Richard;

\* Note D. Locking.

"art thou afraid thy Saviour should learn how truly thou dost serve our Lady and Saint Dunstan?—Tush, tush! fear it not; Richard of England keeps no secrets that pass over the finger."

"Nay, most gracious Sovereign," answered the Hermit (well known to the curious in penny histories of Robin Hood, by the name of Friar Tuck), "it is not the crosser I fear, but the sceptre.—Alas! that my scolding tongue should ever have been applied to the ear of the Lord's anointed!"

"Ha! ha!" said Richard, "sitte the wind there!—In truth I had forgotten the buffet, though mine ear smag after it for a while day. But if the cuff was fairly given, I will be judged by the good men around, if it was not as well repaid—or, if thou thinkest I still owe thee ought, and wilt stand both for another counter-buff!—"

"By no means," replied Friar Tuck, "I had mine own returned, and with usury—may your Majesty ever pay your debts as fairly!"

"If I could do so with cuffs," said the King, "my creditors should have little reason to complain of an empty exchequer."

"And yet," said the Friar, resuming his demure hypocritical countenance, "I know not what penance I ought to perform for that most scolding tongue!"—

"Speak no more of it, brother," said the King; "after having staid so many cuffs from Papists and misdoers, I were void of reason to quarrel with the buffet of a clerk so holy as he of Copelandhurst. Yet, mine honest Friar, I think it would be best both for the church and thyself, that I should procure a license to unbrock thee, and retain thee as a peacemaker of our guard, serving in care of our persons, as formerly in attendance upon the altar of Saint Dunstan."

"My liege," said the Friar, "I heartily crave your pardon; and you would readily grant my excuse, did you but know how the sin of business has bent me. Saint Dunstan—may he be so gracious to us!—stands quiet in his niche, though I should forget my errands in killing a fat buck.—I stay out of my cell sometimes a night, doing I wot not what.—Saint Dunstan never complies—a quiet master he is, and a powerful, as ever was made of wood.—But to be a peacemaker in attendance on my sovereign the King—the honour is great, doubtless—yet, if I were but to step aside to comfort a widow in one corner, or to kill a deer in another, it would be, 'Where is the dog Friar?'

says one. 'Who has seen the accursed Tuck?' says another. 'The unfrocked villain destroys more venison than half the country hounds,' says one keeper; 'And is hunting after every shy doe in the country!' quoth a second.—In fine, good my Liege, I pray you to leave me as you found me; or, if in sight you desire to extend your benevolence to me, that I may be considered as the poor Clerk of Saint Dunstan's cell in Copeland, to whom any small donation will be most thankfully acceptable."

"I understand thee," said the King, "and the Holy Clerk shall have a grant of vert and venison in my woods of Wardsliffe. Mark, however, I will but assign thee three bucks every season; but if that do not prove an apology for thy slaying thirty, I am no Christian knight nor true king."

"Your Grace may be well assured," said the Friar, "that, with the grace of Saint Dunstan, I shall find the way of multiplying your most bounteous gift."

"I nothing doubt it, good brother," said the King; "and as venison is but dry food, our cellarer shall have orders to deliver to thee a butt of sack, a rusket of Malvoisie, and three hog-heads of ale of the first strike, yearly.—If that will not quench thy thirst, thou must come to court, and become acquainted with my butler."

"But for Saint Dunstan?"—said the Friar.

"A cope, a stole, and an altar-cloth shalt thou also have," continued the King, smacking himself—"But we may not turn our game into earnest, but God punish us for thinking more on our follies than on his honour and worship."

"I will answer for my patron," said the Priest, joyously.

"Answer for thyself, Friar," said King Richard, somewhat sternly; but immediately stretching out his hand to the Hermit, the latter, somewhat abashed, bent his knee, and saluted it. "Thou dost lose honour in my extending pains thus to my dumbest friar," said the Monarch; "thou dost only kneel to the one, and to the other dost protest thyself."

But the Friar, afraid perhaps of again giving offence by continuing the conversation in too jocular a style—a false step to be particularly guarded against by those who converse with monarchs—bowed profoundly, and fell into the rear.

At the same time, two additional passages appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

All hail to the lordlings of high degree,  
 Who live not more happy, though greater than we !  
 Our pasture is o'er,  
 Under every green tree,  
 In all the gay woodland, right welcome ye be.  
 RICHARD.

THE new comers were Wilfred of Ivanhoe, on the Prier of Beaulieu's palfrey, and Gurth, who attended him, on the Knight's own war-horse. The astonishment of Ivanhoe was beyond bounds, when he saw his master besprinkled with blood, and six or seven dead bodies lying around in the little glade in which the battle had taken place. Nor was he less surprised to see Richard surrounded by so many silent attendants, the outlaws, as they seemed to be, of the forest, and a portly retinue therefore for a prince. He hesitated whether to address the King as the Black Knight-errant, or in what other manner to denote himself towards him. Richard saw his embarrassment.

"Fear not, Wilfred," he said, "to address Richard Plantagenet as himself, since thou seest him in the company of true English knights, although it may be they have been urged a few steps aside by warm English blood."

"Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe," said the gallant Outlaw, stepping forward, "my assurance can add nothing to those of our sovereign; yet, let me say somewhat proudly, that of men who have suffered much, he hath not true subjects than those who now stand around him."

"I cannot doubt it, brave man," said Wilfred, "since thou art of the number—But what mean these marks of death and danger! these slain men, and the bloody armour of my Prince?"

"Treason hath been with us, Ivanhoe," said the King; "but, thanks to these brave men, treason hath not its need—But, now I behold thee, thou too art a traitor," said Richard, smiling; "a most disobedient traitor; for were not our orders positive, that thou shouldst repose thyself at Saint Beaulieu until thy wound was healed?"

"It is healed," said Ivanhoe; "it is not of more consequence than the scratch of a bolkin. But why, oh, why, noble Prince,

will you thus vex the hearts of your faithful servants, and expose your life by lonely journeys and rash adventures, as if it were of no more value than that of a mere knight-errant, who has no interest on earth but what lance and sword may procure him?"

"And Richard Plantagenet," said the King, "desires no more than his good lance and sword may acquire him—and Richard Plantagenet is proud of achieving an adventure, with only his good sword, and his good arm to spend, than if he led to battle a host of a hundred thousand armed men."

"But your kingdom, my Liege," said Isambard, "your kingdom is threatened with dissension and civil war—your subjects menaced with every species of evil, if deprived of their sovereign in some of those dangers which it is your daily pleasure to incur, and from which you have but this moment narrowly escaped."

"Ha! ha! my kingdom and my subjects!" answered Richard, impatiently; "I tell thee, Sir Wilfred, the best of them are most willing to repay my follies in kind—For example, my very faithful servant, Wilfred of Dunelm, will not obey my positive commands, and yet make his king a fool, because he does not walk exactly by his advice. Which of us has most reason to upbraid the other?—Yet forgive me, my faithful Wilfred. The time I have spent, and am yet to spend, in commitment, is, as I explained to thee at Saint Botolph's, necessary to give my friends and faithful nobles time to assemble their forces, that when Richard's return is announced, he should be at the head of such a force as enemies shall tremble to face, and thus silence the malicious treason, without even mentioning a sword. Rochester and Dover will not be strong enough to move forward to York for twenty-four hours. I must have news of Salisbury from the south; and of Birmingham, in Warwickshire; and of Malton and Percy in the north. The Chancellor must make sure of London. Too weak an appearance would subject me to danger, other than my lance and sword, though backed by the bow of bold Robin, or the quarter-staff of Friar Tuck, and the horns of the sage Wamba, may be able to rescue me from."

Wilfred bowed in submission, well knowing how vain it was to contend with the wild spirit of chivalry which so often impelled his master upon dangers which he might easily have

avoided, or rather, which it was unquestionable in him to have sought out. The young knight sighed, therefore, and held his peace; while Richard, rejoiced at having silenced his counsellor, though his heart acknowledged the justice of the charge he had brought against him, went on in conversation with Robin Hood—"King of Outlaws," he said, "have you no refreshment to offer to your brother sovereign? for these dead knaves have found me both in exercise and appetite."

"In truth," replied the Outlaw, "for I seem to live to your Grace, ourarder is chiefly supplied with"—He stopped, and was somewhat embarrassed.

"With venison, I suppose?" said Richard gaily; "better food at need there can be none—and truly, if a king will not scruple at home and slay his own game, methinks he should not marvel too loud if he finds it killed to his hand."

"If your Grace, then," said Robin, "will again honour with your presence one of Robin Hood's places of rendezvous, the venison shall not be lacking; and a drop of ale, and it may be a cup of remarkably good wine, to relish it with."

The Outlaw accordingly led the way, followed by the banner-bearer, more happy, probably, in this chance meeting with Robin Hood and his followers, than he would have been in again assuming his royal state, and presiding over a splendid circle of peers and nobles. Novelty in society and adventure were the salt of life to Richard Cour-de-Lion, and it had its highest relish when enhanced by dangers encountered and surmounted. In the lion-hearted King, the brilliant, but useless character, of a knight of romance was in a great measure realised and revived; and the personal glory which he sought by his own deeds of arms, was far more dear to his excited imagination than that which a course of policy and wisdom would have spread around his government. Accordingly, his reign was like the course of a brilliant and rapid meteor, which shoots along the face of heaven, shedding around an unnecessary and potent light, which is instantly swallowed up by universal darkness; his feats of chivalry dazzled the hearts and ministers, but affording none of those solid benefits to his country on which history loves to pause, and hold up as an example to posterity. But in his present company Richard showed to the greatest imaginable advantage. He was gay, good-humoured, and free of machination in every risk of life.

Beneath a huge oak tree the silver repast was hastily prepared for the King of England, surrounded by men, outlaws to his government, but who now formed his court and his guard. As the flagon went round, the rough foresters soon lost their awe for the presence of Majesty. The song and the jest were exchanged—the stories of former deeds were told with advantage; and at length, and while boasting of their successful imitation of the laws, no one recollected they were speaking in presence of their natural guardian. The merry King, nothing losing his dignity any more than his company, laughed, quaffed, and jested among the jolly band. The natural and rough sense of Robin Hood led him to be desirous that the scene should be closed ere anything should occur to disturb its harmony, the more especially that he observed Ivanhoe's brow clouded with anxiety. "We are honoured," he said to Ivanhoe apart, "by the presence of our gallant Sovereign; yet I would not that he should be dilled with time, which the circumstances of his kingdom may render precious."

"It is well and wisely spoken, leave Robin Hood," said Wilfred apart; "and know, moreover, that they who jest with Majesty, even in its gayest mood, are but toying with the lion's whelp, which, on slight provocation, uses both fangs and claws."

"You have touched the very mass of my fear," said the Outlaw; "my men are rough by practice and nature, the King is hasty as well as good-humoured; nor know I how soon cause of offence may arise, or how warmly it may be received—it is time this revel were broken off."

"It must be by your management, then, gallant yeoman," said Ivanhoe; "for such hint I have essayed to give him screen only to induce him to pushing it."

"What I am more risk the pardon and favour of my Sovereign?" said Robin Hood, pausing for an instant; "but, by Saint Christopher, it shall be so. I was undeserving his grace did I not peril it for his good.—Here, Southlock, get thee behind yonder thicket and wind me a Norman blast on thy bagle, and without an instant's delay, on peril of your life."

Southlock obeyed his captain, and in less than five minutes the revellers were startled by the sound of his horn.

"It is the bagle of Melrose," said the Miller, starting to his feet, and sitting his bow. The Friar dropped the flagon, and grasped his quarter-staff. Wamba stopped short in the



midst of a jest, and betook himself to sword and target. All the others stood to their weapons.

Men of their peevishness scarce of life change readily from the banquet to the battle; and to Richard the exchange seemed but a succession of pleasure. He called for his helmet and the most cumbersome parts of his armour, which he had laid aside; and while Garth was putting them on, he laid his stout injunctions on Willielm, under pain of his highest displeasure, not to engage in the skirmish which he supposed was approaching.

"Thou hast fought for me an hundred times, Willielm,—and I have seen it. Thou shalt this day look on, and see how Richard will fight for his friend and liegeman."

In the meantime Robin Hood had sent off several of his followers in different directions, as if to reconnoitre the enemy; and when he saw the company effectually broken up he approached Richard, who was now completely armed, and kneeling down on one knee, craved pardon of his Sovereign.

"For what, good yeoman?" said Richard, somewhat impatiently. "Have we not already granted thee a full pardon for all transgressions? Thinkest thou our word is a feather, to be blown backward and forward between us? Thou canst not have had time to commit any new offence since that time!"

"Ay, but I have thought," answered the yeoman, "if it be an offence to deceive my prince for his own advantage. The badge you have heard was none of Malcolme's, but blown by my direction, to break off the banquet, but it trod upon some bones of Gesser import than to be thus chafed with."

He then rose from his knee, folded his arms on his bosom, and in a manner rather respectful than submissive, awaited the answer of the King.—The one who is conscious he may have given offence, yet is confident in the rectitude of his motive. The blood rushed in anger to the countenance of Richard; but it was the first transient emotion, and his sense of justice instantly subdued it.

"The King of Sherwood," he said, "grudge his vocation and his wine-drunk to the King of England! It is well, bold Robin!—but when you come to see me in merry London I trust to be a less signified host. Thou art right, however, good fellow. Let us therefore to home and away.—Willielm has been impatient this hour. Tell me, bold Robin, hast thou never a friend in thy band, who, not content with advising, will needs direct thy

motions, and look miserable when their duty presses in aid for thyself!"

"Such a one," said Robin, "is my Lieutenant, Little John, who is even now absent on an expedition as far as the borders of Scotland; and I will own to your Majesty, that I am sometimes displeased by the freedom of his counsel—but when I think twice, I cannot be long angry with one who can have no motive for his anxiety save zeal for his master's service."

"Then art right, good yeoman," answered Richard; "and if I had Ivanhoe, on the one hand, to give grave advice, and recommend it by the sad gravity of his brow, and then, on the other, to trick me into what thou thinkest my own good, I should have as little the freedom of mine own will as any king in Christendom or Heathendom.—But come, sire, let us hurry on to Charingburgh, and think no more on't."

Robin Hood assured them that he had detached a party in the direction of the road they were to pass, who would not fail to discover and apprise them of any secret ambushes; and that he had little doubt they would find the ways secure, or if otherwise, would receive such timely notice of the danger as would enable them to fall back on a strong troop of archers, with which he himself proposed to follow on the same route.

The wise and attentive precautions adopted for his safety lessened Richard's feelings, and removed any slight grudge which he might retain on account of the deception the Outlaw Captain had practised upon him. He once more extended his hand to Robin Hood, assured him of his full pardon and future favour, as well as his firm resolution to restrain the tyrannical exercises of the forest rights and other oppressive laws, by which so many English yeomen were driven into a state of rebellion. But Richard's good intentions towards the bold Outlaw were frustrated by the King's untimely death; and the Charter of the Forest was extorted from the unwilling hands of King John when he succeeded to his heroic brother.—As for the rest of Robin Hood's career, as well as the tale of his treacherous death, they are to be found in those black-letter garbads, once sold at the low and cheap rate of one halfpenny,

"Yare cheaply purchased at their weight in gold."

The Outlaw's opinion proved true; and the King, attended by Isambard, Gurth, and Wamba, arrived, without any inter-

ruption, within view of the Castle of Coningsburgh, while the sun was yet in the horizon.

There are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England, than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland, and on a mound ascending from the shore, well defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the kings of England. The outer walls have probably been added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears tokens of very great antiquity. It is situated on a mound at one angle of the inner court, and forms a complete circle of perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped or defended by six huge external buttresses which project from the circle, and rise up against the sides of the tower as if to strengthen or to support it. These massive buttresses are solid when they arise from the foundation, and a good way higher up; but are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in a sort of turret communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of this huge building, with these singular accompaniments, is as interesting to the tourist of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Sceptarchy. A barrow, in the vicinity of the castle, is pointed out as the tomb of the memorable Hengist; and various monuments, of great antiquity and curiosity, are shown in the neighbouring neighbourhood.\*

When Osbert-de-Lion and his retinue approached this rude yet stately building, it was not, as at present, surrounded by external fortifications. The Saxon architect had exhausted his art in rendering the main keep defensible, and there was no other circumvallation than a rude barrier of palisades.

A huge black banner, which floated from the top of the tower, announced that the obsequies of the late owner were still in the act of being celebrated. It bore no emblem of the deceased's birth or quality, for armorial bearings were then a novelty among the Normans chiefly themselves, and were totally unknown to the Saxons. But above the gate was another banner, on which the figure of a white horse, richly painted,

\* *State of Coningsburgh Castle.*

indicated the nation and rank of the deceased, by the well-known symbol of Hengist and his Saxon warriors.

All around the castle was a scene of busy animation ; for each flowered banquet was thronged with guests of general and profuse hospitality, which not only essayed one who could claim the most distant connection with the deceased, but all passengers whatsoever, were invited to partake. The wealth and consequences of the deceased Athelstane, sanctioned this custom to be observed to the fullest extent.

Numerous parties, therefore, were seen ascending and descending the hill on which the castle was situated ; and when the King and his attendants entered the open and unguarded gates of the external barrier, the space within presented a scene not easily reconciled with the cause of the assemblage. In one place cocks were pulling in most huge men and fat sheep ; in another, legions of ale were set abroad, to be drained at the freedom of all comers. Groups of every description were to be seen devouring the food and swallowing the liquor thus abandoned to their discretion. The naked Saxon son was quenching the arse of his half-year's hunger and thirst, in one day of glutinous and drunkenness—the more pampered barque and guild-brother was eating his morsel with gusto, or curiously criticising the quantity of the malt and the skill of the brewer. Some few of the poorer Norman gentry might also be seen, distinguished by their shaven chins and short cloaks, and not less so by their keeping together, and looking with great scorn on the whole assembly, even while contravening to avail themselves of the good cheer which was so liberally supplied.

Minstrels were of course assembled by the score, together with strolling soldiers returned from Palestine (according to their own account at least), pedlars were displaying their wares, travelling mechanics were inquiring after employment, and wandering palmers, hedge-priests, Saxon minstrels, and Welsh harpists, were muttering prayers, and extracting infernal digests from their harps, crowds, and reeds.\* One sang forth the praises of Athelstane in a doleful elegiac ; another, in a Saxon genealogical poem, rehearsed the unweary and harsh names of his noble ancestry. Jesters and jugglers were not wanting,

\* The mouth, or crowd, was a species of violin. The reed, a sort of guitar, or rather lute-guitar, the strings of which were managed by a wheel, from which the instrument took its name.

ner was the occasion of the assembly supposed to render the speeches of their profession indolent or improper. Indeed the ideas of the Saxons on these occasions were as natural as they were rude. If sorrow was thirsty, there was drink—if hungry, there was food—if it sunk down upon and softened the heart, here were the means supplied of mirth, or at least of amusement. Nor did the assistants seem to swell themselves of those means of consolation, although, every now and then, as if suddenly recollecting the cause which had brought them together, the men groined in unison, while the females, of whom many were present, raised up their voices and shrieked for very woe.

Such was the scene in the castle-yard at Coningsburgh when it was entered by Richard and his followers. The monarch or steward designed not to take notice of the groups of inferior guests who were perpetually entering and withdrawing, unless as far as was necessary to preserve order; nevertheless he was struck by the good mien of the Monarch and Ivanhoe, more especially as he imagined the features of the latter were familiar to him. Besides, the approach of two knights, for such their dress bespoke them, was a rare event at a Saxon assembly, and could not but be regarded as a sort of honour to the deceased and his family. And in his noble dress, and holding in his hand his white wand of office, this important personage made way through the miscellaneous assemblage of guests, then conducting Richard and Ivanhoe to the entrance of the tower. Gurth and Wamba speedily found acquaintance in the court-yard, nor presumed to intrude themselves any farther until their presence should be required.

## CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

I found them watching of Marcell's corpse,  
And there was such a solemn melody,  
Tears, dirgeful songs, tears, and sad sighs,—  
Such as old grandmothers, watching by the death,  
Are wont to utter the night with.

Our Host.

THE mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early

those in which it was erected. A flight of steps, so deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower, by which the adventurous antiquary may still, or at least could a few years since, gain access to a small stair within the thickness of the main wall of the tower, which leads up to the third storey of the building,—the two lower being dungeons or vaults, which neither receive air nor light, save by a square hole in the third storey, with which they seem to have communicated by a ladder. The access to the upper apartments in the tower, which consist in all of four storeys, is given by stairs which are crested up through the external battlements.

By this difficult and complicated entrance, the good King Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, was ushered into the round apartment which occupies the whole of the third storey from the ground. Withdrew, by the diffidence of the secret, gained time to soothe his face in his mantle, as it had been held expedient that he should not present himself to his father until the King should give him the signal.

There were assembled in this apartment, around a large oaken table, about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties. These were all old, or at least elderly men; for the younger race, to the great displeasure of the seniors, had, like Ivanhoe, broken down many of the barriers which separated for half-a-century the Norman victors from the vanquished Saxons. The downcast and sorrowful looks of these venerable men, their slowness and their mournful postures, formed a strong contrast to the levity of the revels on the outside of the castle. Their grey heads and long fall beards, together with their antique tunics and loose black mantles, suited well with the singular and rude apartment in which they were seated, and gave the appearance of a band of ancient worshippers of Woden, recalled to life to witness over the decay of their national glory.

Godric, seated in equal rank among his countrymen, seemed yet, by common consent, to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard (only known to him as the valiant Knight of the Reddedock) he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation, *Wæn hæd*, raising at the same time a golden to his head. The King, no stranger to the customs of his English subjects, returned the greeting with the

appropriate words, *Evien Aed*, and partook of a cup which was handed to him by the server. The same courtesy was offered to Frank, who pledged his father in silence, supplying the usual speech by an inclination of his head, lest his voice should have been recognized.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Cedric arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was separated as it were out of one of the external buildings. As there was no opening, saving a very narrow loop-hole, the place would have been nearly quite dark but for two flambeaux or torches, which showed, by a red and smoky light, the arched roof and naked walls, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material.

Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of this bier knelt three priests, who told their heads, and muttered their prayers with the greatest signs of external devotion. For this service a splendid service was paid to the church of Saint Edmund's by the mother of the deceased; and, that it might be fully deserved, the whole brethren, wearing the same habit, had transferred themselves to Chesham, where, while six of their number were constantly on guard in the performance of divine rites by the bier of Athelstan, the others failed not to take their share of the reflections and amusements which went on at the castle. In maintaining this pious watch and ward, the good monks were particularly careful not to interrupt their hymns for an instant, lest Eustachius, the ancient Saxon Apollon, should by his ditches on the departed Athelstan. Nor were they less careful to prevent any unshaven layman from touching the pill, which, having been that used at the funeral of Saint Edmund, was held to be decorated if handled by the profane. If, in truth, these attentions could be of any use to the deceased, he had more right to expect them at the hands of the brethren of Saint Edmund's, since, besides a hundred manseons of gold paid down as the endowment, the mother of Athelstan had announced her intention of endowing that foundation with the better part of the lands of the deceased, in order to maintain perpetual prayers for his soul, and that of her departed husband.

Richard and Wilfred followed the Saxon Cedric into the apartment of death, where, as their guide pointed with solemn

aid to the untimely bier of Athelstane, they followed his example in deeply crossing themselves, and muttering a brief prayer for the soul of the departed soul.

This act of pious charity performed, Ceolfric again motioned them to follow him, gliding over the stone floor with a noiseless tread; and, after ascending a few steps, opened with great caution the door of a small oratory, which adjoined to the chapel. It was about eight feet square, belleted, like the chapel itself, out of the thickness of the wall; and the loop-hole, which enlightened it, being to the west, and widening considerably as it sloped inward, a beam of the setting sun forced its way into its dark recess, and shewed a female of a dignified mien, and whose countenance retained the marked remains of majestic beauty. Her long mourning robes, and her flowing wreaths of black cypress, enhanced the whiteness of her skin, and the beauty of her light-coloured and flowing tresses, which time had neither thinned nor mingled with silver. Her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow that is consistent with resignation. On the stone table before her stood a crucifix of ivory, beside which was laid a missal, having its pages richly illuminated, and its boards adorned with slabs of gold, and bones of the same precious metal.

"Noble Edith," said Ceolfric, after having stood a moment silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time to look upon the lady of the mansion, "these are worthy strangers, come to take a part in thy sorrows. And this, in especial, is the valiant Knight who fought so bravely for the deliverance of him for whom we this day mourn."

"His memory has my thanks," returned the lady; "although it be the will of Heaven that it should be displayed in vain. I thank, too, his courtesy, and that of his companion, which hath brought them hither to behold the widow of Adeling, the mother of Athelstane, in her deep hour of sorrow and lamentation. To your care, kind Monks, I intrust them, satisfied that they will want no hospitality which these sad walls can yet afford."

The guests bowed deeply to the mourning priest, and withdrew with their hospitable guide.

Another winding stair conducted them to an apartment of the same size with that which they had first entered, occupying indeed the story immediately above. From this room, one yet



the door was opened, proceeded a low and melancholy strain of vocal music. When they entered, they found themselves in the presence of about twenty matrons and maidens of distinguished Saxon lineage. Four maidens, Rosena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas :—

Dust unto dust,  
To dust all must ;  
The burial hath resign'd  
The faded form  
To waste and worm :—  
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown  
They meet dark dews,  
To mark the radius of woe,  
Where they pale  
Shall prove the stain  
Of sorrow's dark below.

In that sad place,  
By Mary's grace,  
Blest may thy dwelling be !  
Till prayers and tears,  
And holy psalms,  
Shall set the captive free.

While this dirge was sung, in a low and melancholy tone, by the female chorists, the others were divided into two bands, of which one was engaged in bedecking, with such embroidery as their skill and taste could compass, a large African pall, destined to cover the bier of Athelstan, while the others busied themselves in selecting, from baskets of flowers placed before them, garlands, which they intended for the same mournful purpose. The behaviour of the matrons was demure, if not marked with deep affliction ; but now and then a whisper or a smile called forth the rebuke of the severer matrons, and here and there might be seen a damsel more interested in endeavouring to find out how her mourning-robe became her, than in the dismal ceremony for which they were preparing. Neither was this propensity (if we must needs confess the truth) at all diminished by the appearance of two strange knights, which occasioned some looking up, peeping, and whispering. Rosena alone, too proud to be vain, paid her greeting to her deliverer with a graceful courtesy. Her demeanour was serious, but not dejected ; and it may be doubted whether thoughts of vengeance, and of the uncertainty of life here, did not claim as great a share in her gravity as the death of her kinsman.

To Cedric, however, who, as we have observed, was not

remarkably clear-sighted on such occasions, the sorrow of his ward seemed so much deeper than any of the other maidens, that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation—"She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstan."—It may be doubted whether this communication went a far way to increase Wilfred's disposition to sympathise with the mourners of Cynlfeburgh.

Having then formally introduced the guests to the different chambers in which the obsequies of Athelstan were celebrated under different forms, Cedric conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honourable guests, whose more slight connection with the deceased might render them unwilling to join those who were immediately affected by the unhappy event. He assured them of every accommodation, and was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his leave.

"I crave to remind you, noble Thane," he said, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble Knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment!"—

"Of that also," said the King, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief—neither does it seem to me unfit, that, when closing the grave on the noble Athelstan, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir Knight of the Potterdock," said Cedric, colouring, and interrupting the King in his turn, "I trust your boon regards yourself and no other; for in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is scarce fitting that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the King, mildly, "unless in as far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Potterdock—Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!" exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England!—whose dearest interest—whose dearest wish, is to see her sons united with each other.—And, how now, worthy Thane! hast thou no knee for thy prince?"

"To Norman blood," said Cedric, "it hath never bended."

"Reserve thine homage, then," said the Monarch, "until I

shall prove my right to it by my equal protection of Normans and English."

"Prince," answered Colric, "I have ever done justice to thy bravery and thy worth—Nor can I ignore of thy claim to the crown through thy descent from Matilda, niece to Edgar Atheling, and daughter to Malcolm of Scotland. But Matilda, though of the royal Saxons blood, was not the heir to the monarchy."

"I will not dispute my title with thee, while Thane," said Richard, calmly; "but I will bid thee look around thee, and see where thou wilt find another to be put into the scale against it."

"And hast thou ventured hither, Prince, to tell me so?" said Colric—"To upbraid me with the ruin of my race on the grave has closed o'er the last action of Saxon royalty?"—His countenance darkened as he spoke—"It was sadly—it was sadly done!"

"Not so, by the holy rood!" replied the King; "it was done in the frank confidence which our brave men may repose in another, without a shadow of danger."

"Then, my lord, Sir King—for King I own thou art, and wilt be, despite of my feble opposition,—I dare not take the only mode to prevent it, though thou hast placed the strong temptation within my reach!"

"And now to my born," said the King, "which I ask not with one jot the less confidence, that thou hast refused to acknowledge my lawful sovereignty. I require of thee, as a man of thy word, on pain of being held faithless, man-sworn, and withering,\* to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Iwerke. In this reconciliation thou wilt owe I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And this is Wilfred?" said Colric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Iwerke, prostrating himself at Colric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Colric, raising him up. "The son of Harward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman. But let me see thee use the dress and costume of thy English ancestry—no short tunic, no gay ornaments, no fantastic plumage in thy descent household. Be

that would be the son of Colbie must show himself of English ancestry.—Thou art about to speak," he added, sternly, "and I give thee topic. The Lady Ravens must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband—all our Saxons ancestors would share us were we to treat of a new union for her as the grave of him she should have wedded—him, so much the more worthy of her hand by birth and ancestry—is yet closed. The ghost of Athelstane himself would burst his bloody garments, and stand before us to forbid such dishonour to his memory."

It seemed as if Colbie's words had raised a spectre; for scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something risen from the dead!

The effect of this apparition on the persons present was utterly appalling. Colbie started back as far as the wall of the apartment would permit, and, leaning against it as one unable to support himself, gazed on the figure of his friend with eyes that seemed fixed, and a mouth which he appeared incapable of shutting. Ivushoo crossed himself, repeating papers in Sans, Latin, or Norman-French, as they occurred to his memory; while Richard alternately said, *Requiescat*, and *amen*, *Mort de ma vie!*

In the meantime, a horrible noise was heard below stairs, some crying, "Secure the transgressive monks!" others, "Down with them into the dungeon!"—others, "Pick them from the highest battlements!"

"In the name of God!" said Colbie, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose!—Living or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Colbie!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me thee—Alive, midst them!—I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days, which were three ages—Yes, bread and water, Father Colbie! By Heaven, and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my weakened for three living days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of

the storm at Turgillstone, and as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was cleft through the tooth."

"You thought so, Sir Knight," said Athelstone, "and Wamba too. My teeth are in good order, and that my supper shall presently find—No thanks to the Turgill stone, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me fullage, being averted by the handle of the good mass with which I wanted the blow; but my steel cap been on, I had not valued it a reek, and had dealt him such a monitor-buff as would have split his ribcage. But as it was, down I went, stunned, indeed, but unscathed. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—(an open one, by good luck)—placed before the altar of the church of Saint Edmund's. I awoke repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the Sacristan and Abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise, surprised, doubtful, and so very pleased to find the man alive, whose heels they had supposed themselves to be. I asked for wine—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and awakened not for many hours. I found my arms crushed down—my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ache at the very remembrance—the place was utterly dark—the solitude, as I suppose, of their sequestered convent, and from the close, stifled, damp smell, I conceived it to also need for a place of sepulture. I had strange thoughts of what had befallen me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villous monks entered. They would have persuaded me I was in purgatory, but I knew too well the pearly short-breathed voice of the Father Abbot.—Saint Jeremy! how different from that tone with which he used to ask me for another slice of the hunch!—the dog has fasted with me from Christmas to Twelfth-night."

"Have patience, noble Athelstone," said the King, "take breath—tell your story at leisure—beware we let such a tale lie as well worth listening to as a romance."

"Ay but, by the roof of Bromholm, there was no romance in the matter!" said Athelstone.—"A barley-loaf and a pitcher of water—that they gave me, the abigayly traitors, when my father, and I myself, had enticed, when their last resources were the ditches of bacon and measures of corn, out of which they wheedled poor souls and bondsmen, in exchange for their

prayers—the rest of foul ungrateful victims—bury bread and ditch water to such a patron as I had been! I will smite them out of their nest, though I be excommunicated!”

“But, in the name of Our Lady, noble Athelstan,” said Cedric, grasping the hand of his friend, “how didst thou escape this imminent danger?—did their hearts relent?”

“Did their hearts relent?” echoed Athelstan.—“Do rocks melt with the sun? I should have been there still, had not some elf in the current, which I find was their procession hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they will know how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarms out of their lairs. I heard them dreading out their death-pulses, little judging they were eating in respect for my soul by those who were thus finishing my body. They went, however, and I waited long for food—no wonder—the good Saristan was even too busy with his own provender to mind mine. At length, down he came, with an unstable step and a strong flavour of wine and spices about his person. Good cheer had opened his heart, for he left me a bowl of pottage and a flask of wine, instead of my former fare. I ate, drank, and was invigorated; when, to add to my good luck, the Saristan, too witty to discharge his duty of thanksgiving fully, looked the door beside the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine, set my invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed, was more rusted than I or the villain Abbot had supposed. Even iron could not remain without consuming in the fumes of that infernal dungeon.”

“Take breath, noble Athelstan,” said Richard, “and partake of some refreshment, ere you proceed with a tale so dreadful.”

“Partake?” quoth Athelstan; “I have been partaking five times to-day—and yet a morsel of that recovery hath were not altogether foreign to the matter; and I pray you, fair sir, to do me reason in a cup of wine.”

The guests, though still appaie with astonishment, pledged their remonstrated landlord, who thus proceeded in his story. He had indeed now many more auditors than those to whom it was commenced, for Edith, having given certain necessary orders for arranging matters within the Castle, had followed the dead-alive up to the stranger's apartment, attended by as many of the grooms, male and female, as could squeeze into the small room, while others, crowding the staircase, caught up as

anonymous edition of the story, and transmitted it still more inaccurately to those beneath, who again sent it forth to the vulgar without, in a fashion totally irreconcilable to the real fact. Atholstan, however, went on as follows, with the history of his escape:—

"Feeling myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself up stairs as well as a man loaded with shackles, and consulted with fasting might; and after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roundelay, to the apartment where the worthy Sauristan, as it so please ye, was holding a devil's mass with a huge bottle-browed, broad-shouldered brother of the gray frock and avel, who looked much more like a thief than a clergyman. I burst in upon them, and the fashion of my grave-digger, as well as the clanking of my chains, made me more resemble an inhabitant of the other world than of this. Both stood aghast; but when I leaped down the Sauristan with my fist, the other fellow, his pot-companion, fetched a blow at me with a huge quarter-staff."

"This must be our Friar Tuck, for a cozen's ransom," said Richard, looking at Evadne.

"He may be the devil, as he will," said Atholstan. "Fortunately he missed the aim; and on my approaching to grapple with him, took to his heels and ran for it. I failed not to set my own heels at liberty by means of the fetter-key, which hung amongst others at the warden's belt; and I had thoughts of beating out the knave's brains with the back of my hand, but gadding for the mock of party and the flask of wine which the rascal had imparted to my captivity, came over my heart; so, with a brace of hearty kicks, I left him on the floor, poached some baked meat, and a leather bottle of wine, with which the two venerable brethren had been regaling, went to the stable, and found in a private stall my own best palfrey, which, doubtless, had been set apart for the holy Father Abbot's particular use. Either I moved with all the speed the beast could manage—or man and mother's son dying before me wherever I came, taking me for a spectre, the more especially so, to prevent my being recognised, I drew the corpsehood over my face. I had not gained admittance into my own castle, had I not been supposed to be the attendant of a juggler who is making the people in the marketplace very merry, considering they are assembled to celebrate their lord's funeral—I say the never thought I was

dressed to bear a part in the traitor's misery, and so I got admission, and did but disclose myself to my mother, and eat a hasty morsel, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend."

"And you have found me," said Cedric, "ready to resume our brave projects of honour and liberty. I tell thee, never will dawn a morrow so auspicious as the next, for the deliverance of the noble Norman race."

"Talk not to me of delivering any one," said Athelstane; "it is well I am delivered myself. I am more intent on punishing that villain Abbot. He shall hang on the top of this Castle of Goringburgh, in his cope and stole; and if the stairs be too strict to admit his fat carcase, I will have him craned up from without."

"But, my son," said Edith, "consider his sacred office."

"Consider my three days' fast," replied Athelstane; "I will have their blood every one of them. *From-de-Bœuf* was burnt alive for a less matter, for he kept a good table for his prisoners, only put too much garlic in his last dish of pottage. But those hypocritical, ungrateful slaves, so often the self-avowed saviours at my board, who gave me neither pottage nor garlic, more or less, they die, by the soul of Hengist!"

"But the Pope, my noble friend," said Cedric—

"But the devil, my noble friend"—answered Athelstane; "they die, and so more of them. Were they the best meals upon earth, the world would go on without them."

"For shame, noble Athelstane," said Cedric; "forget such vices in the career of glory which lies open before thee. Tell this Norman prince, Richard of Anjou, that, lion-hearted as he is, he shall not hold undisturbed the throne of Alfred while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it."

"How?" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of thy will, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner—thou wilt knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as a subject besides, for I love tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."

"My son," said Edith, "think on thy royal rights!"

"Think on the freedom of England, degenerate Prince!" said Cedric.



"Mother and friend," said Athelstan, "a truce to your upbraidings—bread and water and a dangerous are marvels more worthful of ambition, and I rise from the tomb a wiser man than I descended into it. One half of those vain follies were pulled into my ear by that perfidious Abbot Wilfrid, and you may now judge if he is a counsellor to be trusted. Since those plots were set in agitation, I have had nothing but hurried journeys, indignations, blows and bruises, imprisonments and starvation; besides that they can only end in the murder of some thousands of quiet folk. I tell you, I will be king in my own domains, and nowhere else; and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the Abbot."

"And my ward Eowena," said Celric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Celric," said Athelstan, "be reasonable. The Lady Eowena came not for me—she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person. There she stands to avouch it—Nay, hush not, kinswoman, there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country franklin—and do not laugh either, Eowena, for gowns, clothes and a thin ring are, God knows, no matter of meritment—Nay, as thou wilt needs laugh, I will find thee a better jest—Give me thy hand, or rather lend it me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship.—Here, cousin Wilfred of Franke, in thy finger I resource and alight.—Hap! by Saint Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished!—Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the flaring I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked round and inquired for Franke, but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Guth and his armour, and had left the castle.

"Fair cousin," said Athelstan to Eowena, "could I think that this sudden disappearance of Franke was occasioned by other than the weightiest reason, I would myself rue it"—

But he had no sooner let go her hand, on first observing that Eowena had disappeared, than Eowena, who had found her situation extremely embarrassing, had taken the first opportunity to escape from the apartment.

"Certainly," quoth Athelstan, "women are the least to be trusted of all animals, monks and abbots excepted. I am as

infidel, if I expected not thanks from her, and perhaps a kiss to boot—These sacred grave-dusts have surely a spell on them, every one else from me.—To you I turn, noble King Richard, with the vows of allegiance, which, as a *lego-subject*—

But King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the courtyard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Irnstone, and after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate, which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

"By my halidoms!" said Athelstone, "it is certain that Ezzeluck hath possessed himself of my castle in my absence. I refuse in my grave-dusts, a pledge restored from the very sepulchre, and every one I speak to vanishes as soon as they hear my voice!—But it dwells not talking of it. Come, my friends—such of you as are left, follow me to the banquet-hall, but any more of us disappear—it is, I trust, as yet tolerably furnished, as becomes the obsequies of an ancient Saxon noble; and should we tarry any longer, who knows but the devil may fly off with the supper?"\*

\* The ramification of Athelstone has been much criticised, as too distant a branch of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a necessity, to which the Author was compelled to have recourse, by the vehement entreaties of his friend and painter, who was inaccessible to the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb.

## CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

The Minstrel's sleep no heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his slumbering warrior's back,  
And throw the stilet halberd in the lava,  
A swift resort!

ROMAN II.

Our scene now returns to the interior of the Castle, or Precinctory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural fest. But the current

desire to look on blood and death is not peculiar to those dark ages; through in the gladiatorial exercise of single combat and general battery, they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of human men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when accords are better understood, an execution, a boxing match, a riot, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable houses in themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested, except to see how matters are to be conducted, or whether the heroes of the day are, in the heroic language of insurgent tailors, flints or daggers.

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the Proseutry of Tompinstown, with the purpose of witnessing the procession; while still greater numbers had already surrounded the tiltyard belonging to that establishment. This enclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining to the Proseutry, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Tomplars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion, a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the west end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Proseutors, and Knights of the Order. Over them floated the sacred standard, called *Le Rose-rose*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry of the Tomplars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for the purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose colour and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stood not excepting one and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips, and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the

thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled creatures could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had consorted, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the facts which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period, not failing, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due.

"Have you not heard, Father Dunnet," quoth one born to another advanced in years, "that the devil has carried away bodily the great Saxon Thane, Athelstane of Coningsburgh?"

"Ay, but he brought him back through, by the blessing of God and Saint Dunstan."

"How's that?" said a brisk young fellow, dressed in a green cassock unbrokkered with gold, and having at his heels a stout lad bearing a harp upon his back, which betrayed his vocation. The Minister seemed of no vulgar rank; for, besides the splendour of his gaily hooded doublet, he wore around his neck a silver chain, by which hung the waist, or key, with which he tuned his harp. On his right arm was a silver plate, which, instead of bearing, as usual, the cognizance or badge of the house to whom family he belonged, had barely the word *Servant* engraved upon it—"How mean you by that?" said the gay Minister, mingling in the conversation of the peasants; "I came to seek one subject for my rhyme, and, by'r Lady, I were glad to find two."

"It is well enough," said the older peasant, "that after Athelstane of Coningsburgh had been dead four weeks"—

"That is impossible," said the Minister; "I saw him in life at the Passage of Arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Dead, however, he was, or else translated," said the younger peasant; "for I heard the Monks of Saint Edmund's singing the death's hymn for him; and, moreover, there was a rich death-mass and dole at the Castle of Coningsburgh, as right was; and thither had I gone, but for Mahel Purdie, who"—

"Ay, dead was Athelstane," said the old man, shaking his head, "and the more pity it was, for the old Saxon Mace!"

"But, your story, my masters—your story," said the Minister, somewhat impatiently.

"Ay, ay—continue on the story," said a hoary Prior, who stood beside them, leaning on a pole that exhibited an appar-

ance between a pilgrim's staff and a quarter-staff, and probably acted as either when occasion served.—"Your story," said the stalwart churchman; "bears not daylight about it—we have short time to spare."

"An please your reverence," said Donnet, "a drunken priest came to visit the Sacristan at Saint Edmund's!"

"It does not please my reverence," answered the churchman, "that there should be such an animal as a drunken priest, or, if there were, that a layman should so speak him. Be wary, my friend, and conclude the holy man only swept in recollection, which makes the head dizzy and feet unsteady, as if the stomach were filled with new wine—I have felt it myself."

"Well, then," answered Father Donnet, "a holy brother came to visit the Sacristan at Saint Edmund's—a sort of hedge-priest is the visitor, and kills half the deer that are stolen in the forest, who loves the tinkling of a pint-pot better than the marriage-bell, and deems a flick of tongue worth ten of his leviatory; for the rest, a good fellow and a merry, who will flourish a quarter-staff, draw a bow, and dance a Cheshire round, with o'er a man in Yorkshire."

"That last part of thy speech, Donnet," said the Minister, "has saved thee a rib or twain."

"Tack, man, I fear him not," said Donnet; "I am somewhat old and stiff, but when I fought for the bell and ran at Doncaster!"

"But the story—the story, my friend," again said the Minister.

"Why, the tale is but this—Atholstan of Coningsburgh was buried at Saint Edmund's."

"That's a lie, and a loud one," said the Prior, "for I saw him borne to his own Castle of Coningsburgh."

"May, then, you tell the story yourself, my masters," said Donnet, turning wily at these repeated contradictions; and it was with some difficulty that the two could be prevailed on, by the request of his counsels and the Minister, to renew his tale.—"These two utter flims," said he at length, "alike this reverend man will needs have them each, had continued drinking good ale and wine, and what not, for the best part of a summer's day, when they were aroused by a deep groan, and a clanking of chains, and the figure of the deceased Atholstan entered the apartment, saying, 'Ye evil shepherds!'"

"It is false," said the Friar, hastily, "he never spoke a word."

"So be! Friar Tuck," said the Minstrel, drawing him apart from the rustics; "we have started a new hare, I find."

"I tell thee, *Alma-a-Dale*," said the Hermit, "I saw Athelstane of Coldingburgh as much as bodily eyes ever saw a living man. He had his shroud on, and all about him smelt of the equine—A butt of sack will not wash it out of my memory."

"Pshaw!" answered the Minstrel; "then dost but jest with me!"

"Never believe me," said the Friar, "as I fished not a knock at him with my quarter-staff that would have felled an ox, and it glided through his body as it might through a pillar of smoke!"

"By Saint Hubert," said the Minstrel, "but it is a wondrous tale, and fit to be put in metre to the ancient tune, 'Sorrow came to the old Friar.'"

"Laugh, if ye list," said Friar Tuck; "but as ye catch me singing on such a theme, may the next ghost or devil carry me off with him headlong! No, no—I instantly turned the purpose of visiting at some good work, such as the burning of a witch, a judicial combat, or the like matter of godly service, and therefore am I here."

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of Saint Michael of Tunstowere, a venerable building, situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the muffled sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the ear was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the walls, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptory, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Geillbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armour, but without his lance, shield and sword, which were borne, by his two esquires, behind him. His face, though

partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his turban-top, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with immoderation. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet seemed his pouting war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Counsellors of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as goliathiers to the champion. They wore in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of squirens and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warriors on foot, in the same white livery, amidst whose portions might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undiminished step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, but perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to dissipate them of the power of confusion even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so godly into a vessel of wrath, and a waged slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary breath, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his goliathiers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death still so disgusting to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarise her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the divinity of his order was placed around and behind him, such in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and Reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress;—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, brightly and honourable, if such be your noble and sacred pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his quarrel is just and honourable? Bring forward the Cross and the Taffier."

"Sir, and most reverend Father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good Knight Comrade de Mont-Ericht; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert's great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his



device. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud,—“Open, eyes, eyes!—Here standeth the good Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of fine blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewish Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful crimes of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field; and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat.” The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

“No champion appears for the appellant,” said the Grand Master. “Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her name.” The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse’s head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca’s chair as soon as the herald.

“In this repulse, and according to the law of combat?” said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

“Albeit de Malvoisin, it is,” answered Beaumarchais; “for in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other, which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel.”

In the meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms:—“Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?”

“Say to the Grand Master,” replied Rebecca, “that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as one justly condemned, but I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his terms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man’s extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such attempt space is passed, may His holy will be done!” The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

“God forbid,” said Lucas Beaumarchais, “that Jew or Pagan should impose us of injustice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death.”

The herald monumentalized the work of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guillot broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my work?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful to mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. This listed space—that dark—these faggots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal—the fearful picture of a vision, which appeals my senses with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep track and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these faggots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca—dreams," answered the Templar; "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wise Salladana. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamez, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I was him in single fight from the Golden of Trebizond—now, I say, behind me—in one short hour is present and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and cease the name of Bois-Guillot from their list of execrable slaves! I will wash out with blood whosoever that they may dare to cast on my sentence."

"Templar," said Rebecca, "beware!—not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes. I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bala-Guithbert; "or is she recalcitrant in her denial?"

"She is indeed recalcitrant," said Bala-Guithbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, remove thy place to attend the issue—The shades are changing on the circle of the dial—Come, brave Bala-Guithbert—come, then, hope of our holy Order, and come to be its head."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain! what means thou by thy hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian, angrily. And, shaking off his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Mont-Fischer, "was it well directed—but, like the Greek fire, it burns whatever approaches it."

The Judges had been now two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

"And reason good," said Friar Tuck, "seeing she is a Jewess—and yet, by false order, it is said that so young and beautiful a creature should perish without one blow being struck in her behalf! Were she ten times a witch, provided she were but the least bit of a Christian, my quarter-staff should ring soon on the steel cap of yonder fierce Templar, ere he carried the matter off thus."

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other, that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca fulfilled. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however valiantly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain

with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Melvada, "that he is good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple would not furnish her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Melvada, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Acre at Ashby—remember thy proud vault in the halls of Botherwood, and the gaze of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hastest lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance immediately towards Rebecca, and then cocked his eye, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy horse, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An many of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself—Rebecca," said he, rising up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fattened by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncurable—Must not that great man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Iseult was already at his post, and had closed his vision, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his equine remarked, as he clasped his vision, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, remained during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—"Faites vos devoirs comme chevaliers!" After the third cry he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Robecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Lancez vous!*

The trumpet sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The warred horse of Iseult, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steel of the Templar. This lance of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Iseult did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Iseult, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to meet his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "undriven and unchivalrous—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to release the conquered champion. His eyes were closed,—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of

death. Unconscious by the force of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"But *voluntas tua!*"

## CHAPTER FORTY-FOURTH.

*So I saw 'tis ended, like an old wife's story.*

*WYVERLEY.*

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilford of Iwerhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless—The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not deposs him of his weapons," said the Knight of Iwerhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom—God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his obsequies be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel,—and for the maiden"——

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms, and several knights in complete armour.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bois-Guilbert for taking over property.—Iwerhoe, was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and then scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my Liege," answered Iwerhoe, "hath taken this proud man for its victim. He was not to be honoured in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him," said Richard, looking steadfastly on the corpse, "if it may be so—he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly. But we must waste no time—Behave, do thine office!"

A knight stepped forward from the king's attendants, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of high treason."

The Grand Master had likewise stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors.—He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a knight of the Temple of Zion, within the girth of his own Preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master! and by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the knight.—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the King, raising his voice, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present.—Cousin Mont-Fitchet, is it well for thee thou art born an subject of mine.—But for thee, Malvoisin, thou shalt with thy brother Philip, ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "thou canst not—look up, and behold the Royal Standard of England floats over thy towers instead of thy Temple banner!—Be wise, Beaumarchais, and make no needless opposition—Thy hand is to the hilt's mouth."

"I will appeal to Rome against thee," said the Grand Master, "for usurpation on the immunities and privileges of our Order."

"Be it so," said the King, "but the thine own make thee not with usurpation new. Dissolve thy Chapter, and depart with thy followers to thy next Preceptory (if thou canst find one), which has not been made the scene of treasonable conspiracy against the King of England—Or, if thou wilt, remain, to shame our hospitality, and behold our justice."

"To be a guest in the house where I should command!" said the Templar; "never!—Chaplains, raise the *Psalm Quere* *firmament* *glorie*!—Knights, squares, and followers of the holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of Beaumarchais!"

The Grand Master spoke with a dignity which converted even that of England's king himself, and inspired courage into his surprised and dismayed followers. They gathered around him like the sheep around the watch-dog, when they hear the baying of the wolf. But they retained not the timidity of the scared flock—there were dark traces of defiance, and looks which betrayed the hostility they dared not to proffer in words.

They drew together in a dark line of spears, from which the white cloaks of the knights were visible among the dusky garments of their retainers, like the lighter-coloured edges of a misty cloud. The multitude, who had raised a clamorous shout of reproaches, paused and gazed in silence on the formidable and experienced body to which they had unwarily bade defiance, and shrunk back from their front.

The Earl of Essex, when he beheld them pass in their assembled form, dashed the sword into his charger's side, and galloped backwards and forwards to array his followers, in opposition to a band so formidable. Richard alone, as if he loved the danger his presence had provoked, rode slowly along the front of the Templars, calling aloud, "What, sire! Among so many gallant knights, will none dare splinter a spear with Richard!—Sire of the Temple! your ladies are but sun-burned if they are not worth the silver of a broken lance!"

"The Brothers of the Temple," said the Grand Master, riding forward in advance of their body, "fight not on such idle and profane quarrel—and not with thee, Richard of England, shall a Templar cross lance in my presence. The Pope and Princes of Europe shall judge our quarrel, and whether a Christian Prince has done well in backing the cause which thou hast to-day adopted. If unassailed, we depart, meeting no one. To thine honour we refer the armour and household goods of the Order which we have held us, and on thy conscience we lay the scandal and offence thou hast this day given to Christendom."

With these words, and without waiting a reply, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure. Their trumpets sounded a wild march of an Oriental character, which formed the usual signal for the Templars to advance. They changed their array from a line to a column of march, and moved off as slowly as their horses could step, as if to show it was only the will of their Grand Master, and no fear of the opposing and superior force, which compelled them to withdraw.

"By the splendour of Our Lady's brow!" said King Richard, "it is pity of their Tross that these Templars are not so trusty as they are disciplined and valiant."

The multitude, like a shield on which water is hurled till the edge of the challenge has turned his back, raised a feeble shout as the rear of the squadron left the ground.



During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars, Rebecca saw and heard nothing—she was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, with the rapid change of circumstances around her. But one word from Isaac at length recalled her scattered thoughts.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my recovered treasure—let us go to throw ourselves at the feet of the good porth."

"Not so," said Rebecca, "O no—no—no—I must not at this moment dare to speak to him—Alas! I should say more than—No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "to leave him who hath come forth like a strong man with his spear and shield, holding his life as nothing, as he might redeem thy captivity; and thou too, the daughter of a people strange unto him and his—this is service to be thankfully acknowledged."

"It is—it is—most thankfully—most devoutly acknowledged," said Rebecca—"it shall be still more so—but not now—for the sake of thy beloved Rachel, father, grant my request—not now."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, insisting, "they will deem us more thankful than mere dogs!"

"But thou wast, my dear father, that King Richard is in prison, and that"—

"True, my best—my wisest Rebecca!—Let us hence—let us hence!—Hear ye he will lack, for he has just returned from Palestine, and, as they say, from prison—and pretext for exacting it, should he need any, may rise out of my simple traffic with his brother John. Away, away, let us hence!"

And hurrying his daughter in his arms, he conducted her from the lists, and by means of conveyance which he had provided, transported her safely to the house of Rabbi Nathan.

The Jews, whose business had formed the principal interest of the day, having now retired unobserved, the attention of the populace was transferred to the Black Knight. They now filled the air with "Long life to Richard with the Lion's Heart, and down with the usurping Templars!"

"Notwithstanding all this lip-loyalty," said Ivanhoe to the Earl of Essex, "it was well the King took the precaution to bring thee with him, noble Earl, and so many of thy trusty followers."

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"Gallant Iveshoe," said Essex, "don't thou know my Master so well, and yet suspect him of taking so wise a precaution? I was driving towards York, having heard that Prince John was making head there, when I met King Richard, like a true knight-errant, pushing hither to achieve in his own person this adventure of the Templar and the Jewess, with his own single arm. I accompanied him with my hand, almost manage his sword."

"And what news from York, brave Earl?" said Iveshoe; "will the rebels bide us there?"

"No more than December's snow will bide July's sun," said the Earl; "they are dispersing; and who should come posting to bring us the news, but John himself!"

"The traitor! the ungrateful basest traitor!" said Iveshoe; "did not Richard order him into confinement?"

"Oh! he received him," answered the Earl, "as if they had met after a hunting party; and, pointing to me and our men-at-arms, said, 'These meet, brother, I have some angry men with me—they must but go to our mother, carry her my dutiful affection, and abide with her until men's minds are pacified.'"

"And this was all he said?" inquired Iveshoe; "would not my own eye that this Prince invites men to treason by his demerit?"

"Just," replied the Earl, "as the man may be said to invite Death, who undertakes to fight a combat, having a dangerous wound unhealed."

"I forgive thee the jest, Lord Earl," said Iveshoe; "but, remember, I guarded but my own life—Richard, the welfare of his kingdom."

"True," replied Essex, "who are specially anxious of their own welfare, are seldom remarkably attentive to that of others—but let us haste to the castle, for Richard meditates punishing some of the subordinate members of the conspiracy, though he has pardoned their principal."

From the judicial investigations which followed on this occasion, and which are given at length in the *Wardour Manuscript*, it appears that Maurice de Bracy escaped beyond seas, and went into the service of Philip of France; while Philip de Malvoisin, and his brother Albert, the Preceptor of Templestowe,

were executed, although Waldemar Fitzurse, the soul of the conspiracy, escaped with impunity; and Prince John, for whose behalf it was undertaken, was not even censured by his good-natured brother. No one, however, pitied the fate of the two Malveisins, who only suffered the death which they had both well deserved, by many acts of falsehood, cruelty, and oppression.

Briefly after the judicial combat, Cedric the Saxon was summoned to the court of Richard, which, for the purpose of quieting the counties that had been disturbed by the ambition of his brother, was then held at York. Cedric tested and perceived more than once at the message—that he refused not obedience. In fact, the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England; for, whatever head the Saxons might have made in the event of a civil war, it was plain that nothing could be done under the undisputed dominion of Richard, popular as he was by his personal good qualities and military fame, although his administration was vitally careless, now too indulgent, and now allied to despotism.

But, moreover, it could not escape even Cedric's reluctant observation, that his project for an absolute union among the Saxons, by the marriage of Rowena and Athelstane, was now completely at an end, by the mutual dissent of both parties concerned. This was, indeed, an event which, in his ardour for the Saxon cause, he could not have anticipated; and even when the disinclination of both was broadly and plainly manifested, he could scarce bring himself to believe that two Saxons of royal descent should scruple, on personal grounds, at an alliance so necessary for the public weal of the nation. But it was not the less certain: Rowena had always expressed her repugnance to Athelstane, and now Athelstane was no less plain and positive in predetermining his resolution never to pursue his addresses to the Lady Rowena. Even the natural chastity of Cedric sunk beneath these obstacles, where he, remaining on the point of junction, had the task of dragging a reluctant pair up to it, one with each hand. He made, however, a last vigorous attack on Athelstane, and he found that reconstituted agent of Saxon royalty engaged, like country squires of our own day, in a farious war with the clergy.

It seems that, after all his deadly accusations against the Abbot

of Saint Edmund's, Athelstane's spirit of revenge, what between the natural inherent kindness of his own disposition, what through the prayers of his mother Edith, attached, like most ladies (of the period), to the clerical order, had terminated in his keeping the Albot and his monks in the dungeons of Canisburgh for three days on a meagre diet. For this atrocity the Albot remanded him with excommunication, and made out a dreadful list of complaints in the bowels and stomach, suffered by himself and his monks, in consequence of the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment they had sustained. With this controversy, and with the means he had adopted to counteract this clerical prosecution, Godric found the mind of his friend Athelstane so fully occupied, that it had no room for another idea. And when Rowena's name was mentioned, the noble Athelstane proposed leave to quaff a full goblet to her health, and that she might soon be the bride of his kinsman Wilfred. It was a desperate case therefore. There was obviously no more to be made of Athelstane; or, as Wamba expressed it, in a phrase which has descended from Saxon times to ours, he was a cork that would not float.

There remained between Godric and the determination which the lovers desired to come to, only two obstacles,—his own shyness, and his dislike of the Norman dynasty. The former feeling gradually gave way before the endearments of his ward, and the pride which he could not help attaching in the name of his son. Besides, he was not inassensible to the honour of affixing his own line to that of Alfred, when the superior claims of the descendant of Edward the Confessor were abandoned for ever. Godric's aversion to the Norman race of kings was also much undermined,—first, by consideration of the impossibility of ruling England of the new dynasty, a feeling which goes far to create loyalty in the subject to the king *de facto*; and secondly, by the personal attention of King Richard, who delighted in the great honour of Godric, and, to use the language of the Waverley Manuscript, so dealt with the noble Saxon, that, as he had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent to the marriage of his ward Rowena and his son Wilfred of Iwerke.

The nuptials of our hero, thus kindly approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples, the noble Minster of York. The King himself attended, and from the

courtesance which he afforded on this and other occasions to the distressed and wretched degraded Saxons, gave them a safer and more certain prospect of attaining their just rights, than they could reasonably hope from the precarious chance of a civil war. The Church gave her full assistance, graced with all the splendour which she of Rome knows how to apply with such brilliant effect.

Guth, gallantly apprised, attended as enquire upon his young master whom he had served so faithfully, and the magnanimous Wanda, decorated with a new cap and a most gorgeous set of silver bells. Shrews of Wilfred's dangers and adversity, they remained, as they had a right to expect, the partakers of his more prosperous career.

But besides this domestic rejoice, these distinguished captives were celebrated by the attendance of the high-born Normans, as well as Saxons, joined with the universal jubilee of the lower orders, that marked the marriage of two individuals as a pledge of the future peace and harmony betwixt two races, which, since that period, have been so completely mingled, that the distinction has become wholly invisible. Celric lived to see this union approximate towards its completion; for as the two nations mixed in society and formed intermarriages with each other, the Normans shed their scars, and the Saxons were refired from their nationality. But it was not until the reign of Edward the Third that the mixed language, now termed English, was spoken at the court of London, and that the hostile distinction of Norman and Saxon seems entirely to have disappeared.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bride, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her handmaid, Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their party might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanor was that of respect, mingled by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings, of others. She arose, and would have conducted her lonely

visitor to a seat; but the stranger looked at Elfrida, and again intrusted a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elfrida had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivrehoe, her fair visitor knelt on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bowing her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady!" said the surprised bride; "or why do you offer me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivrehoe," said Rebecca, rising up and assuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivrehoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband handed his life against such fearful odds in the tilt-yard of Templestowe."

"Darest," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivrehoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your exceeding charity towards him in his wounds and misfortune. Speak, is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarcely recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boshili, King of Granada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moors exact from our people."

"And are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is a boundless dove—fencer an over-laboured drudge, which stoops between two hardens. Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings."

"But you, maiden," said Rowena—"you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed of Iseult," she continued, rising with enthusiasm—"she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Beboon, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf between us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-vell hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which these speak so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitors, I remove the veil." She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, and partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Beboon blushed also, but it was a momentary flushing; and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features like the crimson cloud, which changes colour when the sun strikes beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how should we shirk that which is of earth for bearing some colour of its origin! Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with!"

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena—"I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the late of Temperance.—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept thisasket—startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chasedasket, and perceived a necklace, or nocklace, with six-jewels of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, withdrawing theasket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Beboon—"You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, too times

multipled, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you down as wretchedly ill of my nation as your enemies believe. Think ye that I prize those sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child? Accept them, lady—in me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy?" said Eirena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "Oh, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will warn you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm resolutely reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—"that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then consented, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Eirena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham benveniste, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremor on Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Eirena adieu.

"Farewell," she said, "may He who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you his choicest blessings! The bark that waits at home will be under weigh ere we can reach the port."

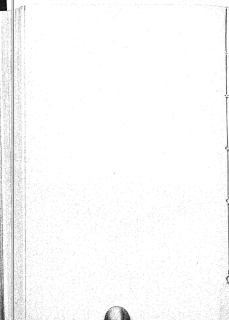
She glided from the apartment, leaving Eirena surprised as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Spaniard related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Eirena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more, from the recollection of the



obstacles which had impeded their union. Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask, whether the recollection of Hubert's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have appeared.

François distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with further marks of the royal favour. He might have risen still higher, but for the premature death of the heroic Count-de-Léon, before the Castle of Chalon, near Limoges. With the life of a generous, but rash and romantic warrior, perished all the projects which his ambition and his generosity had formed; to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration, the lines assigned by Dr. Johnson for Charles of Sweden:—

His life was destined to a foreign sword,  
A petty interest and an "envieux" hand;  
He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.



## NOTES TO IVANHOE.

NOTE A, p. 55.—*SHAMLER JEW.*

[Mr. Lockhart, in his *Memoirs of Scott*, says—"The introduction of the charming Jewess and her father, originated I find, in a conversation that Scott held with his friend Stowe during the severe season of his bodily sufferings in the early part of the year 1818. Mr. Stowe, while sitting by the Walter's bedside, and trying to amuse him as well as he could in the intervals of pain, happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression; for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable antipathy by their Christian neighbours, being still looked up at night in their own quarter by ghost-gazers; and Mr. Stowe, partly in seriousness, but partly from the mere wish to turn his mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and absorb it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel. Upon the appearance of *Ivanhoe*, he reminded Mr. Stowe of this conversation, and said, 'You will find this book owes not a little to your German reminiscences.'"]

NOTE B, p. 27.—*SARACEN OF THE FOREST.*

A most sensible grievance of those oppressed times was the Forest Law. These oppressive enactments were the produce of the Norman Conquest, for the Saxon laws of the chase were mild and humane; while those of William, enthusiastically attached to the exercise and its rights, were in the last degree tyrannical. The formation of the New Forest bears evidence to his passion for hunting, where he retained many a happy village in the condition of that one recommended by my friend, Mr. William Stewart Ross:—

"I amper'd the noise of the church,  
The midnight curfew sound a peep,  
A solitary place;  
The wildest Conqueror and dove,  
Nigg'd with the deed, that little town,  
So laughter out his doom."

The drizzling dogs, which might be necessary for keeping deer and harts, from ranging at the deer, was called *dealing*, and was in general use. The

Charter of the Forest, declared to leave these rights, declare that incursions, or views, for lawing-logs, shall be made every third year, and shall be thus done by the vicar and lordship of lawful men, not otherwise; and they whose logs shall be thus found entered, shall give three shillings for money, and for the future no man's cut shall be taken for lawing. Such lawing also shall be done by the vicar commonly used, and which is, that three clays shall be cut off without the ball of the right foot. See on this subject the *Historical Survey* (Lond. 1838, 8vo) on the Magna Charta of King John (a most beautiful volume), by Richard Thomas.

NOTE C, p. 85.—MORNO CHARTER.

The severe accuracy of some critics has objected to the completion of the *charter of Morno* in *Isle-Gallant*, as being totally out of costume and propriety. I remember the same objection being made to a set of noble decorations when my friend Miss Lewis introduced us to the guests and minutest doing exhibition of the United States, in his Charles Ogden. But treated the objection with great contempt, and answered, in reply, that he made the *charter* black in order to obtain a striking effect of contrast, and that, could he have derived a similar advantage from making his *harvest* blue, blue also should have been.

I do not pretend to plead the immutability of my style so highly as this; but neither will I allow that the author of a modern antique romance is obliged to confine himself to the introduction of those manners only which can be proved to have absolutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that he contrains himself to such as are plausible and natural, and contain no obvious anachronisms. In this point of view, what can be more natural, than that the Templars, who, we know, copied closely the features of the Arabian warriors with whom they fought, should use the service of the colored Africans, whom the fate of war transferred to new masters? I am sure, if there are no positive proofs of their having done so, there is nothing, on the other hand, that can entitle us positively to conclude that they never did. Besides, there is an instance in *Ben-Hur*.

John of Harington, an excellent juggler and minstrel, undertook to effect the escape of *Amal* de Hary, by presenting himself in disguise at the court of the king, where he was confined. For this purpose, "he stained his hair and his whole body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was white but his teeth," and succeeded in imposing himself on the king as an Ethiopian minstrel. He effected, by stratagem, the escape of the prisoner. Harington, therefore, must have been known in England in the dark ages.\*

NOTE D, p. 175.—MORNINGSTAR.

The name of *France*, it is well known, was derived from the Norman and Teutonic race, who spoke the language in which the word *Fr* is pronounced as *fr*, and the inhabitants of the southern regions, whose speech, bearing some affinity to the Italian, pronounced the same word as *Fr*.

\* *Illustration on Romance and Chivalry*, prefixed to *Black's Ancient and Modern Romance*, p. eleven.

poets of the former race were called *Minstrels*, and their poems *Lays*; those of the latter were termed *Prose-poems*, and their compositions called *stories*, and other names. Richard, a profound admirer of the *joys* of science in all its branches, would hesitate either to mistrust or to traduce him. It is less likely that he should have been able to compose or sing an English ballad; yet so much do we wish to assimilate him to the *Libre Men* to the hand of warriors whom he led, that the machinism, if there be one, may readily be forgiven.

NOTE E, p. 216.—BATTLE OF STANFORD.

The bloody battle alluded to in the text, fought and won by King Harold, over his brother, the rebellious Tostig, and an auxiliary force of Danes or Norwegians, took place in 1066 at Stamford, Nottingham, or Manchester, a ford upon the river Derwent, at the distance of about seven miles from York, and situated in that large and fertile country. A long wooden bridge over the Derwent, the site of which, with one remaining buttress, is still shown to the various travellers, was furiously contested. One Norwegian long defended it by his single arm, and was at length pierced with a spear thrust through the plank of the bridge from a boat beneath.

The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent, contains some memorials of the battle. Nevertheless, records, and the heads of halberds, or bills, are scarce found there; one place is called the "Danish wall," another the "Battle field." From a tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian champion was slain, resembled a *pass*, or, in other words, that the trough or butt to which the soldier knelt under the bridge to strike the blow, had such a shape, the country people usually begin a great market, which is held at Stamford, with an entertainment called the *Four-people feast*, which after all may be a corruption of the *Four-people feast*. For more particulars, Deane's History of York may be referred to.

NOTE F, p. 215.—TOWNSHIP OF NEW BORN.

This horrid species of torture may remind the reader of that to which the Spaniards subjected Guatemala, in order to elicit a discovery of the concealed wealth. But, in fact, an instance of similar barbarity is to be found nearer home, and occurs in the reign of Queen Mary's time, consisting in many other examples of slavery. Every reader must recollect, that after the fall of the Catholic Church, and the Protestant Church Government had been established by law, the rank, and, especially the wealth, of the Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and so forth, were no longer vested in collection, but in the appropriation of the church revenues, or, as the Scottish lawyers called them, tithe, of the tithes of the benefices, though having no claim to the spiritual character of their predecessors in office.

All these laymen, who were thus invested with ecclesiastical revenues, were men of high birth and rank, like the famous Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St. Andrews, who did not fail to keep for their own use the rents, tithes, and revenues of the church. But if, on the other hand, the tithes were men of inferior importance, who had been admitted into the office by the interest of some powerful person, it was generally understood that the

now Albed should grant for his father's benefit such loans and exemptions of the church lands and tithes as might affect their protection the King's share of the tithes. This was the origin of those who were wittily termed "Tithes" (Dithes), being a sort of imaginary priests, whose image was set up to enable his father and principal to plunder the tithes under his name.

There were other cases, however, in which men who had got growth of these sanctified heads, were desirous of retaining them for their own use, without having the influence sufficient to establish their purpose; and these became frequently unable to protect themselves, however unwilling to submit to the execution of the brutal tyrant of the diocese.

Benavente, secretary to John King, recounts a singular instance of oppression practised on one of these titular Abbots (in 1577) by the Earl of Castile in a province, whose extent of feudal influence was so wide that he was usually termed the King of Castile. We give the fact as it occurs in Benavente's Journal, only providing that the Journalist held his master's opinions, both with respect to the Earl of Castile as an oppressor of the King's party, and as being a defender of the practice of granting church revenues to tithes, instead of their being devoted to pious uses, such as the support of the clergy, expenses of schools, and the relief of the national poor. His malignity to the narrative, therefore, a well-deserved feeling of aversion against the tyrant who employed the torture, with a tone of abhorrence towards the patient, so if, after all, it had not been ill bestowed on such an equivocal and ambiguous character as a titular abbot. He copies the narrative,

The Earl, or Countess Treasurer was sent a special (i.e. secret) mail.

"Master John Stewart, friend to Captain James Stewart of Castile, by means of the Queen's secret post, obtained the office of Comestrol. The said Earl, thinking himself greater than any King in those quarters, determined to have that whole household (as he calls those others) to pay as his pleasure; and because he could not find his security on his immediate appetite required, his shift was devised. The said Mr. Allen, being in company with the Lord of Burgundy (also a Comestrol), was, by the Earl and his friends, ordered to leave the apartment which he had with the Lord, and come to make good cheer with the said Earl. The simplicity of the imprisoned man was suddenly struck; and as he passed his time with these certain days, which he did in May's with Thomas Comestrol, work to the said Earl; after which the said Mr. Allen passed, with equal company, to visit the place and bounds of Comestrol (his office), of which the said Earl being newly advertised, determined to put in practice the tyranny which long before he had conceived. And so, as King of the country, apprehended the said Mr. Allen, and carried him to the house of Devora, where for a custom he was honorably treated (if a prisoner can think any entertainment pleasant); but, after that certain days were spent, and that the Earl could not obtain the free of Comestrol according to his own appetite, he determined to prove if a collaring could work that which neither chains nor ropes could do for a long time. And so the said Mr. Allen was carried to a secret chamber: with him passed the Comestrol's friend, his wretched brother, and

\* A Tithesman is a priest's office created, and placed before a cow who has lost its calf to induce the animal to suck with her udder. The resemblance between such a Tithesman and a tithing officer to transmit the impostorship of a headless to some powerful patron, is easily understood.

such as were appointed to be servants at that banquet. In the chamber there was a girl from Okinawa, under 15, fine; what girl prettier was not seen. The first woman was,—"My Lord Abbot" said the Earl, "it will please you better here, than with your own consent you would in my company, because you shall not command yourself to the hands of others." The Abbot answered, "Would you, my lord, that I should make a maid out to be your pleasure? The truth is, my lord, it disagreed my will that I am here; neither yet have I any pleasure in your company." "But ye shall remain with me, nevertheless, at this time," said the Earl. "I am not able to resist your will and pleasure," said the abbot, "in this place." "Ye must then stay here," said the Earl,—and with that were presented unto him certain letters to subscribe, amongst which there was a five year's term, and a thirteen year's term, and a charter of free of all the lands of Oowagap, with all the things necessary for the Earl to leaden him to land. For all military, marriage, appentice, burthens usually, and that heaped upon that, deserve half the great King of Oowick out to more compassed for ever, than the imprisoned Abbot escaped the law for a woman as follows.

"After that the Earl spied repentance, and saw that he could not come to his purpose by this means, he commanded his cooks to prepare the banquet: and as first they flayed the sheep, that is, they took off the Abbot's shoulder even to his skin, and next they bound him to the chimney-side legs to the one end and his arms to the other; and so they began to roast [i.e. roast the five members to his breasts, sometimes to his shoulders and arms; and that the roast might not burn, but that it might well to roasts, they spiced and basted with all fasting as a duck breast roasted usually; Lord, look them to an crying! And that the crying of the miserable man should not be heard, they closed themselves that the voice might be stopped. It may be suspected that some partaker of the King's [Edward's] murder was there. In that manner they held the poor man, till that when he asked the Earl's wife to dispatch him; for he had as little gold to buy a wife's pains as would buy powder enough to shoot his pain. The famous King of Oowick said his wife preventing the want to be asked, commanded it to be done in the fire, and the Earl himself began the grace in this manner:—"Blessedly, have Maria, you are the most charitable man that ever I saw; yet I had known that ye had been an childless, I would not for a thousand groves have knotted you so, I never did so to man before you." And yet he returned to the same position within few days, and started not till that he obtained his pleasant purpose, that is, that he had got all his place whomever's should to one half-masted hand could do it. The Earl thinking himself sure enough so long as he had the half-masted Abbot in his own keeping, and yet being ashamed of his pressure by reason of his thenceforward, left the place of Jemere in the hands of custody of his servants, and the imprisoned Abbot to be kept there as prisoner. The Duke of Burgundy, out of whose company the said Abbot had been driven, understanding that the contrary, but the withholding of the man, sent to the court, and asked letters of deliverance of the person of the man according to the writ, which being destroyed, the said Earl for his contempt was descended upon, and put to the horse. But yet hope was there none, neither to be delivered, neither yet to the pleasure (i.e. pressure) of the future to obtain any possible remedy; for he then was that was dogged, and the world authority was contained in Scotland, in hope of the nation, where and against of that most unpleased of his own, instead, of where took the said Earl was called away; and yet, otherwise than once, he was solemnly sworn to the King and to his Regent."

The Journalist then writes the complaint of the injured Allan Stewart, Counsellor of Oowagap, to the Regent and Trinity Council, avowing his

having been carried, partly by battery, partly by force, to the black vault of Denon, a strong fortress, built on a rock overlooking the Irish channel, where its walls are still visible. Here he stated he had been required to execute letters and conveyances of the whole churches and parsonages belonging to the Abbey of Downpatrick, which he utterly refused as an unreasonable demand, and the more so that he had already conveyed them to John Stewart of Cardross, by whose interest he had been made Commissioner. The commissioners proceeded to state, that he was, after many instances, straggled, bound, and his limbs exposed to fire in the most cruelly described, till, compelled by means of agony, he subscribed the charter and letters presented to him, of the contents of which he was totally ignorant. A few days afterwards, being again required to execute a ratification of these deeds before a notary and witnesses, and refusing to do so, he was once more subjected to the same torture, until his agony was so excessive that he exclaimed, "Pity me, pity me, why do you not stab me through into me, or blow me up with a barrel of powder, rather than torture me thus unmercifully!" upon which the Earl commanded Alexander Richard, one of his attendants, to stop the patient's mouth with a napkin, which was done accordingly. Thus he was once more compelled to submit to their tyranny. The petition concluded with stating, that the Earl, under pressure of the deeds thus indignantly obtained, had taken possession of the whole place and living of Downpatrick, and enjoyed the profits thereof for three years.

The diary of the House and Council shows altogether the total interception of justice at this subversive period, even in the most distant cases of oppression. The Council declined interference with the course of the ordinary justice of the county (which was completely under the said Earl of Caustle's control), and only resolved, that he should receive satisfaction of the unfortunate Commissioner, under the surety of two thousand pounds Scots. The Earl was appointed also to keep the peace towards the celebrated George Buchanan, who had a pension out of the same library, to a similar extent, and under the like penalty.

The consequences are thus described by the Journalist already quoted:—

"The said Lord of Inverary perceiving that the ordinary justice could neither help the oppressed, nor yet his officers, applied himself to the next remedy, that is to say, by his servants, took the house of Denon, where the poor Abbot was kept prisoner. The lord drew the Caustle to Ballinure, and so suddenly assaulted him and his men that pertained to the lord of the Marches; and so within a few hours was the house of Denon recovered again. The master of Caustle was the greatest (i.e. the saddest or boldest) and would not stir, but in his boat would lay fire to the Inverary, with an small hearing that all estates within the house should die.

"He was required and threatened by those that were within to be more moderate, and not to hazard himself or footings. But no attention would be paid, till that the wind of an insurrection raised his courage, and then counsel he gave further pursuit to him. The Lord of Inverary had before purchased (bribe) of the archbishop, letters, charging all faithful subjects to the King's Majesty, to assist him against that cruel tyrant and unchristian traitor, the Earl of Caustle; which letters, with his private writings, he published, and thereby proved the conspiracy of Kyle and Cunningham with the other Lords, that the Caustle company drew back to the house; and so the other approached, besieged the house with



more men, delivered himself to a lion, and started him to fight, where, probably at the instant cross of the wild brow, he declared how ready he was to combat, and how the medieval King suffered not the least as he did, excepting only he escaped the death; and, therefore, plainly did strike all things that were done in chivalricness, and especially he overthrew the sublimation of the same writings, to wit, of a five fair look and shining year back, and of a cluster of ten. And on the house resumed, and remains till this day, the 15th of February 1493 in the custody of the most noble of Burgundy and of his servants. And so ready was the approval of public protest, and shall be eternally permitted, unless he earnestly request. And this for the the-ocracy committed, to give occasion unto others, and to such as hate the monstrous dealing of desperate nobility, to look more wisely upon their behaviour, and to put them both into the world, that they themselves may be released of their own licentiousness, and that the world may be reformed and adorned, to cities, states, and avoid the company of all its operators, who are not worthy of the society of man, but ought to be sent suddenly to the devil, with whom they must have without end, for their contempt of God, and chiefly committed against his creature. Let Charles and his brother be the first to be the example unto others. Amen. Amen."

This extract has been somewhat amended or mutilated in orthography, to render it more intelligible to the general reader. I have to add, that the Kamulus of Burgundy, who interfered in behalf of the oppressed Abbot, was themselves a younger branch of the Charles family, but held different politics, and was powerful enough in this, and other instances, to bid them defiance.

The ultimate issue of this affair does not appear; but as the house of Charles are still in possession of the greater part of the fine and house which belonged to Disgraced Abbey, it is probable the claims of the King of Charles were strong enough, in those dissolute times, to retain the prey which they had so voraciously fixed upon.

I may also add, that it appears, by some papers in my possession, that the Officers or Country Keepers on the Border were accustomed to torment their prisoners, by placing them to the free loss of their churches, to extract confession.

#### NOTE G, p. 367.—JERUSALEM.

The *Archer* has been here captivated with false beauty, in having shaped metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that beauty had only its first rude origin during the crucifixion, and that all the attributes of the *Archer* appear when the work of time, and intention at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Goddess of Jerusalem, like the Goddess of Rome, sprung into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over.

#### ANOTHER NOTE.

In corroboration of what is above stated, it may be observed, that the cross which was assumed by Geoffrey of Donques blount after the occupation of Jerusalem, was a cross greater potent adorned with four little crosses on, upon a field azure, displaying three metal upon metal. The barons have tried to explain this undecipherable fact in different maner-

\* Geoffrey's Poem.

but Froese gallantly contends, that a piece of Geoffrey's qualities should not be bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Knight, and the same Froese, insist that the chiefs of the Crusade must have assigned to Geoffrey this extraordinary and increased confidence, in order to induce those who should behold them to make inquiries; and hence give them the name of great impostors. But with reference to those great authorities, it seems unlikely that the magnified princes of Europe should have assigned to Geoffrey a trust connected in some manner to the general rule, if such rule had then existed; at any rate it proves that moral upon moral, now executed a selection in history, was admitted in other cases similar to that in the text. See Froese's *History of Scotland*, p. 323; Edition 1558. *Nichol's History*, vol. i. p. 115; second Edition.

FRYE II, p. 308.—*CHANCE'S HEARTS-DEVE.*

It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scythians—the minstrels of the old Scandinavians—the men, as the Laureate (Geoffrey) so happily terms them,

"Men to tell of battles and warriors to name,  
Who could in truth."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilisation and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but in the circumstances of Ulrica, she may be not unreasonably supposed to return to the wild strains which sustained her hardihood during the time of Paganism, and restored ferocity.

WYCK I, p. 218.—*REYNOLD'S COURT-ON-LOVE.*

The interchange of a staff with the jolly priest is not entirely out of character with Richard I., if we cannot read him aright. In the very curious romance on the subject of his adventures in the Holy Land, and his return from thence, it is recorded how he exchanged a papal staff for one of his knights, while a prisoner in Germany. His opponent was the son of his principal warrior, and was so provoked, as to give the challenge to this baron of knights. The King stood forth like a true man, and received a blow which staggered him. In requital, having previously raised his hand, a powerful valourous, I believe, to the gentleman of the modern fancy, he returned the blow on the ear with such interest as to kill his antagonist on the spot—this, in *Wyll's Synopsis of English Romances*, that of *Char-de-Lion*.

WYCK I, p. 218.—*WYCKLIFF'S ROMANCE.*

(This Clatterton Abbey was situated in the pleasant valley of the River Don, or Ure, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was founded in the year 1158, and was destroyed in 1537. For nearly three centuries, the ruins were left in a state nearly approaching to utter desolation; but at length they were traced out and cleared at the expense of Thomas Earl of Arundel, in the year 1597. The name of the Abbey comes in a variety of forms, such as Jorvate, Jorvate, Jorvate, Jorvate, Jorvate, Jorvate, etc. In *Whitaker's History of Richmondshire*, vol. i., a ground-plan of

the building is given, along with notices of the monuments of the old Abbots and other dignitaries which are still preserved.]

NOTE K, p. 341.—HUMAN-PURGERS.

It is curious to observe, that in every state of society, some sort of ghastly consolation is provided for the maintainers of the community, though assembled for purposes diametrically opposite to religion. A gang of beggars have their Parson, and the banditti of the Assassins have among them persons acting as monks and priests, by whom they are comforted, and who perform mass before them. Unquestionably, such revealed persons, in such a society, must accommodate their manners and their morals to the community in which they live; and if they can occasionally obtain a degree of reverence for their supposed spiritual gifts, are, at most occasions, loaded with successful rillies, as possessing a character inconsistent with all around them.

Hence the fighting parson in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, and the famous friar of Robin Hood's band. Nor were such characters ideal. There exists a tradition of the Bishop of Durham against irregular clericalism of this class, who associated themselves with their laymen, and desecrated the holiest offices of the priestly function, by contaminating them for the benefit of thieves, robbers, and murderers, amongst wine and in corners of the earth, without regard to canonical form, and with torn and dirty robes, and stained alms, altogether improper for the occasion.

NOTE L, p. 410.—LOCKLEY.

From the ballads of Robin Hood, we learn that this celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Lockley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not distinctly told.

[According to tradition, a village of this name was the birthplace of Robin Hood, while the grove in which he was situated remained undisturbed. There is a local tale printed about the middle of the 17th century with the title of "*A Fine Ballad of Good Robin Hood, showing his birth, &c., collected for the recreation of Middlesexshire.*" But in the ballad itself, it says—

In Lockley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,  
In merry good Lockley town,  
There lived Robin Hood, he was born and was bred,  
Good Robin of famous renown.

It may serve quite as well for Derbyshire or Kent, as for Nottingham.]

NOTE M, p. 428.—CONSUMPTION OR CONSUMPTION GARDEN.  
NATH DOUGLASS.

When I last saw this interesting relic of ancient days, one of the very few remaining examples of Puritan fortification, I was strongly impressed with the desire of tracing out a sort of theory on the subject, which, from some

recent acquaintance with the architecture of the ancient Scandinavians, seemed to me peculiarly interesting. I was, however, obliged by circumstances to proceed on my journey, without leisure to take more than a transient view of Gothenburgh. Yet the idea dwelt so strongly in my mind, that I feel considerably tempted to write a page or two in detailing at least the outline of my hypothesis, leaving better antiquaries to correct or refute conclusions which are perhaps too hastily drawn.

Those who have visited the British Islands, are familiar with the description of castles called by the inhabitants *burghs*; and by the Highlanders—by they are also to be found both in the Western Isles and on the mainland—Duns. Present has improved a view of the famous Dun-Devergie in Orkney; and there are many others, all of them built after a peculiar mode of architecture, which argues a people in the most primitive state of society. The most perfect specimen is that upon the island of Housay, near to the mainland of Rethel, which is probably in the same state as when inhabited.

It is a single round tower, the wall rising to slightly, and then turning outward again in the form of a disc-bay, so that the defenders on the top might the better protect the base. It is formed of rough stones, cemented with clay, and laid in courses or circles, with much compactness, but without any art. The tower has never, to appearance, had nothing of any sort; a fire was made in the centre of the space which it encloses, and originally the building was probably little more than a wall drawn as a sort of screen around the great central fire of the table. But, although the means or ingenuity of the builders did not extend as far as to provide a roof, they supplied the want by constructing apartments in the interior of the walls of the tower itself. The circumvallation formed a double enclosure, the inner side of which was, in fact, two feet or three feet distant from the other, and connected by a concentric range of long flat stones, thus forming a series of concentric rings or storages of various heights, rising to the top of the tower. Each of these storages or galleries has four windows, facing directly to the points of the compass, and rising at equal intervals above each other. These four perpendicular ranges of windows admitted air, and, the fire being kindled, heat, or smoke at least, to each of the galleries. The access from gallery to gallery is equally primitive. A path, on the principle of an inclined plane, turns round and round the building like a screw, and gives access to the different storages, intersecting each of them in the turn, and thus gradually rising to the top of the wall of the tower. On the outside there are no windows; and I may add, that no enclosures, of a square, or sometimes a round form, give the inhabitants of the *burgh* an opportunity to secure any sheep or cattle which they might possess.

Such is the general architecture of that very early period when the North-men swept the seas, and brought to their rude houses, such as I have described them, the plunder of polished nations. In Iceland, there are several scores of these *burghs*, occupying in every vale, cape, headland, inlet, and sheltered place of advantage singularly well chosen. I remember the remains of one upon an island in a small lake near Lonsick, which at high tide communicates with the sea, the access to which is very ingenious, by means of a causeway or dyke, about three or four fathoms under the surface of the water. This causeway makes a sharp angle in its approach

to theburgh. The inhabitants, Scotchmen, were well acquainted with this, but strangers, who might approach in a hostile manner, and were ignorant of the curve of the masonry, would probably plunge into the lake, which is six or seven feet in depth, at the least. This must have been the device of some Warlike or Gallant of those early times.

The style of these buildings attests that the scottish possessed neither the art of using lime or cement of any kind, nor the skill to throw an arch, construct a roof, or erect a steeple; and yet, with all this ignorance, showed great ingenuity in selecting the situation ofburgh, and regulating the access to them, as well as in raising and regulating in the country, since the buildings themselves shew a style of advance in the arts scarcely consistent with the ignorance of so many of the principal branches of architectural knowledge.

I have always thought, that one of the most curious and valuable objects of antiquaries has been to trace the progress of society, by the efforts made in early ages to improve the rudeness of their first experiments, until they either approach perfection, or, as is most frequently the case, are supplanted by new and fundamental discoveries, which supersede both the earlier and ruder system, and the improvements which have been engrained upon it. For example, if we recollect the recent discovery of gun to be so much improved and adapted to domestic use, as to supersede all other modes of producing domestic light, we can already suppose, some centuries afterwards, the hands of a whole Society of Antiquaries half turned by the discovery of a pair of patent stoves, and by the learned theories which would be brought forward to account for the form and purpose of so singular an implement.

Following some such principle, I am inclined to regard the stately Castle of Cunningham—I mean the Stone part of it—as a step in advance from the rude architecture, if it deserves the name, which must have been common to the Stone as to other Fortresses. The builders had obtained the art of using cement, and of raising a building,—great improvements on the originalburgh. But in the second step, a shape only seen in the most ancient castles—the chambers excavated in the thickness of the walls and buttresses—the difficulty by which access is gained from one story to those above it, Cunningham still retains the simplicity of its origin, and shows by what slow degrees man proceeded from copying such rude and inconvenient buildings, as were allotted by the galleys of the Castle of Rome, to the more splendid accommodations of the Norman castles, with all their towers and battlements.

I am ignorant if these remarks are new, or if they will be confirmed by closer examination; but I think, that, as a happy observation, Cunningham offers means of curious study to those who may wish to trace the history of architecture back to the times preceding the Norman Conquest.

It would be highly desirable that a work model should be taken of the Castle of Stone, as it cannot be well understood by a plan.

The Castle of Cunningham is thus described by Gough:—

"The castle is built, the outer walls standing on a pleasant ascent from the river, but much overtopped by a high hill, on which the tower stands, situated at the head of a rich and well-cultivated vale, formed by an assemblage of twenty little, to which flows the gentle Don. Near the castle is a barrow, said to be Douglas's tomb. The entrance is marked in the hill by a round tower, with a sloping base, and there are

seemed similar to the outer wall; the entrance had gone of a gate, and on the spot, along the ditch and bank, are double and very strong. On the top of the innermost wall is a battlement, on which are three high solid towers, at each the ends. On the north side of the innermost there is an ancient stone, shaped like a coffin, on which is carved a man on horseback; and another man with a shield standing by a cast-iron spear, and a man having a shield behind him. It was probably one of the noble houses that succeeded in establishing its title in this county. The S engraved on the plate of armor for this volume, plate 14, fig. 1. The name of Conington, by which this castle goes in the old editions of the *Waynesley*, seems to be one to suppose it the residence of the House Kings. It afterwards belonged to King Harold. The Conqueror bestowed it on William de Waren, with all its fortifications and jurisdiction, which are said to have extended over twenty-eight acres. At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower, or keep, placed on a small hill of its own foundation, on which is its own projecting battlement, ascending in a steep direction to prop and support the building, and continued upwards the side is square. The tower within forms a complete circle, irregular in fact in diameter, the walls within that thick. The ascent into the tower is by an ascending steep flight of steep steps, four feet and a half wide, on the south side leading to a low doorway, over which is a circular arch, covered by a great battlement stone. Within this door is the entrance, which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, and communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. Neither of these lower rooms is lighted except from a hole in the floor of the third story; the room in which, as well as in that above it, is finished with compact smooth stone-work, both having chimney-pieces, with an architrave in triple-chained pillars. In the third story, or guard-chamber, is a small room with a fireplace, probably a bed-chamber, and in that floor above a niche for a cabinet or holy-water pot. Mr. King describes this a square castle of the first age of the Monarchy. Mr. Warren thus describes it:—From the first floor in the second story placed from the ground, is a way by a stair in the wall five feet wide. The next staircase is approached by a ladder, and ends at the fourth story from the ground. Two yards from the door, at the head of this wall, is an opening nearly east, accessible by climbing on the ledge of the wall, which diminishes eight inches each story; and this last opening leads into a room, or chapel ten feet by twelve, and fifteen or sixteen high, vaulted with brick-work, and supported by small circular columns at the ends, the capitals and arches being. It has no east window, and on each side in the wall, about five feet from the ground, a stone hatch, with a hole and iron pipe to convey the water into or through the wall. This chapel is in one of the battlements, but no sign of it remains, for even the windows, though large within, is only a long narrow loop-hole, scarcely to be seen without. On the left side of this chapel is a small entry, eight by six in the thickness of the wall, with a niche in the wall, and enlightened by a like fireplace. The fourth stair from the ground, ten feet west from the chapel door, leads to the top of the tower through the thickness of the wall, which of way to lead these yards. Each story is about fifteen feet high, so that the tower will be nearly three feet from the ground. The tower forms a circle, whose diameter may be about twelve feet. Perched at the bottom of the diagram is placed with stones.

—*Edmund's Edition of Camden's Britannia*. Second Edition, vol. III. p. 371.



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